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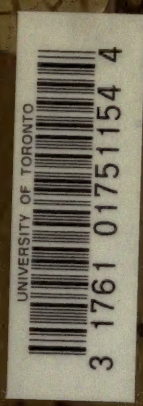

A HUNTER'S CAMP-FIRES

EDWARD J. HOUSE

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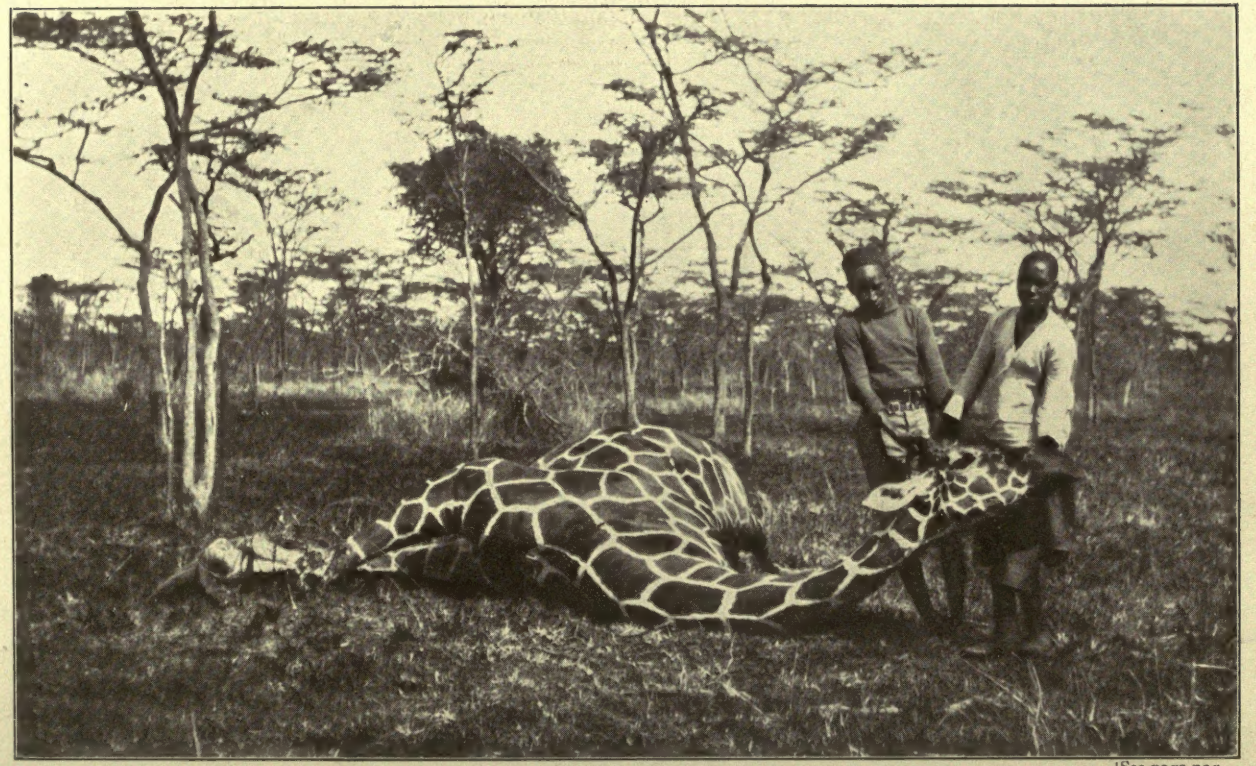

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BULL GIRAFFE *(GIRAFFA RETICULATA)*

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Sports

A HUNTER'S CAMP-FIRES

BY

EDWARD J. HOUSE

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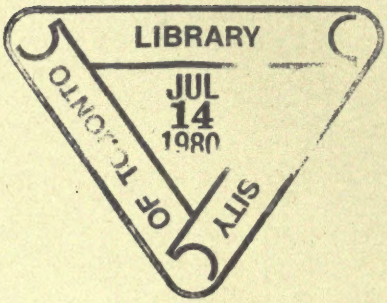

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PREFACE

NOT least among the many attractions of big-game hunting is the never-failing variety of experiences which the sportsman encounters. Not only is there a vast difference in the surroundings, habits, and chase of the various larger mammals known as big game, but the stalking of each animal, whether successful or not, stands out by itself as a totally distinct experience. The follower of this sport must travel far. The endless change in climate, fauna, flora, scenery, peoples, languages, and customs is not the least charm of the pastime.

In the following account of experiences in several parts of the world the author has kept this fact in mind, and has endeavored to give the reader a picture of the life in the regions visited as well as a description of the different kinds of hunting. In travelling outside of the regular tourist routes the sportsman is obliged to make the best of many disagreeable occurrences, as well as a certain amount of hardship and discomfort incidental to active life in the open during all kinds of weather. Fortunately, in looking backward he is apt to forget the unpleasant experiences, and to dwell upon the pleasant and exciting events of camp-life and the chase. In this volume an attempt has been made to keep the unpleasant as much in the background as fidelity of narrative permits.

From the standpoint of the hunter, I have endeavored to furnish a plain and unvarnished description of some of the more successful hunts in which I have participated. At the present time there seems to be a tendency among some writers to apologize

for or condemn in general the shooting of large game. In this connection I wish to state that, to my mind, when carried out in reason, the legitimate and sportsman-like pursuit of big game has never required any apologies. It has been my experience that where proper laws are duly enforced, and animals are protected from indiscriminate slaughter by a certain element among the settlers of a country, the game is bound to increase. After experience in hunting with a rifle and with a camera to a lesser degree, I am frank to confess that I have found an element of excitement in the former totally lacking in the latter.

In conclusion I wish to pay tribute to Mr. Howard Fuguet, Mr. Joseph P. Howe, and Mr. Charles M. Taintor, who accompanied me on a number of the hunts described. To Mr. Fuguet and Mr. Howe I am indebted for many of the photographs in the following pages. I consider myself fortunate in having camped with such pleasant companions and thorough sportsmen, and to these esteemed and valued friends this book is dedicated.

PART I

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN NORTHERN LANDS

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A HUNTER'S CAMP-FIRES

I

MOOSE-CALLING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

AS the sun was rising over the cold, gray waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence one morning shortly before the middle of September, 1904, the Maritime Express of the Intercolonial Railroad left Howe and myself on the deserted station platform at the village of Bathurst, located at the mouth of the Nepisiguit River in New Brunswick. The cold, cutting wind that blew from the Bay of Chaleur and whistled around the red station buildings belied the name given to this arm of the gulf by the early French explorers. We found one of the guides, Joe Gray, and the cook, Frank Roy, awaiting us at the small hotel of the place, and as our supplies had already been ordered and packed by one of the storekeepers, we were able to start for the backwoods by ten o'clock that morning. Hunters and guides were jolted along over the uneven roads of the country in a double-seated buckboard, while the supplies followed in one of the long, narrow-bodied, and durable wagons used by lumbermen in the Northern woods. Later in the afternoon the condition of the lumbering road we were following becoming too rough for the buckboard, we sent this team and its driver back to the settlements, and for the next two days tramped along in

the wake of the creaking and groaning supply-wagon. That night we camped in the brush by the roadside, and at daylight the next morning we started again for the moose country.

As the frosts had not yet turned the leaves of the bushes, birches, and maples to autumn tints, the scenery along the road consisted of a dense wall of thick, green foliage, through which it was impossible to see any distance. Recent rains had reduced the road in the lower places to a continuation of ponds and mud-holes, through which our party struggled and splashed to the accompaniment of whip-cracking, lumber-camp profanity, and the creaking and rattling of the protesting wagon over logs and bowlders. Fresh moose-tracks were very plentiful in the soft, black mud, and toward noon Gray informed us that a mile farther on, several hundred feet from the road, was a pond where we should probably see some of these animals if we walked far enough ahead of the noise made by team and wagon. On forcing our way through the thick spruces to the edge of this circular sheet of water, which was about a half-mile in diameter, we beheld six moose—a bull with a medium-sized head, two cows, and three calves—feeding in the water near the shore. Hearing the distant rattling of the approaching wagon, these moose splashed through the water to shore and immediately were out of sight in the thick woods. Later in the afternoon, tramping some distance ahead of the wagon, we suddenly came face to face with a young bull and a cow moose, which in several strides were lost to view in the thickets that bounded the narrow, winding road.

Often, during the day, spruce and birch grouse flushed from the side of the track and lighted on near-by low trees to flutter to the ground in answer to the whip-like crack of the deadly little .22-caliber Winchester carried by the cook for the purpose of supplementing our regular fare by whatever small game he could shoot. The evening of the second day out from the settlements we pitched our tent near where a stream known

A NEW BRUNSWICK CAMP SCENE

as Forty-four joined the Nepisiguit River. Here we found our other guide, John Landry, camped by the roadside. For many miles the high hills on either side of the river had been at one time burnt over, and were now covered with blueberry bushes and a second growth of small birches. John reported that black bear were unusually plentiful in these berry patches, and that a hunting-party camped about a mile below the main river had shot five of these animals in the past two weeks.

The next morning we travelled six rough miles to the shores of a beautiful sheet of water known as California Lake, where we camped and sent the empty wagon back to civilization, instructing the driver to return for us when we should send word to Bathurst by one of the guides. The waters of the lake were filled with small brook-trout weighing from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound, and an afternoon's fishing from a catamaran furnished sufficient fish for several meals. Loaded down with heavy packs, the next morning we tramped six miles through burnt timber to where we camped at noon at the edge of green woods bordering a stream known as the South Branch of Forty. For their own convenience, the lumbermen of this country have given names to the streams which flow into the Nepisiguit River, indicating approximately the distance between Bathurst and their junction with the main river. This is an excellent idea, for, while the distances given are not altogether accurate, it gives the traveller a general idea of how far he is from certain streams.

The country in which we located was probably the best moose country in New Brunswick, and consisted mainly of spruce, balsam, and birch covered hills, between which wound sluggish creeks, occasionally broadening into mud-ponds and swamps. About three-quarters of a mile from camp was a small pond known as the South Branch Pond, by which we did almost all of the moose-calling. This sheet of water, nestling among high, wooded hills, covered an unfathomable depth of black mud

which would have meant death to a man, but through which the moose swam and floundered with comparative ease as they fed on a minute white root with which the mud was filled. This bog-hole, from twenty to four hundred yards in width and about eight hundred yards in length, was fed by three sluggish creeks which wound through almost impenetrable alder swamps and flowed out of the pond into the shallow, swift stream on which our camp was situated.

The pond was an ideal spot for moose-calling. The shores were low and marshy, ending in a thick fringe of tamaracks, spruces, and balsams, and surrounded by hardwood ridges. The foliage of the birches and maples at this time of the year began to show the vivid coloring of late September and early October. The first afternoon, when we had pitched camp at the edge of the *brûlée*, we adjourned to the edge of the pond, and during the evening saw several cows and calves, while at twilight we had several distant answers to Joe's calling by what sounded like a large bull far up the slope of the opposite hardwood ridge.

Early the next morning Joe tried again to call this bull out for Howe to shoot at; but, although it answered several times, the only bull that showed itself was a young one which did not have a sufficient spread of antlers to warrant its death. However, later in the afternoon the old bull became incautious, and, in answer to Joe's repeated invitations from the horn, came out on the shores of the pond and was promptly laid low by my friend's rifle. This moose carried a thick and heavy set of blades, with twenty-five points and a spread of fifty-two inches —altogether a very handsome head.

I had been watching a small lake about a mile and a half distant in the burnt timber up to this time, and now shifted my attention to the pond. Every favorable morning and evening found Joe and myself in the vicinity of this small but interesting sheet of water listening to the plaintive wail of his

birch-bark horn drifting away among the spruce-tops. At times we shivered in cold wind and driving rain, and then fought black flies and mosquitoes during warmer weather. I supplemented the calling by constantly watching the shores of the pond during the day when the wind was favorable. Although during ten days of hunting we had seen quite a number of moose, no bull had appeared with a sufficiently large head to tempt me to use the 30-40 Winchester carbine which I carried.

In the mean time, Howe, having secured the legal limit of one bull moose allowed by the New Brunswick government, had turned his efforts toward some burnt mountains in the direction of the river, and had succeeded in bagging a black bear and a deer. This latter animal was quite an addition to our camp-fare, as the meat of these old bull moose, tough and stringy at any time, is so rank at this season of the year as to be almost inedible.

However, one bright afternoon at the end of the first week in October, the first long-drawn wail from Joe's horn brought out a deep-throated answering grunt from an old bull far up on a distant hardwood ridge. During several years' moose-hunting in this country, as well as in Quebec and British Columbia, I have had many opportunities of listening to sounds made by cow moose, and I have yet failed to hear any call from these animals that resembles the popular long call used by most moose-callers. These men mostly agree that this is not an imitation of any sound made by the cow moose, but that it has great carrying power; and at this season of the year the bull will answer and come toward any reasonable sound in the distance. The skill of the caller comes into play when the bull has come close enough to recognize a false note, and at this range several different low calls are used.

This particular afternoon, in answer to repeated calls, the grunts became steadily louder. This was accompanied by the sounds of antler blades rattling against branch and tree-trunk,

and the occasional crash of a falling rotten stub, which the moose knocked over as it forced its way down the mountain-side toward the pond. When the bull, which was evidently a cautious old-timer, was in the woods within a hundred yards of the open, it stopped to listen for suspicious sounds before revealing itself.

For a chilling, anxious hour the silence was broken only by an occasional low, coaxing grunt from Joe's horn, the muzzle of which he immersed in the water before each attempt in order to partially deaden the commencement of the call. Just as the twilight was thickening and a white mist had started to rise from the surface of the freezing water, without making a sound a cow moose suddenly loomed up through the fog about one hundred and fifty yards across the pond. For fully five minutes it gazed inquiringly in the direction of Joe's last call, and then the head and antlers of the bull appeared indistinctly over the alder-tops behind its mate.

It was too dark for accurate shooting at this range, but the calling season was too nearly finished to overlook the chance of securing a good head. Three red splashes of fire from the muzzle of the carbine lighted up the surrounding gloom, and both moose faded away in the darkness.

It was too late that night to attempt to circle the treacherous border of the pond, but next morning at daylight both guides and I reached its lower end. We had no sooner stepped out into the open than Joe pointed across the water to where the head, neck, and wide-spreading blades of a bull showed above the alders three hundred yards distant.

The bull had seen and was watching us, and, believing a bird in the hand to be worth two in the bush, I lost no time in awakening the echoes around the silent pond. At the fifth report the bull toppled over and was lost sight of among the alders.

Both guides hurried back to camp for axes with which to construct a catamaran to cross to the opposite side. Three-

quarters of an hour later found the three of us over the tops of our larrigans in muddy water, balancing ourselves on a collection of felled trees lashed together with willows, and poling cautiously across the treacherous sheet of water. On landing we discovered that, concealed by the alders, the moose had got on its feet and staggered into the forest, leaving a blood-stained trail. We followed this cautiously for nearly two hours, and abandoned it only when the wound, which evidently was in the neck, had ceased bleeding and the moose seemed to be gaining at every stride.

En route to the shores of the pond we discovered the antlers and skeleton of a bull moose, which had evidently been mortally wounded at the edge of the water the previous year and had travelled about five hundred yards to die in a thick clump of spruces. The antlers being scarcely bleached by time, and possessing broad blades with twenty-five points and a spread of fifty-four inches, we carried these with us and ferried them across the pond. By eleven o'clock we were on the blood-stained trail of the moose wounded the night before; we stuck to this until approaching darkness and a drizzling rain caused us to turn campward. The animal, which had been struck too far back, seemed to be steadily gaining strength. After stumbling through the darkness for several hours, I reached camp very much disgusted at having uselessly wounded two of these magnificent beasts without securing them. However, I do not think either was so hard hit that it would not recover; but I resolved that my next shot at a moose would be within reasonable distance and in daylight.

The next morning the rain had ceased, but the atmosphere remained humid and the clouds black and threatening. The continuous rain of the night having washed the scent out of our tracks, we started out without breakfast for our usual watching-place. When within the thick spruces, twenty yards from the shores of the pond, we stopped to listen, and could hear several

moose splashing as they fed in the water. As we crept through the dripping grass and alders to its edge, the first sight that met our eyes was the head and antlers of a two-year-old bull fifty yards distant, gazing at us over the top of some alders across a small creek. Not wishing to alarm the moose farther along the shores by stampeding this one, Joe made several cautious signals with his hat to the wondering bull, which eventually slipped away in the alders without cracking a twig.

Wading out into the shallow water to gain a better view of the pond, we discovered a cow and calf about seventy-five yards along the shore, and a solitary cow several hundred yards distant, wallowing in the mud near the opposite shore. Then our eyes were immediately focused on a large bull facing us, up to its belly in the middle of the pond, about four hundred yards distant. We at once started to crawl along a moose-trail leading parallel to the pond and in the direction of the game, and passed quite close to where we could hear the cow and calf, screened from our sight by alders, wallowing noisily in the water. A few yards beyond this, hearing a violent and continuous splashing from the direction of the pond, and supposing that we had alarmed these animals, we slipped along the trail as rapidly as possible, in hope of securing a shot at the bull before it reached the edge of the woods.

Suddenly I saw Joe, who was stealing along in a crouching position ahead of me, drop down on the moss and look back at me with a foolish grin. A moment later I perceived that the bull was facing us in the trail not twenty feet distant, but partly hidden from view by the thick foliage. Slowly raising the carbine until the white bead was centred on the black chest of the animal, I fired, and, as the moose swung around at the report, shot it again through the shoulder. As I forced my way through the alders in the wake of the struggling bull, I was suddenly precipitated head-foremost into a bog-hole, and arose from this plastered with black mud from head to foot and

with my carbine clogged and useless. The moose had succeeded in reaching the pond, and was struggling helplessly in the mud twenty feet from shore. Borrowing Howe's rifle, I finished the animal with a shot in the neck which caused it to sink in the mire until only a few points of one blade showed above the surface of the water.

It took the four of us all the remainder of the morning to pry the carcase into such a position that we could cut off the head and extract it from the mud. This bull was a very old one, with a spread of fifty-one inches; but, as with old bulls generally, the blades were narrow and the points comparatively few. Having secured the legal allowance of one bull moose apiece, loaded down with heavy packs, we started for Bathurst the next morning.

The first of October of the following year found me again camped within half a mile of where we were located the previous year. Our lean-to was pitched in a thick grove of balsams and spruces near a small, clear brook, which, fringed by a few green trees, wound its course through many miles of burnt timber. We had camped farther away from the calling-ground, as we had discovered the year before that the sound of chopping and scent of the fire alarmed moose at the pond when the wind was from the wrong direction. On this trip John Landry accompanied me as guide, while a brother of last year's cook furnished us with three excellent meals a day. During the first warm days of October only small bulls came to John's call, and we saw the usual number of cows and calves to be found in the vicinity of the pond.

About three o'clock one warm, bright afternoon we struck out through the *brûlée* toward the cool, green timber which surrounded the pond, and occupied our usual position on a point where we were concealed by a screen of alders, and were able to command a view of almost the whole length of this body of water. As we patiently waited for the sun to sink

lower over the opposite hardwood ridge before we called, there was abundant opportunity to watch the life about the pond. Trout were breaking the placid surface of the water in every direction. Dragon-flies flitted here and there, and black flies buzzed about our heads in bloodthirsty and tormenting swarms. A red-headed woodpecker and a kingfisher were plying their equally noisy vocations near by, while two spruce-grouse, which flew into a juniper back of us, were busy feeding on the berries. Wood-mice and shrews scurried around under the leaves at our feet, and several wrens and a chickadee were accompanied by the nervous chattering of a red squirrel, which, from time to time, viewed us from the branches of every tree within a radius of thirty yards. At one time a solitary loon, winging its way southward above us in the clear autumn air, sent down to us its mournful, quavering cry, and again a flock of red-headed mergansers whistled over our blind and immediately disappeared around the next bend of the stream.

When John sent the first long, wailing complaint from the horn drifting over the hills an intense silence seemed to settle over the vicinity of the pond. At the third call a distant bull moose answered from the midst of the alder swamp, where a small creek which flowed into the pond opposite our position originated. After repeated calls the answers became louder, and in three-quarters of an hour, in addition to a continuous grunting, we could hear the splashing of water and the rattling of wide blades against alders as the bull followed down the creek to the source of the call. To this was occasionally added the complaining whine of a cow moose, which was endeavoring to dissuade the bull from investigating John's alluring call.

When hidden by the high alders at the mouth of the creek, both moose stopped, and the bull made a terrific noise, savagely pawing up mud, gravel and water, and thrashing the alders with its antlers. Although only one hundred yards distant, we could see only occasionally enough of the tips of the bull's

JOHN LANDRY IN HIS ELEMENT

blades to realize that it carried a large head, and as the sun was already sinking over the opposite hardwood ridge, John tried every wile of the caller. He imitated moose splashing in the water; he gave the low, close call of the cow, known locally as the "coaxer," and the plaintive whine of the calf moose; and rattled the birch-bark horn against the alders in imitation of the noise made by a rival bull—but all without apparent success. This old bull had evidently heard the crack of the rifle, and possibly felt the sting of lead in answer to that same call before; and although it seemed to become infuriated, and made much more noise than John, it refused to show itself as a target.

Two cows which were accompanying the bull, curious to discover the source of all this commotion, came out to the water on a point fifty yards distant, and we spent an uncomfortable twenty minutes flattened out in the wet, freezing mud at the edge of the pond while they looked us over. Finally they returned to the restless bull, which immediately ceased grunting, and silence reigned over the pond again.

It was already quite dark and a white mist was settling over the surface of the freezing water, when the indistinct black forms of both cows, and then the bull, showed up against the white haze, as they waded out into the pond and started to feed. The distance was only seventy yards, but the darkness concealed the gun-sights and made aiming only guesswork. I covered the indistinct target afforded by the bull as well as I could, and fired twice with the 9 mm. Mauser which I had in my hands.

A terrific splashing and cracking of alders followed the two reports, but, listening intently, we failed to hear the rattling of blades against bush and tree which a running bull moose would cause. When the noise of the departing cows had finally died away in the distance, we could hear the spasmodic, gasping cough of a wounded animal, and make out the indistinct black mass of the moose among some stunted junipers on the

opposite shore. After firing one shot, I realized that I would probably only ruin the antlers by random shooting in the dark; so we shivered in the damp cold until the coughing ceased, and the dense, white mist became impenetrable to the eyes. Then we groped our way back to camp in inky darkness.

Early the next morning, when the three of us reached the edge of the pond, prepared to skin and cut up the moose, we were surprised to discover no signs of the animal where it had fallen the night before. In an hour we had cut down sufficient spruces with the axes to construct a precarious bridge across the narrowest part of the pond. During the whole morning we carefully quartered over the country for five hundred yards from the edge of the water without finding a sign of blood. The moss had been so tracked up by a number of moose wandering through the country during the night that it was impossible to follow up the trail of the wounded bull. We returned to camp for luncheon, but the afternoon found John and me searching for blood farther back from the pond. About two o'clock a whistle from the guide brought me to the spot where he was examining a large pool of blood in the moss. We at once took up the trail, which was marked by such a pool every few yards, and led us into one of the thickest alder swamps that I have encountered in New Brunswick.

For an hour and a half we either crawled under, cut, or forced our way through a solid mass of alders, some of them the diameter of a man's leg, only to lose the trail altogether in the densest portion of the swamp. On reaching the nearest hardwood ridge and skirting the edge of the thicket for half an hour, we were fortunate enough to recover the trail of the moose, which, to judge from the tracks, had evidently been joined by both cows in the swamp.

While we were following the tracks of the three moose along the side of a hardwood ridge, some time later, I had a momentary glimpse of one of the cows walking among the white trunks of

the birches sixty yards ahead. Cautiously stealing forward, I discovered both cows standing motionless among the trees about fifty yards to my left, but it was only after listening for several minutes that a slight movement among the branches in a clump of small spruces to my right warned me of the proximity of the wounded bull. Making a stealthy circuit of the thicket, I found myself within a few yards of the badly wounded moose, which, with drooping head, was leaning against a maple for support. A shot through the shoulders at short range caused it to stagger forward stiff-legged for several yards, sway unsteadily, and then go down with a crash at the second report of the rifle. The two cows immediately disappeared among the white birch trunks and mass of red and yellow-tinted autumn foliage that covered the mountain-side.

This bull had a very thick and heavy set of antlers, but they only carried twenty-two points and measured fifty-one inches at the widest spread. During the shooting of the previous evening it had been struck twice, but nevertheless, in spite of a gaping wound through the thick of the neck and a shattered hip, it had led us a chase through several miles of very unfavorable country. Near the scene of the death of the bull we noticed the signs of another tragedy, where evidently a large black bear had killed a cow moose, probably in a weakened condition, in the spring of the year before. The scattered bones of the moose, and the evidences of the struggle showing upon the surrounding tree-trunks and bushes, indicated that the bear had only killed this animal after a violent fight, and then by pinning it against a small maple for support. Loaded down with the head and some of the meat of the bull, we managed to cross the bridge of saplings before dark, and were genuinely grateful to see the red glow of the camp-fire flickering among the whitened, dead tree-trunks ahead.

Before finishing this article with an account of a last success-

ful moose-hunt at the pond, I intend to describe an experience with a bull moose whose actions I can only explain on the hypothesis that the animal was insane to some degree. Howe and I, with two guides and a cook, were camped in the same grove of trees mentioned before, when Landry's son came into camp one evening after dark with a telegram which required my friend to go home immediately. At daylight he started, accompanied by John and his son, intending to call at the pond for an hour before striking across the country for Bathurst, over forty miles distant. After the only comfortable late breakfast that I had enjoyed for many days, I wandered down to the shores of the pond in a depressing drizzle, and sat on a log among the dripping alders to watch and listen.

John's calling during the early part of the morning must have attracted a solitary morose old bull to the scene, as I had no sooner commenced to feel thoroughly chilled than I heard a deep-throated grunt in the alders behind me. By the noise of swishing bushes and rattling of antlers against branches which followed the first grunt, I knew just which moose-trail the bull was following down the hillside, and, stealing forward, I sat on a log which lay across the narrow path among thick alders. I was unable to see the moose until it was almost upon me; but the moment its black head was suddenly thrust through the alder-tops several yards ahead, I realized that while it carried antlers of a very wide spread, it was an old bull with narrow blades and few points, and was not worth shooting.

A couple of long strides had brought the animal within six feet, at which distance I thought it prudent to rise to my feet, expecting to see the frightened moose whirl and plunge away through the alders. Instead of this, at the sudden sight of me the nostrils of the bull twitched, its eyes became bloodshot, and its mane slowly rose on end. With my own hair following suit, I rapidly brought the rifle to my shoulder, and with the muzzle within three feet of his chest, awaited develop-

A FIFTY-SIX-INCH MOOSE HEAD

ments. For fully five minutes we glared at each other, while I figured out that while I was sufficiently close to burn the hair of the moose when I fired, it must surely fall on top of me and crush me. Finally the bull lowered its head, stepped a few feet to one side, and deliberately walked by me at a distance of ten feet. When it had passed, the light wind gave it the full benefit of the human scent that would have caused the orthodox moose to vanish from sight at once. This particular bull wandered to where I had dropped my field-glasses and sweater at the first grunt, spread out its fore-legs, and deliberately turned them over with its nose. Then it strode out into the pond, and before an interested and appreciative audience of one wallowed around in the mud twenty feet from shore for fully a quarter of an hour. Having somewhat recovered my confidence by this time, I talked to the moose and waved articles of wearing apparel to attract its attention. Beyond looking up at me occasionally for a moment, the bull seemed little interested in my endeavors. After this it swam to the opposite shore, a hundred and fifty yards distant, and lay down in the grass for fully half an hour before it arose and disappeared among the spruces, not even looking backward when I shouted a farewell.

Later in the afternoon, while I was still thinking over this unusual experience, I heard a series of moose-calls coming down the opposite ridge, followed by the sight of a set of antlers approaching through the alders on the opposite side of the pond. However, this proved to be John staggering under a moose head, the original owner of which had been shot by Howe that morning on a hardwood ridge five miles from the pond. Imagining that I would be on the watch at this spot, and not wishing to be greeted by a shower of lead, John had purposely advertised his approach by a series of sounds, topped by the appearance of a good set of antlers above the waving alders, which might have cost him dearly.

After a mild, starlight night I was surprised the next morning to gaze through the open front of our lean-to at whirling clouds of falling snow and a whitened landscape. Both guide and cook were peacefully snoring in their blankets, and the only response from John was a gradual opening of one eye, a moment's raising of the head, uncomplimentary remarks about the weather, and an apparent resumption of sleep. However, when he saw me pulling on my larrigans, he crawled out of his blankets and followed me through the driving snow toward the pond, muttering that no sane moose would travel in a blizzard, and that the only bull we were apt to meet was the one I had encountered the day before. We had not gone three hundred yards through the *brûlée* when a cow loomed up black and unreal against the white background for a moment, and then trotted away, to be instantly lost sight of in the blinding snow.

When within a few yards of the shores of the pond we stopped to listen in a clump of snow-weighted spruces, and were rewarded by hearing the splashing of water caused by moose feeding at the far end. As we hurried along the game trail which followed the water's edge we were pleased to hear the hoarse grunting of what sounded like a large bull, and upon crawling through the leafless alders which covered our favorite calling-point we found that we had not been mistaken. In the centre of a small pond at one of the inlets of the bog, and about one hundred yards distant, two feeding cow moose were almost totally immersed in the black mud. They would thrust their ungainly heads under this for a minute at a time, and then raise them dripping with water, shaking themselves like huge dogs, and contentedly chewing the mouthful of mud and roots pulled up from the depths of the pond. One would occasionally gaze anxiously to where her small, comical brown calf was wandering around in the shallower and safer water near the opposite shore.

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE

On a point about one hundred yards distant, backed by a wall of snow-covered bushes and trees, a magnificent wide-antlered bull gazed down the length of the pond and let out some of the pent-up steam from its lungs in a succession of hoarse challenges. Before I could fire, this great, black beast waded out to the two cows, and after giving one of them a friendly bunt with its antlers, started to feed. Occasionally it would raise its great, dripping head and blades, watch and listen for a few minutes, let forth a resounding grunt, and resume its feeding.

We cautiously crawled forward through short bushes and around grassy hummocks until we crouched within fifteen yards of this family party of moose. To have shot the bull in the midst of this unfathomable mud-hole would have been simply wasting a good set of antlers. After shivering in the wet snow for three-quarters of an hour the novelty of studying the habits of such large beasts at close quarters was replaced by a decided chilliness induced by wet clothes, inactivity, and a cutting wind. We rose to our full height; and instantly all three moose raised their heads, gazed at us for a few moments, and then struggled violently through the mud toward the far shore. Owing to its superior strength, the bull forged ahead of the cows, while I shivered and waited my chance to fire when it should draw itself out of the mud on the far side of the pond, one hundred and fifty yards distant. When it commenced to emerge from the water near the shore a violent, driving cloud of snow almost completely hid it, and I hastily emptied my magazine at its blurred, indistinct body before it was completely blotted out by the storm.

A quarter of an hour later found us approaching the spot where we had seen the bull, the place being marked by the last of the two cows, which stood at the edge of the pond and gazed in astonishment at the unusual sight of men. John attempted to strike it in the face with his battered felt hat, whereupon it

made two plunges sideways and stopped again to watch us. While John was following the tracks made by the bull, I forced my way among the spruces, enveloped by a cloud of dislodged snow, and after going about one hundred yards, stopped to listen. At once I heard the hard breathing of a wounded animal in a thicket to my left. Stealing quickly forward, guided by this sound and the noise of smashing and crackling of branches, I found myself within a few yards of the moose, which was struggling forward with a shattered hip.

Then followed a strange procession through the thick New Brunswick woods. First came a cow moose pushing her small calf before her, and followed closely by the lurching bull. The forest was so dense that although I was quite close to these animals, it was only occasionally that I had a glimpse of the bull. Each time that this happened I fired at the part of the beast exposed. John and the inquisitive cow moose brought up the rear of the procession. He could not see me distinctly, on account of the thick spruces, but hearing the rifle reports, and imagining that the bull was leaving us behind, he kept up a succession of grunts from the horn, in hopes of stopping it long enough for me to get in another shot. He had been packing a freshly killed moose head into camp the day before, and the odor of this clinging to the one suit of clothes John took into the woods, combined with low, appealing grunts from the horn, caused the cow moose to tramp on his moccasined heels every time that he brought the horn to his lips.

John's first version of the affair was that he kept calling with the horn in one hand and beating the friendly moose across the face with his hat in the other. Since then the story has lost nothing in the telling. Within two hundred yards the bull pitched forward with a crash, stone dead. He had been raked with bullets from almost every known angle. When the bull fell the remaining three moose immediately vanished into the forests. The dead animal had a very handsome set of antlers

with wide blades, twenty-five points, and a spread of fifty-two inches at the widest point.

By this time the wind had died down and the snow had ceased. The early morning sunlight came filtering down through the branches of the snow-covered spruces. We tramped back to camp through about four inches of snow, crossing the fresh tracks of a wandering bull caribou in the *brulée*, and getting to breakfast about ten o'clock. Between mouthfuls of mush John sorrowfully acknowledged that he found the more he hunted the less he knew about moose, and cow moose especially. There now remained nothing but to return to the dead moose for the head, and the next morning to start upon the long journey to the settlements.

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II

WALRUS-SHOOTING IN WHALE SOUND

ONE day early in August, 1899, a dense white mist settled over the cold, black waters of ice-floe-spotted Whale Sound, and forced the steam barkentine sealer *Diana*, relief ship to Lieutenant Peary, to recall, by means of her siren, three whale-boats in the midst of an exciting walrus-hunt. The vessel then steamed up to an enormous flat pan of ice covering several acres, was firmly fastened to it by means of the three-pronged ice-anchor, and, with steam up in case of emergency, drifted slowly northward into the fog with its white neighbor.

Twelve hours later, when the fog lifted, the surroundings indicated that vessel and pan had drifted about twenty miles northward with the current. Several miles to the eastward Cape Alexander, on the Greenland coast, loomed up through the vanishing mists, while to the westward, across the comparatively open waters of Smith Sound, two prominent headlands in Ellesmereland, Capes Isabella and Sabine, were barely visible in the distance. The *Diana* slowly swung around and steamed southward, along the Greenland coast, with lookouts aloft searching the ice-floes ahead with telescopes for sight of the walrus herds which were to furnish Lieutenant Peary with food for his dog-teams during the approaching winter.

The coast of Greenland presented a grand but desolate sight. The eye encountered huge, red granite headlands and cliffs cut into fantastic shapes by the relentless Arctic elements; miles of glacier front, from which masses of ice were continually break-

MAP OF NORTHWESTERN GREENLAND

Showing the route of the Peary relief steamship *Diana* in the summer of 1899

ing off with terrific reports in the form of icebergs; and beyond glacier and cliff, glimpses of the great glittering ice-cap which fills the interior of this bleak, rock- and ice-bound continent. Huge icebergs of all imaginable shapes, and of many shades of color, dotted the quiet surface of the water, and a sprinkling of flat pans, floes, and rotten trash-ice stretched in all directions.

Occasionally, in the open water to the westward, a thin jet of spray, followed by a glimpse of a huge, glistening black body rolling over in the sea, and a forked tail throwing up a cloud of spray as it struck the water, denoted where a whale had come to the surface for air. Several times a number of smaller jets of spray and an occasional view of a mottled gray back showed us where a school of narwhals were swimming just beneath the surface of the sea. On many floes, seals of several species basked in the cold rays of the Arctic sun. To the westward black wedges of eider-ducks were moving south in a steady stream; small and compact flocks of swift-flying guillemots, loons, and little auks were continually whistling by the vessel; while terns, kittewakes, and large Burgomeister gulls were circling overhead in the clear, cold sky.

The *Diana* showed abundant indications of hard usage and recent activity, as well as the expectation of immediate and continued excitement. Her smoke- and dirt-begrimed condition, the bloody decks, rows of walrus heads and skulls, and tons of dark-red walrus meat cut into square slabs by the Eskimos, and filling most of the fore part of the vessel, were sufficient evidence of the first. The members of the expedition, who were lounging about the decks cleaning firearms or scanning the horizon with field-glasses, and the Eskimo hunters, sharpening harpoons and overhauling kayaks and their hunting-tackle, could vouch for the second. Several hours after turning southward, when opposite the picturesque, bold bluff of Northumberland Island, known as Josephine Headland, the lookouts discovered numerous pans occupied by herds of walrus

in the quieter waters between Northumberland Island and the mainland. As the *Diana* steamed steadily toward the pans we could at first simply discern, with the glasses, dark blotches here and there on the ice which, on closer approach, resolved themselves into compact sleeping herds, while the sea around the pans was thickly dotted with the round heads of swimming walrus. Within a mile from the game the *Diana* reversed her engines, and had not yet lost headway when the three whaleboats, filled with hunters, splashed into the sea, and the race toward the herds began.

I happened to be in the stern of our boat and to be the only idle man aboard at the commencement of this hunt, and so had the opportunity of realizing the picturesque side as well as participating in the excitement of this method of hunting. In the bow of the whaleboat crouched our three Eskimo hunters whispering to one another in their language and fingering their harpoons. Their shaggy polar-bear and sealskin clothing, their long, unkempt, black hair, and their dirty, greasy, and excited yellow faces gave a completing touch of savagery to the already wild setting of scenery. The scent from these unsophisticated savages of the North left the impression of things wild and unwashed. Behind our oily companions five white men, dressed in a motley combination of civilized and native garments, supplemented by a loaded rifle on the seat beside them, pulled at five long single-sweeps, and wondered if they could be paid to do this sort of work in civilized environment. Standing beside me in the stern was Matt Henson, Peary's colored servant. Dressed in Eskimo costume, he skilfully guided the boat by means of a long steering-oar. Some distance apart and rapidly diverging, two other boats, somewhat similarly equipped, had each selected a herd of walrus, and were racing toward it with the long, steady strokes of sweeps. On a small floe a couple of hundred yards to the right of us two large blue seals (*Phoca barbata*, or the *oogsook* of the natives) raised their

THE STEAM SEALER *DIANA*

heads suddenly from where they had been sleeping on the ice and immediately plunged into the sea at the sight of this strange, oared apparition racing past.

We had singled out a herd of eight sleeping walrus, which were almost submerging a huge floe by their enormous weight, and when within two hundred yards the rowers noiselessly shipped their oars, and Henson quietly sculled the boat toward the unconscious game. The huge, reddish-colored beasts resembled some kind of enormous swine as they huddled together in an inert, shapeless mass with the ice of the floe discolored by their presence and a cloud of steam forming in the cold air from the warmth of their bodies. At a distance of fifty yards, when the tension was becoming decidedly strained, and the walruses loomed up to an enormous size through the cloud of vapor, a volley of rifle-shots from behind some floes to the left, followed by hoarse bellowing and splashing, told us that one of the other boats had reached the game.

And now the scene changed immediately. With one Eskimo poised in the bow with uplifted harpoon, and all five rowers fairly churning the sea with the sweeps, the whaleboat closed in on the awakening herd. The standing Eskimo plunged his harpoon into the shoulder of one huge bull as it rose on its fore flippers to gaze stupidly through the fog at the approaching boat. Bellowing with pain, the wounded walrus rolled into the sea with a terrific splash. The Eskimo threw the line and drag overboard and fell backward into the bottom of the boat, while, as if by magic, a second Eskimo arose in the place of the first and sank his harpoon into a second walrus which was disappearing into the water. At the same time an irregular line of fire ran along the side of the whaleboat as the white men emptied the magazines of their repeating rifles into the huge targets at close range. Then the confused din of rifle-shots, shouts, bellowing, and splashing suddenly terminated, and the whaleboat was left rocking in the bloody wash of the sea.

Through the haze of smoke we could see four of the great brutes motionless on the floe, but during the general reloading of rifles one wounded walrus began slowly but surely sliding and struggling toward the edge of the floe, and in spite of our bracing against it with oars and pouring a stream of lead with the rifles into its skull, it managed to reach the water. A departing blow from one hind flipper drenched everybody in a cloud of spray and knocked the heavy boat back several yards, piling the occupants in a confused heap in its bottom. By the time we had righted matters a second wounded walrus rolled off the floe, but fortunately there was a projecting shelf of ice several yards below the surface of the sea, and when the water had cleared somewhat we could see that both carcases were stranded below us. One after the other they were harpooned, warped up to the edge of the floe by the combined strength of the ten men, and securely lashed to an oar driven into a crevice of the ice.

As the *Diana* was already steaming toward us under a black cloud of smoke, and we could see the occupants of one of the other boats finishing off the first harpooned walrus, we left the four carcases on the reddened floe and rowed in the direction of the second struggling walrus. This animal, impeded by the drag, and surrounded by a sympathetic escort of bellowing friends, was swimming slowly away from us in the open water half a mile distant. While we were overtaking it our third Eskimo was crouched in the bow of the boat, fingering his harpoon lovingly and gazing wistfully at distant walrus-covered ice-pans, when the brown bulk of a walrus suddenly raised itself from the water two yards in front of the bow and immediately received the waiting harpoon in its side. It had barely sunk in the water, with a muffled roar of pain, when a second walrus head rose from the sea several yards to the right, and I promptly killed this animal by a shot in the brain. We managed to make fast to the dead walrus before it disappeared,

ESKIMO HUNTERS

APPROACHING A HERD OF WALRUS

and after finishing the wounded walrus with a volley of shots, we laboriously towed both carcases to the nearest ice-floe. Leaving one of the Eskimos as a marker for the *Diana*, we rowed over the now thoroughly agitated waters of Whale Sound to finish the harpooned walrus, but discovered the carcas of another, which had evidently been killed in the first onslaught, floating in some slush-ice, and were obliged to tow it to the nearest floe.

By this time the sky was covered with black clouds, the wind was whistling a gale, and the cakes of ice were rolling over and over, continually breaking up in the grasp of the agitated waters; but we drove the boat through the flying spray to the crippled walrus, shot it, and towed it to the nearest pan, where we were joined shortly by one of the other boats. The sea was now a wild sight, and the pan on which we had taken shelter was rocking and pitching, and continually breaking off in small floes around the edges. It was accordingly with a feeling of relief that we saw the *Diana* slowly picking her course through the floes in our direction, and three-quarters of an hour later she slowed up within two hundred yards. A slit was cut in the three-quarter-inch thick neck skin of each walrus; it was towed to the side of the vessel; a large hook was inserted in the slit; the dummy engine on deck commenced to rattle and creak; and slowly but surely each dripping body was hoisted to the proper height, swung over, and carefully lowered among the dead walruses now covering the decks. The *Diana* then steamed among the tossing floes until the third whaleboat was picked up, and the last of the fifteen walruses secured in the day's hunt was lowered to a resting-place among its fellows. Then the vessel headed for the quieter waters in the shelter of Northumberland Island.

An open barrel of hardtack had been placed back of the cook's galley for the benefit of the Eskimos, and, bloody but happy, these simple people indulged in a continual feast as

they cut the walruses into slabs and stowed them away in the hold of the vessel. Blood ran steadily from the scuppers of the ship; the combined odors of Eskimo, walrus, and offal arose in harmonious unity, while a cloud of steam from opening warm carcases in the Arctic air hung like a white pall over the *Diana*. The fifteen walruses killed in this hunt were a small portion of the number secured in the two weeks the *Diana* spent cruising through the various sounds in this locality. All the meat was frozen and landed at Peary's headquarters at Etah, to be used during the coming winter as food for the numerous dogs he was to drive in his sledge trips toward the North Pole.

That walrus exist in such countless numbers along the northwestern coast of Greenland is due partly to the fact that the Eskimos do not relish the flesh of this animal, and partly to the fact that the walrus inhabit too inaccessible a portion of the coast to be hunted successfully by white men for commercial purposes. Although the Eskimos eat walrus meat when there is nothing more palatable at hand, it is not only very coarse-grained but almost black in color, on account of the very venous and sluggish circulation due to the animals living under water a large portion of the time.

Hunting in pairs in their light kayaks, the Eskimos occasionally kill walrus, mostly for dog food, using the harpoon and lance. They make a cautious approach to the sleeping animal, and one or both harpoons are buried in its side. The wooden shaft of the harpoon, tipped with ivory to keep it afloat, becomes detached when the point is buried in the thick hide, and leaves the wounded walrus attached by fifty feet of rawhide line to a drag, consisting of an inflated sealskin. When this marker appears on the surface of the water after the first maddened plunge of the animal, the kayakers paddle toward it and lance the walrus every time it exposes itself, until it succumbs from loss of blood. Then they either tow the carcase to some

ESKIMOS ON THE DECK OF THE STEAMER

shelving beach, or warp it up on an ice-pan by means of a very clever series of blocks and pulleys improvised from walrus-hide, bone, and ivory.

The Eskimos are quite fearless in their kayaks, hunting and killing mammals as large as the narwhal, and going out to sea in very rough weather. Occasionally a hunter dies a wretched death by drowning, head downward, in an overturned kayak, as there is no means of righting the craft or cutting one's self loose underneath the water without outside assistance if once the light skin-boat is capsized. While the hide of the walrus is quite thick and valuable, the ivory worth considerable, and the animals comparatively easy to kill, these herds are likely to remain undisturbed, as the waters they inhabit are not accessible every year on account of the ice, and are dangerous and uncharted. On this account the project of systematically slaughtering them for commercial reasons is too expensive and uncertain to be a profitable enterprise, and the only decrease in their numbers for years should be the few killed by the members of polar expeditions and the Eskimo hunters.

III

A HUNT IN THE LAURENTIDES

IN the early afternoon of a crisp autumn day toward the latter part of September, 1903, the Great Northern Railway of Canada deposited Howe, two Indian guides, and me at the small French village of Saint Elizabeth, Quebec. We were bound on a moose-hunt, and were to start in canoes from a backwoods settlement, sixty miles to the north, called Saint Michel des Saints. A habitant driver and two Quebec carts, each drawn by a small, sturdy stallion, awaited us at the station platform, and climbing into the vehicles with what little baggage we had brought with us, we rattled away to the north along dusty roads. This country was covered with poplar and maple, and in the bright afternoon sunshine we were treated to every shade from yellow to scarlet in the foliage, recently touched by the September frosts.

Short distances apart, quaint, old-fashioned gabled houses with thatched roofs, and surrounded by green fields, marked the homesteads of the French inhabitants. This country was settled a long time ago, and the farmers are very conservative and far behind the times. Only a few speak English, and it is said that some of the more ignorant believe that the country still belongs to France. By dark we had covered the twenty-five miles to the village of Saint Jean de Matha, and put up for the night at a miserable little French hotel, where cleanliness and the English language were unknown. During the next day we drove steadily northward under threatening skies,

the farm-houses becoming scarcer, and forests of spruce and balsam replacing groves of maple and birch. Shortly before dark we drove into the small village of Saint Michel des Saints, situated on the upper waters of the Mattawin River. Here we found two birch-bark canoes, respectively seventeen and eighteen feet in length, and provisions for a month, which had been ordered in the spring from Archambault, the local storekeeper and trader. That evening we engaged the services of a strong young French-Canadian named Joseph, who was to accompany us in the capacity of cook.

Our two Indians, who bore the names of Nicholas and Stanislaus Benedict, were more or less pure Abenekis, and were small, wiry men about fifty years of age and very deceptive in appearance. Although only weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds apiece, these Indians could travel with a burden equal to their own weight, consisting of a bulky pack topped by a heavy water-soaked birch-bark canoe. During the fall and winter they trapped for a living, and in the summer sold Indian trinkets and baskets at Saratoga and other resorts.

They were willing, good-natured, and efficient men in the woods, and observed the Sabbath very religiously; but while in civilization they spent their time and money in a continual drunken spree. They did not regard the oatmeal which we had ordered as a food, and did not believe it possible to call a bull moose. They also backed each other up in any and all assertions, and having been together in the woods for many years, they displayed excellent team-work at anything they attempted. Their chief source of amusement during this trip was the simple-minded and innocent Joseph. In the enthusiasm of starting out in the woods the cook had been foolish enough to boast to these Indians concerning the weight of the load he was accustomed to pack on the trail. During the trip he had abundant cause to regret his bragging, as on every possible occasion the Indians took particular pains to remind him of it. The result

Native Lib

of this was that during the entire trip the perspiring Canadian, out of sheer pride, staggered along under enormous and bulky packs.

We spent an uncomfortable night in the house of the leading inhabitant of the village, and shortly after daylight the next morning launched our canoes and glided down the Mattawin River. At noon we built a fire on a sand-point where the Rivière de Poste joins the Mattawin, and here had luncheon in a cloud of black flies. During the whole afternoon we paddled steadily against the swift current of the smaller stream. The scenery was completely hidden by a solid mass of high alders on both banks, and we were surrounded and tormented by swarms of voracious black flies. We camped on the river-bank at the foot of the first rapids we had encountered, and the black flies retired to give swarms of bloodthirsty mosquitoes a chance at us during the night. The entire next day we worked steadily up-stream, paddling across numerous small lakes, and portaging canoes and baggage over many carries. About noon it commenced to rain, and until dusk a heavy and continuous downpour drenched us and all our belongings. Shortly before dark we paddled out on the surface of beautiful Lac Clair, a clear, deep sheet of water twelve miles in length and several miles in width, nestling among hardwood-covered hills. During the last heavy downpour of the storm we landed and made camp in a grove of dripping balsams, and after an hour of hard work we were able to sit down to a steaming meal in front of a blazing fire, bounded by our two lean-to tents and a wall of drying blankets.

The next day dawned cold and clear, with a biting wind lashing the waters of the lake into white-capped waves. Several large muskalonge caught near camp furnished a pleasant change in the breakfast fare. Later in the morning, while fighting our way across the agitated surface of the lake in our heavily loaded canoes, we noticed several gray animals lying

PORTAGING

among the roots of an overturned tree near the edge of the water. On paddling closer we found that they were a female Canada lynx and three nearly grown kittens which disappeared into the woods like so many gray streaks before we came within range. A short, swampy portage at the end of this lake brought us to the shores of Lac des Pins Rouges, on the headwaters of the Vermillion River. We ate luncheon with three Indian trappers, camped in a birch-bark shelter near the outlet of the lake. They had already trapped a number of muskrats and beaver, and several days previous had crippled but not downed a bull moose with the ancient musket which one of these men carried. During the afternoon we glided smoothly down the beautiful upper stretches of the Vermillion, and at twilight camped in a grove of spruces at the intersection of a smaller river which we were to ascend the following day. The next morning at daylight we paddled up this river, which was known as the Rivière de Savane, and five hours later glided into the quiet waters of beautiful Lac Louis Gill.

This small, round lake, about two miles in diameter, nestles among high hardwood-covered mountains, which at this season of the year were vividly colored with all shades of scarlet, orange, and yellow of frost-touched foliage. As we intended to hunt in the vicinity for some time, we built a birch-bark shelter in the centre of a small circular island covered with a growth of birches. The surrounding country was dotted with lakes and intersected in every direction with sluggish, swamp-bordered streams which furnished an ideal system of waterways for hunting in canoes. The most likely country was along the upper portion of the river, and during the next few days, in course of reconnoitring expeditions, Stanislaus and myself discovered a small lake in the vicinity of its headwaters, the shores of which were cut up by many fresh moose tracks.

Late one afternoon we pulled our canoe up among the bushes bordering this lake, in readiness for watching it during the

night. We had to dispense with fire and tobacco smoke, and had neither food nor blankets, and so passed anything but a comfortable night. Not a sound broke the frosty silence of the lake, and when the stars faded at the approach of dawn, two cold, cramped, and hungry hunters paddled down the river. Ten o'clock found us gliding rapidly over the mirrored surface of Lac Louis Gill toward camp, where the sounds of voices and chopping were wafted across to us, and a thin column of blue smoke curled lazily above the yellow tops of the birches.

As we had come out into the lake we had noticed a light-colored object on the shores of a small island adjoining the one on which we were camped. Supposing that this was Nicholas, in the soiled excuse for a white shirt which he wore, attending to some of his muskrat traps, we had paid no further attention until, when within two hundred yards, we both realized that it was a bull caribou. Standing knee-deep in the shallow water, the bull raised a branching head of antlers as it gazed suspiciously in the direction of the sounds from the invisible camp, a hundred yards distant. Then, suddenly whirling, it splashed toward the shore and disappeared at a trot over a birch-covered knoll. Having previously discovered that a barren extended back from this island to a thick spruce swamp beyond, we put all our energy into our paddles in order to intercept the caribou while it was still in the open country. As the canoe glided around the next point the first sight that met my gaze was this animal one hundred and twenty-five yards distant, slowly picking its way across the marsh. I proceeded to startle my unsuspecting companions around the point by five rapidly fired shots from the carbine. The first shot struck the animal too far back from the shoulders to be instantly fatal, but reduced the gait of the caribou to a stumbling walk. The following three shots struck it in more or less vulnerable spots, but did not stop it. At the fifth shot the wounded bull

QUEBEC BULL CARIBOU

instantly sank down in the bushes, its spine shattered above the shoulders. We paddled the canoe to the edge of the barren, and I finished the struggling caribou with a shot at close range. The head carried one of those V-shaped sets of antlers found among the caribou of eastern North America, and their length was thirty-three and a half inches and thirty-four inches; the spread, twenty-two inches; number of points, twenty-three. While skinning this bull, in addition to several ancient bullet wounds, we discovered eight buckshot, evidently fired from the muzzle of some Indian's musket, lodged in the face of the animal.

During that day a very old Indian trapper in a diminutive birch-bark canoe and accompanied by a small yellow dog, arrived at the island, and pitched his shelter-tent within a few yards of where we were camped. In spite of the fact that this Indian was a feeble old man, and followed his vocation during the whole winter, he informed us that he never slept under blankets. He certainly did not while he was camped in our vicinity, and the weather was anything but balmy. He set his lines of muskrat and beaver traps along the various streams covering a radius of many miles, and spent his time in paddling to and from them, and stretching and drying skins in front of his tiny fire. He persuaded us to eat some beaver tail, which is considered quite a delicacy in the North. We dined upon it too copiously, with the result that, being rich and oily meat, it made us feel uncomfortable for some time.

Several days of continuous canoeing through the streams and lakes of the country brought us simply a distant view of two deer walking along the opposite shore of one of the larger lakes. One morning we ate the usual breakfast by the light of the camp-fire, and as the sky commenced to lighten in the east the two canoes glided away in different directions into a thick white mist which hung over the surface of the lake. For four miles Stanislaus and I paddled the canoe up the winding

stretches of dead-water on the upper portion of the narrow, swampy river. A low-lying mist shut out of vision everything except the ghostly tops of the spruces along the shores. The silence was broken only by the loud splashing of muskrats along the banks of the stream or the occasional noisy flight of small flocks of black ducks, suddenly disturbed as the silently moving canoe glided into their midst. At the end of the dead-water we poled across a reed-covered marsh, worked our way up a swift-running stream, portaged across a low, spruce-covered mountain, and launched the canoe in the long, narrow lake where we had watched for moose several nights before.

By this time the sun had dispelled the mists, and a stiff breeze had sprung up, against which we fought for four miles to the end of the body of water, in order to examine some ponds at its upper end. While we were returning down the lake, with the increasing wind driving the light canoe before it, I noticed a bull moose walking through the alders on a point about three hundred and fifty yards ahead of us. At the same moment a low whistle from the Indian in the stern of the canoe informed me that he had also seen the game. Realizing that the wind was carrying our scent toward the moose, we paddled to the middle of the lake, drifted past, and then slowly fought our way back against the wind toward the animal. The moose was knee-deep in the shallow water, striding along the marshy shores, and stopping occasionally to gaze at the approaching canoe. Owing to the sun shining in its eyes, the bull could see this indistinctly, but could not recognize it as a source of danger.

While it was looking the frail craft tossed about listlessly in the swell, but the moment the moose showed its profile or lowered its head to tear up the lily-pads the canoe glided forward rapidly under the Indian's skilful strokes. With the morning sun shining on its antlers and a glossy black coat of hair as sleek as that of a well-groomed horse, the bull presented

BULL MOOSE

a magnificent sight against a background of alders and the white trunks of birches. When the canoe was about one hundred and fifty yards distant the sun was momentarily obscured by a passing cloud, and the moose, for the first time distinctly seeing the approaching canoe, immediately whirled and splashed through the shallow water in the direction of the shore. Owing to the violent motions of the tossing canoe, which the Indian was now trying to hold broadside to wind and wave, the moose continued toward safety in spite of the first four shots I sent after it. As this bull was about to disappear forever in the wall of alders my fifth shot severed its spine above the shoulders, and caused it to rear up on its hind legs and then topple over among the bushes with a crash. We paddled to the shore, and on landing I finished the struggling moose after several shots at close range. We discovered that two of my first shots had struck the animal, but too far back to stop it immediately. This was about a five-year-old bull, with a head carrying fourteen points and a spread of forty inches. It had been accompanied by a cow, which we had not noticed, but whose tracks we afterward found in the mud. We cleaned the carcase, cut down some small tamaracks to cover it, and reached camp about three o'clock in the afternoon. The next day we returned in both canoes for the head and meat, but found the latter unfit for use, and were obliged to return to our former diet of muskrat.

Two days later we loaded the canoes and started for a large lake miles distant, and known as Lac Caousagouta. About noon, while paddling along a narrow lake enclosed by high, wooded hills, we discovered a bull caribou walking along the shore several hundred yards ahead. The first canoe stole up as close as possible to the suspicious animal, and when it became thoroughly alarmed and started to run, Howe fired several shots and brought it down at the edge of the woods. We built a fire on a grassy point near the scene of the killing and

cooked the tenderloin and marrow-bones for luncheon. The meat proved quite palatable, as this caribou was a much younger animal than the first one shot.

Across a short portage was another long, narrow lake, similar to the one where we had seen the caribou, and in paddling down this sheet of water Howe shot a bull moose. Delayed by the skinning and cutting-up of these two animals, we did not reach our camping-place, on a small wooded island in Lac Caousagouta, until after dark. The next afternoon, while Howe was watching a small pond in the vicinity of the lake for game, a bull caribou walked out into the open only a few yards distant and promptly went down at the first shot. It proved to have a head of about the same size as the first bull caribou shot at Lac Louis Gill.

As it took two seasons to float logs out of this country, the pine had never been touched, and groves of these magnificent trees were scattered here and there through the forests of spruce, balsam, and birches. After hunting two days in the vicinity of the lake, and finding our provisions practically exhausted, we paddled through a series of lakes to the head of MacLaren's Creek en route for civilization. For a day and a half we cut through alders and pulled the canoes over beaver dams until we finally emerged into the Pabelognany River. We followed this through a long lake of that name, and started along a rudimentary lumbering road across a nine-mile portage to Lac Souci. That night we were obliged to camp in the midst of a swamp, and were about to turn in supperless when a spruce-grouse lighted in a tree above the tents. Its head was promptly shot off with a rifle, but one bird did not make a satisfactory meal for five hungry men.

We reached the lake about noon, and paddled along it to Steamboat Rock Lake. We were now in territory leased by the Laurentian Club, which owned a collection of cabins on this lake. Here we met several friends and acquaintances.

CAMP SCENE, LAC LOUIS GILL

Forest fires farther north had driven game into this country, and a number of moose had been seen during the last few days. A bull moose had been shot the day before we arrived, and that afternoon a very fine bull was killed on the shore of the lake within three-quarters of a mile of the cabins. A day of paddling through small lakes and a day spent in one of the club's cabins, followed by a long portage the next morning, brought us to a landing-place on the St. Maurice River. Here we caught a steamer belonging to one of the lumber companies going down the river, and about the middle of the afternoon were landed at Grandes Piles, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. On the steamer Nicholas succeeded in securing sufficient liquor to become riotously intoxicated and to make himself a nuisance to everybody on board. When the effects of this hilarity wore off the next day he was a very remorseful and penitent Indian, and when we left the country the last words we heard were his final, often repeated, "Please excuse—please excuse."

IV

IN THE INTERIOR OF GREENLAND

IN the latter part of August, 1899, a party of nine hunters, including myself, were camped in Greenland, about six hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle and forty miles up a long, narrow arm of Whale Sound, known as Olrik's Bay. The shores of this picturesque fiord, which extended inland in a generally eastward direction for about fifty miles, sloped gradually up for miles on either side of the water to rugged mountains that enclosed the ice-cap of this desolate continent. Protected somewhat from the cold wind blowing from glaciers and the iceberg-covered sea during the summer months, the less exposed slopes were here and there covered with a short growth of grass mingled with Arctic flowers.

The barren-ground caribou, which wandered over the surrounding mountains, were attracted to these pastures during the summer, and in the winter fed on the moss and lichens which in places covered the rocks. Two weeks before, for the purpose of hunting these animals, we had landed from the *Diana* twenty miles below, and laboriously rowed our heavily loaded whale-boat to the most likely looking spot, and here we camped. Our tent was pitched on a desolate beach beneath a towering red granite mountain named by Lieutenant Peary Mount Gyrfalco, from the fact that a few of these rare birds, the Greenland gyrfalcon (*Falco islandus*), built their nests among its cliffs.

The desolation of the surrounding country was relieved only

A GREENLAND ICEBERG

by an occasional patch of grass and flowers in the more sheltered spots, and by the Arctic forms of animal life which inhabited it. The musk-oxen which had formerly lived in this country had either been exterminated or had moved farther north; but the diminutive, mouse-colored Arctic caribou roamed over the barren mountains in small bands. White Arctic hares were quite plentiful in some spots, and often grew to a weight of eight pounds; but the only other land mammals were an occasional prowling fox or wolf There were no rodents to gnaw the shed antlers of the caribou, with the result that, whitened by the elements, these were scattered over the country in great quantities. The dismal croaking raven acted as scavenger to the country, and the Greenland ptarmigan was preyed upon by the handsome gyrfalcon and the snowy owl. Arctic butterflies and buntings, and a few other small birds, completed the catalogue of wild life in this region.

We were forced to use small bowlders for tent-pegs, and cooked our food over an alcohol stove. When we were cold we crawled into our sleeping-bags. The absence of the cheerful, crackling camp-fire of the wooded countries was felt less on account of the fact that we had twenty-four hours of continuous daylight. We had brought three Eskimo hunters with us; but these people belong to a race which follow the sea for their game, and were not of much use in climbing over bowlder-strewn slopes after the fleet-footed caribou.

We had not been camped long in this spot before other Eskimo hunters, who had learned of our whereabouts from the steamer, arrived and pitched their tupiks beside our tent. They brought their women, children, baggage, dogs, and sledges with them; and had no hesitancy in sharing with us the caribou meat which was almost daily brought into camp from the surrounding country. These friendly and unsophisticated savages believed in sharing everything in common, even with strangers, and vice versa. In this case they were the winners,

as they had not much to share with us except their everlasting smiles and good humor. However, we were very glad to have them camped with us, as we had abundant opportunity to study these interesting people and their customs.

They were a part of an isolated tribe of Eskimos several hundred miles north of any other of their race. The only human beings they had come in contact with were the members of various polar expeditions or crews of a few of the most daring Arctic whaling ships. They were very Mongolian in appearance, with the exception of the layer of fat which nature furnishes them as a protection against the cold of the Arctic regions. Their skins, when revealed through the grease and dirt, showed olive or yellow in color.

The men wore their hair in a long, shaggy mass, while the women tied theirs up in a knot plastered down with grease. The garments of both sexes consisted of four pieces—a hooded coat, pair of trousers, and a pair of kamiks, or sealskin boots, the soles of which were stuffed inside with dried grass to protect the feet in travelling over the rocks. The coats of the men were made either of bird skins or sealskin, and the trousers of polar-bear skin, while all the garments of the women were made of seal or dog skin. These people never washed, devoured all their meat raw, and had peculiar ideas of modesty, along with a deep insensibility to many civilized customs. But they were bright and intelligent, furnishing us with endless amusement.

Next to the natives themselves, their dogs interested us most. These animals were the real huskies—great, wolfish-looking but tractable beasts, quite different from the mongrel sledge-dogs known as huskies over the northern part of Canada. To maintain their efficiency in sledging, the Eskimos feed these dogs only every few days. In consequence, they continually prowl about with the glazed, eager eye and gaunt appearance of the half-starved animal. Equipped with walrus-hide har-

CAMP ON OLRIK'S BAY

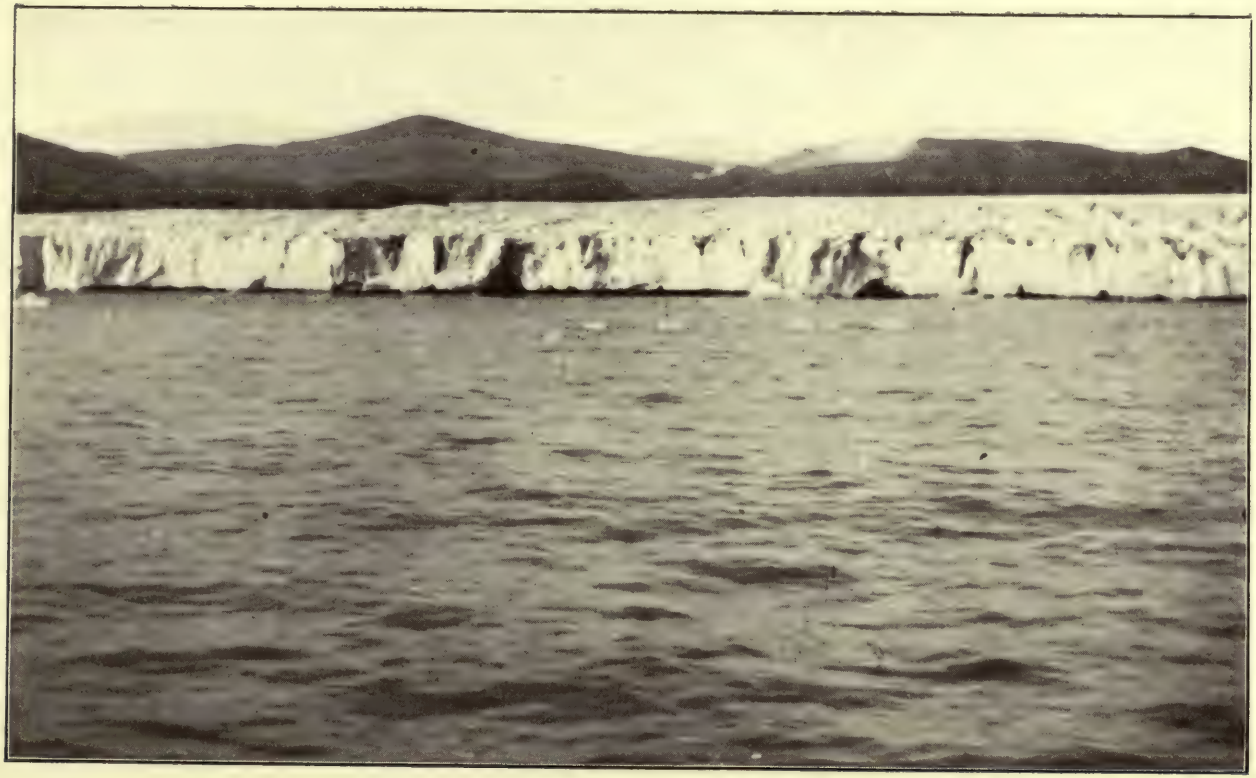
ness, and tied four or six to the front of the sledge, with an accompaniment of the cracking of the whip of the driver running behind, these dogs alternately fight among themselves and pull the sledges over the frozen wastes of the North. Each team has its leader, which keeps the remainder of the dogs in submission, and whenever two teams have a chance there is a general free-for-all dog fight. The sledges are composed of numerous small pieces of drift-wood lashed together by thongs, which give them the elasticity to overcome the hard usage they receive when drawn over rocks and rough ice. The runners are made of either wood or ivory, and, when necessary, are given a coating of ice. There is an upright tail-piec to the sled which the driver grasps with one hand, while with the other he unerringly plies the long-lashed whip on any dog shirking its share of the work.

The interior of Greenland is a great dome of ice and frozen snow, deposited in the course of centuries, and bounded on all sides by the rugged fringe of granite mountains on which we were hunting caribou. As we had read a great deal about the various trips into the ice-cap by different Arctic expeditions, after the party had shot a sufficient number of caribou to last for some time, we decided to abandon hunting for a few days and make a hurried trip into the interior of the continent. After some persuasion, we so far overcame the hesitancy and superstitions of three of the Eskimos that they agreed to accompany us on this trip with their dog-teams and sledges.

Our party consisted of seven white men and these three Eskimos. We took with us twelve of the best dogs, which drew three sledges loaded with a heavy tarpaulin, an alcohol cooking-stove, sleeping-bags, snow-shoes, and sufficient tinned rations to last four days. We had selected as our road of ascent to the ice-cap a valley leading up from the opposite side of the bay. Choosing a bright day, we embarked our whole outfit in the whale-boat and rowed across to a gravel bar on the far

shore. For several hours white men and Eskimos, weighted down by sleds and heavy loads of baggage, toiled up the bed of a steep cañon, the dogs carefully picking their way over the broken rocks in our rear. Then, passing through a cleft in the mountains, we travelled for hours through wide, stony valleys, dotted here and there with frozen lakes. In one of these valleys the straggling procession approached to within two hundred yards of a cow caribou, accompanied by a bull, which carried a fine set of antlers now freed from the velvet. These animals circled around in front of our party for some time before they trotted out of sight over a snow-covered ridge ahead. During this march we saw several small bands of three or four of these caribou in the distance, but were unable to secure meat, as nobody had cared to burden himself with a rifle. We also occasionally flushed flocks of the Greenland ptarmigan (*Lagopus rupestus reinhardti*), which fluttered up before us to light on near-by rocks, spreading their tails and cackling with excitement and alarm.

Later on during this march, we reached the borders of a long, narrow, frozen lake which extended as far as the eye could reach. The surface of this lake was covered thickly with millions of upright ice crystals as thick as blades of grass, as sharp as needles, and of the size of ordinary nails. Our thick sealskin boots crunched these, but our dogs, after scrambling over the ice for several yards, simply flattened themselves out and howled with the pain resulting from lacerated, bleeding feet. The Eskimos immediately produced small sealskin boots from their kits and lashed them on the feet of the dogs, enabling them to cross the ice without further injury. However, there was one team of these animals not so equipped, and it was necessary for the drivers to carry them on their shoulders to the rocks beyond. When we reached the shores of the next lake of this description, several miles beyond, it happened that another member of the party and myself had fallen somewhat



A GLACIER FRONT

behind the main party, owing to the fact that we were each leading a pair of these unshod huskies. These animals, recognizing the character of the ice ahead, crouched down on the rocky soil, and when we made motions of approaching and picking them up, each one laid back both ears and bared every tooth in a good imitation of a very large wolf at bay. We gazed at these dogs for several minutes, and they glared back. Then, as our party was rapidly fading from sight on a distant frozen lake, we each grasped a dog under the forelegs with both arms and started across the ice. To our surprise, while the animals showed every fang, and kept up a continual low, dangerous-sounding growl, they did not attempt to bite. The two remaining dogs, when they saw that they were being left behind, sent after us a series of most doleful howls.

When we had transported all four dogs across the ice, and had led them over half a mile of rocks, we reached the shores of a lake covered with freshly frozen, smooth, black ice. We flattened ourselves on our stomachs, and, with a straining husky attached to each wrist, were whirled along to the accompaniment of the rumbling and cracking of the thin ice radiating out on all sides of us. When we finally overtook the main party they were preparing to camp in the shelter of a mass of bowlders near the edge of the ice-cap.

Camping is a very simple matter in the continuous daylight of this land. The dogs were tied to rocks and fed a small amount of dried fish, while we lighted the alcohol stove and cooked and ate rations made into a soup thickened with hard-tack. Then each man stretched out among the rocks in his sleeping-bag and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Thoroughly refreshed after our sleep and another meal, we now attempted to ascend to the ice-cap at this point, but the abrupt face of a slippery glacier barred our way for several miles. After a long détour we found a means of ascending to the rim, but discovered that two of the dogs were so lame

from swollen feet as to be unable to travel any farther. We left them with one sledge at the edge of the ice, to be picked up on our return to land. We intended to use six dogs in hauling each of the remaining sledges. For a mile we struggled steadily upward on slippery ice, at times being ankle-deep in swift streams of water running over the face of the glacier. The reflection of the sun on the ice was dazzling, and the struggling men were bathed in perspiration, while the dogs scrambled along with their tongues protruding. When we reached the crest of the rise we found the surface of the ice was level, and covered with about six inches of snow. Snow-shoes were pulled on, the dogs harnessed to the sledges, and the party started out into this frozen waste.

For a long time several gray peaks on Olrik's Bay showed in the distance, but these finally disappeared, and nothing but an expanse of white snow bounded by sky-line extended in every direction. The reflection of the sun on the glittering snow was so trying that it was necessary to wear smoked-glass goggles in order to avoid snow-blindness. Every half hour or so, when we removed these for a few minutes in order to rest the eyes, the surrounding landscape seemed at first crimson and then pink before returning to its original whiteness.

The only sounds that broke the silence of this waste were an occasional low command to the dogs or the crack of a whip from the Eskimos, and the steady swishing of snow-shoes on dry snow, with the creaking of straining dog harness. After a long march over the snow, deciding that we had penetrated far enough into the interior to gain some idea of it, we started to make camp. A low wall was made out of the sledges, and upright snow-shoes and the tarpaulin was spread over the top as a roof. The whole shelter was banked in and covered with snow, leaving an entrance barely large enough for a man to crawl through. The alcohol stove was lighted, ice was melted for drinking-water, and a mess of rations was cooked and eaten.

Then the whole party crawled into this shelter, and, packed in their sleeping-bags like so many cold-storage sardines, slept for about nine hours. Outside, each husky dug a circular hole in the snow and curled up in a furry ball, with its nose and feet protected beneath its body and bushy tail. After a refreshing sleep we breakfasted, packed the sledges, and started toward the land. There were several hours of travelling before the peaks along Olrik's Bay appeared over the horizon of white snow. By this time they seemed like old friends welcoming us back to more cheerful surroundings.

For the last few miles at this place the ice-cap sloped quite perceptibly toward the land, and we all took this occasion to take off our snow-shoes and climb upon the sledges. At first the dogs pulled the heavily laden sledges along at a good speed, but as the sleds gained momentum the dogs were soon running parallel to us, and ended up by falling behind and being dragged in a harness-entangled and fighting mass. When we loosed the thongs they righted themselves after a few short fights, and, loping behind, overtook us by the time we reached the rocks of the moraine. Having travelled for several miles over a very broken country, we finally camped in a wide, stony valley, where we finished what little food remained and had a good sleep. From this spot it took us a day to get to the shores of the bay, across which we could discern the welcome sight of our white 18 by 20 tent, and the smaller, conical tupiks of our Eskimo friends.

V

A NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU-HUNT

AT midnight of October 20, 1906, the daily Intercolonial Railroad train pulled into North Sydney, Cape Breton Island, and transferred its passengers, including myself, to the small, comfortable steamship *Bruce*. Then followed a rough journey of nine hours across a portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, terminating when the steamer entered the forbidding, black, rock-bound harbor of Port aux Basques, Newfoundland. After this a fifteen-hour trip on the narrow-gauge railroad which crosses the island landed me at the telegraph station at Grand Lake at three o'clock in the morning, six hours behind the scheduled time. During this trip the scenery from the car-window was impressive but desolate, consisting mostly of burnt-over mountains, lakes and barrens, and a rocky shore-line, on which a heavy sea was breaking.

The whole general tone of Newfoundland is one of grayness and desolation. The grayish-green moss which festoons the branches of the spruces, and the rain which comes down almost incessantly, do not add to the gayety of a sojourn on this bleak island. The interesting part of the railroad journey across Newfoundland at this time of the year commences where I debarked from the uncomfortable, slow-moving train. Beyond this point the tracks wind continuously through extensive barrens. When I had crossed these on the train seven years before I had seen numerous caribou on their annual migration, and the tents of sportsmen and native hunters who were taking toll

A HERD OF CARIBOU

of the herds scattered along the tracks for many miles. At the comfortable hotel at Grand Lake I found that my friend Howe, who had preceded me by several days, had already started for the site of our proposed camp on Birchy Lake, forty-four miles up winding Sandy River. He had taken a guide and cook, leaving the remaining guide, Will Webb, to conduct me.

I had barely fallen asleep when I was awakened and informed that a heavy wind was rising on Grand Lake, and that I had better prepare to start at once, as we were obliged to row our small boat four miles down the shores before reaching the mouth of Sandy River. Grand Lake, which is the largest lake on the island, sixty-five miles in length and containing an island twenty-five miles long, is naturally the scene of some very violent storms, and we breathed a sigh of relief when we had at last fought our way to the mouth of the river. We rowed steadily against the sluggish current of the stream as long as daylight lasted, then camped on the bank below a series of swift rapids. The entire next morning we spent in poling and rowing through almost continuous rapids, arriving at Sandy Lake about noon. Here we cut a dead spruce for a mast, spread a blanket for a sail, and made a rapid voyage across an end of the lake, where we again found ourselves fighting against the current of the river.

On the soft banks of this portion of the river we commenced to notice where bands of caribou had been crossing the stream on their migration to the south of the island. The stream was alive with large salmon, which we could see quite plainly in the clear, shallow water, while in the numerous small lakes we occasionally saw the round, glistening head of the harbor seal. Back from low, bushy ridges, covered with dead, white tree-trunks and miles of water-soaked barrens, there were black and forbidding mountains rising on both sides of the winding stream. Toward evening we rowed through several long,

narrow lakes, and an hour after dark reached our main camp on the shores of Birchy Lake. This body of water is about a mile in width and four miles in length, and is situated on the height of land, a portage of two miles from one end of the lake connecting with continuous water to the eastern coast of the island. Back of our camp, on the southern shore of the lake, black spruce ridges extended southward until they terminated in bare, gray peaks. One of these, named Mount Seymour, towered high above the surrounding mountains. Beyond the hills to the north continuous barrens extended to the northern peninsula of Newfoundland, where the hosts of caribou spent the summer months.

Our camp was located on a spruce-covered point, and consisted of three tents sheltered from the fierce winds of this season of the year by a wind-break of felled tree-tops. The two guides, Tom and Will Webb, and the cook, John, were very pleasant and thoroughly efficient Newfoundland trappers with a mixture of French and Micmac blood. Our only neighbors were a party of ten native fishermen, who had laboriously rowed two whale-boats up to the lake from Hall's Bay, on the eastern coast of the island. They were now camped on a point a mile and a half from us, with the expectation of taking the same heavy toll from the migrating caribou herds as they had taken from the same stand for sixteen successive years. The first few days after my arrival at the lake passed uneventfully, on account of the weather being warm, and consequently the caribou were not travelling. However, we secured fresh meat, and our neighbors killed a number of cows and calves, as well as one bull with a very fair head. As a large portion of the island is covered with water, it is necessary that the caribou swim numerous lakes and rivers during the annual migration. These animals have been known to cross even as extensive a body of water as Grand Lake, where at times they were almost out of sight of the land. They travel across streams and lakes

MAP OF
NEWFOUNDLAND
ILLUSTRATING
(a Newfoundland
Caribou Hunt.)
SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 100
QUEBEC
LABRADOR
BELLE ISLE
Strait of Belle Isle
C.Norman
C.Bald
Hare Bay
Pte.Ferolle
ST.JOHN I.
Pt.Rich
GROIX I.
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
GULF OF
ST. LAWRENCE
LONG RANGE
White Bay
ST.BARBE I.
C.St.John
Tilt Cove
Notre Dame Bay
Twillingate
FOGO I.
C.Fogo
Bonne Bay
Sandy L.
Birchy Lakes
Grand Lake
Sandy Cr.
Deer L.
B. of Islands
Bay of Islands
Birchy Cove
Howley
Emerson
BARRENS
Gaff Topsail
Caribou
McCallum
Burnt Bay
Notre Dame Jc.
C.Freels
Benton
Glenwood
Bonavista Bay
Long Pt.
Howards
Port au Port Bay
Grand Lake
GREAT
Exploits R.
Millertown
Gander R.
Gander L.
Gambo
C.Bonavista
Bonavista
C. St.George
Stephenville
St.George Bay
St.Georges
Red Indian L.
Mesopaga L.
Victoria L.
Annieopsquoich Mts.
Robinson
RED
LONG RA.
MIDDLE RANGE
Port Blandford
Trinity
Trinity Bay
Grates Pt.
Shoal Harbour
Northern Bight
Codroy
Little River
Cabot Strait
Port aux Basques
From North Sydney, Cape Breton Is.
Burgeo
TELEGRAPH LINE
Harbour Grace
Conception B.
C. Ancle
ST.JOHNS
Whitebourne
Hermitage Bay
BRUNETTE I.
Fortune Bay
Garnish
Placentia
C.Miquelon
GR.MIQUELON I.
LIT.MIQUELON I.
Fortune
Placentia Bay
St.Mary's
C.St.Mary
St.Mary Bay
St.Pierre
C.Pine
C.Race
ATLANTIC OCEAN
58° 56° 54°
52° 50° 48° 46°
Longitude West from Greenwich
L.L.POATES ENGR'G CO, N.Y.

with surprising rapidity, and, owing to the buoyancy of the hair, swim very high in the water. The method of slaughtering them practised by our neighbors on the next point was to row down the swimming caribou in the midst of the lake, and kill them with a handful of slugs from the muzzle of one of their antiquated sealing muskets.

Becoming weary of inactivity, Howe reconnoitered the mountain back of camp one afternoon, and seeing caribou in the distance, started after them the next day, accompanied by one of the guides. They returned at dusk with the head of a twenty-two-point bull, having seen many caribou but no very large bulls. Several days of thick fog prevented hunting, but during the afternoon of October 29th Tom and I climbed to the top of Mount Seymour. With the glasses we looked over a magnificent panorama of scenery, and discovered many caribou in the distance, but none with large heads. On the bare tops of these mountains we found Allen's ptarmigan (*Lagopus lagopus alleni*), but these birds were not abundant. On descending the mountain we almost trod upon a large, partly turned Arctic hare, which was curled up in the moss, and which would not believe that it had been discovered until we literally pushed it out of its bed.

Early the next morning Tom Webb and I started at daybreak to hunt caribou in a burnt range of mountains to the south. The first range of hills was rather open, but the ground was covered with a thick, slippery red-and-white moss, which would have made travelling very tedious had it not been for the numerous deeply cut caribou trails (in this country called leads) which invariably extended north and south. From the tops of the first long slope we plunged into a thick growth of stunted black spruce which extended for miles. An hour later, while forcing my way through this in the wake of the struggling Tom, I became aware of a bull caribou travelling through the thick growth at right angles to our course fifty yards distant.

We both stopped instantly, and as the caribou exposed a white shoulder between two moss-draped tree-trunks, I took a careful aim and snapped the hammer of the rifle on an empty chamber. At the click of the falling hammer the bull at once plunged forward, but so thick and tenacious were the close-growing spruces that it seemed to make little progress. I managed to secure two snap shots at glimpses of the struggling caribou, and as I was forcing my way forward in the hopes of securing another, I almost fell over the expiring beast. One of my shots had broken the neck of the bull, which was a very dark-colored animal for Newfoundland caribou. The antlers, while evenly balanced, were rather disappointing, carrying only twenty-two points. Loaded down with the head and skin, we continued our course, and soon came out of the hood (as the Newfoundlanders call the thick woods) into the burnt country. Here we saw a number of caribou, but none of the bulls had a head large enough to warrant its death. During the afternoon we crawled up quite close to a large, white-necked, hornless bull which was lying down dozing on the slope of a burnt hillside. A few bull caribou are perennially hornless, and at this time of the year lead a solitary existence, as they are whipped out of the herds by even the younger bulls possessed with antlers.

The following day Howe and Will Webb hunted in somewhat the same direction, and my friend shot an old light-colored bull with the largest head secured on the trip. The palmation was broad, and the antlers carried thirty-seven points. In stalking this animal the hunters crawled by the bleached skeleton of another bull, which had evidently died from a bullet wound the year before. The antlers of this head, which were still in good condition, were very remarkable, having palmation like a moose head and forty-eight points, mostly massed around the brow pieces. That night it began to snow, and for ten days, alternately, sleet, rain, and snow fell continuously. A dense mist settled over the country, making hunting impossible,

THE BEST SPECIMEN

and the waters of the lake rose a number of feet from the effects of the rains. Heavy storms were raging at sea all this time, and drove numbers of sea-birds as far inland as the lake. When the weather became more favorable we found that the caribou were at last moving southward. Howe was obliged to go home, but while rowing down Sandy River managed to pick a fair-sized head out of a band of fifteen caribou which were about to cross the stream in migrating.

The first comparatively clear day Tom and I rowed across the lake, and after travelling along an ancient trappers' trail through the snow-laden spruces for an hour and a half, emerged into the open barrens which extended to the north. We hunted these snow-covered wastes for three days, and although we saw large numbers of caribou—among them many bulls—none had the required head. The caribou had started to migrate very late this year, and as the Newfoundland animals shed their antlers much earlier than those on the continent, and the old bulls drop theirs first, we noticed a number of these larger animals which had already shed one or both antlers. These hornless old bulls presented a foolish appearance, but it was not difficult to finger the trigger of the carbine and imagine what magnificent sets of antlers they might have carried the week before. Of the numerous cows which passed us, a much larger proportion seemed perennially hornless than among herds of cow caribou in eastern or northwestern North America. A large proportion of bulls and cows were of the light-colored, Newfoundland type of caribou, but there were also many animals as dark as the mountain caribou of the Northwest.

An attempt which Tom, John, and I made one night to sleep under the shelter of a rubber blanket stretched between two swaying spruces, during a raging blizzard, convinced us that our main camp was a very pleasant spot. Early the next morning we tramped down to the shores of the lake, and spent the remainder of the day in camp recovering from the effects

of our recent experience. Shortly after dark a band of caribou swam the lake and landed with much splashing a few hundred feet from the tent, and then we heard them crashing away through the thick spruces. This was the first time I had heard of caribou travelling during the night, but Tom said that the blizzard had probably warned the beasts to keep moving southward. This theory was corroborated the next morning by the fact that caribou started to swim the lake at daylight, and singly or in small bands kept crossing the entire day.

During the afternoon Tom stuck his head in the tent door, and broke up the game of checkers which the cook and I were playing by shouting that a large band of caribou, including a bull with a fine head, was swimming the lake a mile distant. The three of us quickly manned the boat, and putting every ounce of energy we could muster into the long oars, drove the clumsy craft down the lake in the teeth of a gale. Rowing in the bow of the boat, I glanced over my shoulder after we had fought our way for half a mile, and could discern the line of twenty or more swimming caribou through sheets of sleet. I also made a mental note of the size of the antlers of the bull, as it swam eighth from the front, and of the fact that the band would reach the shelter of the spruces on the shore before we could overtake it. The leading cows were already splashing in the shallow water when I dropped my oars, scrambled into the bow of the boat, and fired a random shot at the bull, which was plunging toward the shore in a cloud of flying spray. Fortunately this bullet struck the thick portion of an antler, temporarily stunning the animal, and enabling me to approach close enough to finish it with a shot while it was still in the water. Like the first bull, it proved to be a dark-colored animal, and possessed a fine set of antlers carrying thirty-five points.

The next morning about nine o'clock I succeeded in shooting a solitary old bull in the vicinity of camp. This was a typical light-colored Newfoundland caribou, carrying a much

A FORTY-EIGHT-POINT HEAD

TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU HEAD

SNOW ON THE BARRENS

larger head of antlers than the one killed the day before, although it had but twenty-eight points. This completed my legal allowance of three bull caribou. We spent the remainder of the morning in skinning caribou heads, and about noon loaded our camp outfit in the boat, which was down to its gunwales in the water, and started on our homeward trip. We had to fight against a heavy head-wind, but were aided by a strong current in the river, owing to the enormous amount of water which had fallen in the last two weeks. On reaching Sandy Lake at dark we found such a sea that to attempt to cross in the small boat would have been folly. We therefore camped at the inlet near the birch-bark cabin of two French trappers. These men were in excellent spirits, for besides securing the usual amount of ordinary fur-bearing animals they had recently had the luck to trap a black and a silver fox, which meant a small fortune to them. The mainstay of the few trappers in this country is the red fox, which is very plentiful, and is caught in snares placed on runways or on sticks across small streams.

The wind having died down by morning, we rowed across Sandy Lake and down the river. We frequently passed camps of sportsmen and native hunters, and the air resounded with the continual crackling of firearms as these parties took their toll from the migrating herds. At noon we boiled some tea over a small fire in a barren at the river-bank, and inadvertently chose a place for lunching in one of the principal leads. In spite of the smoke of the fire, during the three-quarters of an hour we remained here fully two hundred caribou swam the stream and passed within seventy yards of either side of us. Unfortunately the cloudiness of the day and a continual drizzle prevented me from securing an interesting series of photographs. The caribou we saw this day were the last of the migration, and a combination of deep snows on the northern part of the island and a continuous fusillade of shots from all

sides kept them at a gallop as they passed through the danger zone. I reached the hotel on Grand Lake late that afternoon, and two nights later, on the *Bruce*, I left the misty shore-line of Newfoundland behind. The measurements of the three largest sets of antlers secured on this trip, which were typical heads of Newfoundland caribou, and of the one very unusual set of antlers which was picked up, were as follows:

No.	Length on outer curve		Greatest outside spread	Points		Total Points
	Right	Left		Right	Left	
1	45	46½	38	21	16	37
2	31	29	22½	18	17	35
3	45½	43¾	——	15	13	28
4	34	33½	38½	24	24	48

The antlers of No. 3 were not measured in the woods, and as it was very late in the season when this bull was shot they were shed in the natural manner after the head had been mounted. This is a very unusual occurrence. It prevented an accurate measurement of the widest outside spread being taken, as it was impossible to replace the antlers in the same relative positions which they formerly occupied on the head of the living caribou.

PART II

EAST AFRICAN EXPERIENCES

I

A DAY ON THE VELDT

CRAWLING out of my blankets early one morning in the middle of January, 1906, and peering through the tent door, I saw that a dense white mist had settled over the flat plains of the Nairobi River, by which my friend, Howard Fuguet, and myself were camped. A heavy, glistening dew covered the ground, and the mist shut out the view completely. Through this was audible the steady roaring of the falls of the Nairobi River, which flowed through a papyrus swamp above camp and then dropped several hundred feet in a beautiful cataract bordered by thick tropical foliage.

In every direction stretched the gently undulating grass veldt of the highlands of British East Africa, and it was out into this that I directed my course, armed with a 9mm. Mauser and followed by two Swahilis to bring in the results of the chase. That there was an abundance of game was plainly evident, for at short intervals I would get a momentary view through the mist of an indistinct and inquisitive row of hartebeest heads, followed by snorts and the retreating thud of many galloping feet dying away in the distance. After an hour of steady tramping through the short, dripping grass we saw the hot African sun dispel the fog and reveal the monotonous flat, brown plains stretching away in every direction. To the east of us, miles distant, the mass of Doinyo Sabuk raised its flat top above the surrounding country.

Not a tree or bush was visible, but the veldt was enlivened

by numerous herds of game. Hartebeests, Burchell's zebra, and Thomson's gazelles were visible in considerable numbers, and a few brindled wildebeests and ostriches wandered about among the herds of more plentiful game. The great bustard, crested crane, secretary-bird, and marabout-stork stalked through the grass in pursuit of smaller forms of life; and buzzards, vultures, and hawks of several kinds circled about in the clear sky or rested on the surface of the plain. Coke's hartebeest (*Bubalis cokei*) was the hartebeest common to this region, and existed in countless thousands throughout the country. They were very shy, and aptly deserved the name hartebeest (in Dutch, "tough animal"), given them by the early Boers in South Africa, owing to their remarkable vitality when wounded. It is a rather large antelope, of a reddish-yellow color, with sloping hind quarters, and a comical, elongated face, surmounted by a pair of ringed lyre-shaped horns. Nevertheless, it is a fleet if not graceful animal when in action, and, like all other dwellers of the plains, possessed of remarkably keen sight.

After unsuccessful attempts to creep within range of several large herds, I eventually found two lone males which permitted me to worm my way through the grass to within three hundred yards before they threw up their heads preparatory to flight. A careful broadside shot at the nearest hartebeest at this range caused both animals to canter across the plain in the clumsy gait peculiar to these antelopes. By following their flight with the field-glasses, I discovered that one was lagging behind, and immediately started in pursuit, with the porters following a quarter of a mile in the rear. During the first mile I had several long-range shots at the wounded animal; then I commenced to gain slowly but steadily. After listening to several bullets whistling in its vicinity, the unwounded hartebeest deserted its doomed companion and disappeared in the distance.

Another half mile, and I was within a few yards of the rapidly

FALLS OF THE NAIROBI RIVER

weakening antelope, which finally came to a standstill with outspread legs and drooping head. I was surprised to notice that it had been struck by three bullets—one through the lungs, one through the abdomen, and a third breaking a hind leg near the body. Yet it had given me an almost prostrating chase of two miles in the midday sun. The Swahilis, spying both myself and the antelope at a standstill, came on with yells of joy and dispatched the hartebeest in the manner enjoined by the Mohammedan belief, which requires that the throat of the animal be cut by a true believer while it still breathes, in order to insure religiously edible meat. The horns of this bull each measured approximately fourteen inches around the curve and eight inches in circumference at the base, with a spread of ten inches between the tips of the two horns.

On the long, dusty tramp to the shelter of the tents we passed over a portion of the plain which had recently been burnt over by grass fires. Here the heat of the midday sun reflected from the blackened ground was unbearable, and the dust arose in suffocating black clouds. Owing to the heat-waves, motionless game at a distance on this blackened plain seemed to be in motion. Around the borders of this burnt country were scattered numbers of large white storks (*Ciconia alba*) industriously feeding upon the singed insects which had escaped from the burning grass.

On the equator during the heat of the day the traveller is supposed to recline in the shade of a tent; but swarms of flies, attracted to a hunting-camp by the scent of meat, make life almost unbearable for the weary sportsman. In this part of Africa insects are always in evidence, and it is a continual battle between the traveller and hosts of crawling, hopping, and flying pests. Next to the flies, the greatest pests of the country are the various kinds of ants. Some of these reside in the food the traveller eats; others get into his tin boxes and play havoc with spare clothing and perishable belongings; and he cannot even sit

down on the ground or lean against a convenient tree without being straightway preyed upon by savage, stinging swarms. Occasionally armies of travelling ants, in a narrow, crawling column, invade camp, and are only discouraged by the use of sticks and hot ashes from the fire. Jiggers and ticks abound in the grass, and a light at night attracts myriads of mosquitoes, moths, and other nocturnal insects to the tent.

After battling with the insect kingdom until three o'clock that afternoon, I again started out on the hot plain, followed by four porters. At this time of the day all the game was lying down, and consequently on the watch for danger. It was, accordingly, an hour before I had a chance at a hartebeest. Then I succeeded in working my way along a shallow depression to within three hundred yards of where a solitary male was doing sentry-duty for a small herd lying down on the plain beyond.

At the report of the rifle the hartebeests leaped to their feet and galloped madly away, leaving the sentinel standing motionless, gazing in my direction. I remained perfectly still for about ten minutes, until the wounded antelope lay down, and then began to crawl forward through the grass. However, the hartebeest was not so badly wounded as I had imagined, and I had not gone far until it lurched to its feet and galloped toward the horizon. I followed as fast as I was able, with the four eager Swahilis forming a semicircle several hundred yards behind. After a chase of nearly two miles we gradually overtook the wounded antelope, which came to a standstill and faced me. Being out of breath and anxious to make a sure finishing-shot, I approached so close that I had to stop a feeble but determined charge from the wounded animal with a shot in its breast. The first bullet had gone completely through the ribs of this hartebeest, and certainly would have stopped any American game animal of this size within a hundred yards. But all African game, and the hartebeests in particular, seem

COKE'S HARTEBEEST

possessed of wonderful vitality. The right and left horns of this hartebeest measured, respectively, sixteen and a half inches and fifteen and a half inches around the outside curve, ten inches and nine and a half inches in circumference about the base, and seventeen inches from tip to tip. Loaded with the meat and head, our party reached camp shortly before dark, to find that my friend had also secured two hartebeests during the day. This abundance of meat in camp resulted that night in a sumptuous feast for our forty black followers.

II

A GIRAFFE-HUNT IN THE LOLDEIGA HILLS

THE Loldeiga Hills consist of a comparatively low-bush and acacia-covered range, forming a detached north-westerly spur of Mount Kenia, whose snow-covered peak rises to the height of approximately twenty thousand feet in the tropical heat of equatorial British East Africa. Two and a half days from Nyeri, the last British post, after a march over dry and dusty plains teeming with zebra, oryx, Grant's and Thomson's gazelle and rhinoceros, Jackson's hartebeest, and ostrich in lesser numbers, our party, which consisted of my friend Fuguet, myself, and a caravan of about forty Swahili porters, and eighteen heavily laden pack-donkeys, reached the base of these hills in the late afternoon of one of the first days of February.

Our camp consisted of a large tent for ourselves, a cook-tent, half a dozen shelter-tents for the men, and an acacia-thorn boma, or corral, for the pack-animals. We located it before dark in a picturesque spot among the large, tropical trees which bordered the banks of a wide, swift, and shallow branch of a river known as the Guaso Nyiro. To the south stretched the parched and dusty plains over which we had travelled; to the east the snow-capped peak of Mount Kenia arose upward into the blue, tropical sky; on the north were the Loldeiga Hills, blackened by recent bush fires; while to the westward, and across the stream, extended a gently rolling country covered with grassy plains and acacias, and terminating in a distant blue range of hills.

AN AFRICAN HUNTING-CAMP

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA

Natural History Library

Over our after-dinner pipes we discussed the next day's campaign against the big game, and decided that my friend would hunt in the direction of Mount Kenia while I explored the country to the west for signs of game. Then we had a sound sleep until that damp chilliness which often precedes the dawn in the higher altitudes of Eastern Africa conspired with unnecessary disturbance habitually made by African servants in the preparation of a meal to rouse us again. Accompanied by my Swahili gun-bearer (Faki by name), two porters, and a Kikuyu savage who passed as a guide, and whose wardrobe consisted of an elaborate head-dress, his weapons, and a continual smile, I forded the cold waters of the stream before sunrise, while the country was yet wrapped in the early morning mists. Wading to the knees in the current and following the rank and dripping growth along the course of the river, chilled a person thoroughly; but as soon as the powerful African sun appeared over Mount Kenia, clothing and vegetation were dried almost immediately in a cloud of thin vapor.

About a mile down the stream we had a momentary glimpse of a fine male waterbuck, as it splashed across the shallow creek and plunged into the thick growth on the opposite side. Farther on a female of the same species was visible for a few brief moments, while several times small duikers bounded from the grass at our feet and disappeared as gray streaks in the thickets that bordered the river. Francolin and the diminutive African quail were continually rising, singly and in pairs, from the grass ahead of us. Meanwhile from all sides resounded the metallic, grating call of guinea-fowl. In one small opening we came across a flock of about fifty of these helmeted guinea-fowl, which dodged ahead of us in the grass for some time, and then arose by twos and threes in noisy and laborious flight. Small tropical birds twittered and sang in the thickets, a flock of half a dozen green parrots flew overhead among the tree-tops, and once a a couple of grayish monkeys romped through the top branches

of the trees ahead, but cunningly secreted themselves on our approach.

Following the banks of the stream for two hours, and realizing that the morning was already too far advanced to find large game in the vicinity of water, I started across a wide, burnt plain to where a thin green line in the distance marked the commencement of the acacia forest. When within about four hundred yards of the first trees we sat down to rest in the scanty shade of a few desolate bushes. From this spot, while examining the country ahead with the field-glasses, I was surprised and delighted to discern a solitary old bull giraffe leisurely stalking among the trees at the edge of the growth. First cautioning the blacks, I waited until the animal had fed out of sight among the acacias. Then, instructing my men to follow me carefully at a considerable distance, and armed with my double-barrelled .450 Cordite, I commenced a very uncomfortable but interesting hour's stalk.

The giraffe was feeding away from me rather rapidly, and in spite of the immense size and vivid coloring of the animal, so well did it harmonize with its surroundings that it was with great difficulty I was able to keep it in sight. The cover was scanty and the wind variable, which prevented me from following closely. The heat of the sun had become almost unbearable, nor did the plentiful carpeting of durable acacia thorns, abetted by a short, trailing growth of tenacious thorny creepers, add to the doubtful pleasure of crawling along the baked ground. At one time a solitary female oryx joined the giraffe, and was within forty yards of me for quite a while, but I managed to frighten it off without alarming the larger game.

Eventually I found myself crouching behind a small, bushy tree, with the heavy rifle resting in one of its forks, and the unconscious giraffe only about one hundred and fifty yards away, its head buried in the top of a fair-sized tree on which it was feeding. At the report of the first barrel it made several

ACACIA COUNTRY
Cow giraffe in the distance

CANDELABRA EUPHORBIA

awkward plunges, then stopped abruptly and again exposed the same side, at which I promptly emptied the second barrel. Thereupon the animal made off through the scattering trees at that awkward gait which somebody has aptly compared to the motions of a ship in a heavy sea. Without waiting to load my rifle, I started in pursuit. It was hard to keep the departing animal in sight for the first half-mile, but after that I began to gain slowly on it, and a few minutes later found me trotting parallel to the course of the swaying giraffe at twenty yards' distance.

When I commenced to fumble in my belt for cartridges to finish the chase, I made the unpleasant discovery that, while I had a beltful of cartridges for the 9mm. Mauser that I had been carrying at the time I sighted the game, all the cartridges for the heavy rifle I now had were far behind with my gun-bearer. My followers, not being provided with boots, always found rapid travelling over the thorn-covered ground painful. In this case they had, as usual, fallen far behind in the chase. There remained nothing for me to do but follow the giraffe to the end, and the two of us travelled about a mile and a half over a burnt plain before it finally slowed up, spread out its fore-legs, and from its g eat height gazed in an uninterested manner over the parched landscape, its side streaked with blood from two gaping wounds behind the shoulder. Exhausted, dripping with perspiration, and with my head buzzing from violent exertion under the noonday sun, I tried to secure some relief in the scanty shade afforded by a near-by acacia. When sufficiently recovered, I commenced to shout for the natives, whose answering calls now became audible through the trees in the distance. But before they came up the giraffe swayed unsteadily, toppled, and went down with a terrific crash. Both heavy bullets had struck within a few inches of the same spot, about a foot back from the vitals, and death had evidently resulted from internal bleeding. I dispatched one

Swahili and the guide to camp to bring a force of porters to the carcass, and, as the giraffe had fallen in a burnt strip, where the heat from the sun on the blackened ground was almost unbearable, I left Faki with my heavy rifle to superintend the skinning and cutting-up, while I started in the direction of camp with the remaining Swahili.

Half a mile farther I saw a cow giraffe, accompanied by a female oryx and calf, watching me across a small, grassy plain about two hundred yards distant. Crawling up as close as possible, I took several photographs of the giraffe before it finally galloped away among the acacias. A band of seven Jackson's hartebeests also came to view through the scattering trees about two hundred yards ahead, and, as they spied me and started off, I succeeded in crippling the leader of the band by a long shot. The hartebeest bull was badly hit, and lagged behind the band for several miles, lying down occasionally; but I was unable to get within shooting-range, and finally lost sight of it altogether.

This orchard-like acacia country has a monotonous and confusing sameness about it, owing to which, at the termination of this hartebeest chase, I began to realize that I was not certain of our whereabouts. However, by watching the sun I managed to reach a stream which I judged to be the one our camp was located upon, and started to follow up its bank. The monotony of the bush in this country was broken here and there by rocky lava ledges and bowlders, and occasionally one of the striking candelabra euphorbia-trees towered above its flat-topped neighbors. At one time I saw about thirty Burchell's zebra feeding on an exposed grassy knoll, while rhinoceros and wart-hog tracks were plentiful everywhere. We also met a troop of about forty rock baboons, which was travelling across the country, and which paralleled our course for some time, affording us much amusement. Females carrying small babes in their arms, and surrounded by a riffraff of youngsters

SWAHILI AND HARTEBEEST SKULLS

SKULL OF BULL *GIRAFFA RETICULATA*

of all ages, led the procession, while the old dog baboons brought up the rear, barking continually and climbing into small trees to get a better view of us over the grass. After following the banks for hours and seeing no familiar landmarks, at twilight I sent the native down into the stream-bed to find a sheltered spot for us to spend the night, while I climbed up on a large bowlder to discover the cheerful glow of our camp-fires half a mile ahead. All the porters, with their loads of meat, hide, and head of the giraffe, reached camp that night with the exception of Faki. As he failed to appear the next morning, we spent three hard and futile days searching the surrounding country for him. At the end of the third day, when we had given up hope of finding him, he came staggering into camp supported by two porters, emaciated and partially out of his mind, but still retaining the heavy rifle I had left with him. He had lost his bearings in the bush, then became panic-stricken, and wandered in circles until he struck our caravan trail a day back. This he painfully followed into camp.

Although farther in the country we saw a great number of giraffe, occasionally as many as three herds being in sight at once, this first old, rich, chestnut-colored bull was the largest I saw during the trip. It was of the three-horned species, known as the reticulated giraffe (*Giraffe reticulata*), from the fact that the fine white lines, separating the blotches of dark-chestnut in the males and fawn-color in the females, give the impression of a white net thrown over a darker background. Owing to the thickness of the hide, I experienced great difficulty in preserving and transporting out of the country the skin of this giraffe down to the shoulders; but eventually I was able to present it to the National Collection of Heads and Horns at the New York Zoölogical Park.

III

AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT-HUNT

THE sportsman visiting Africa is usually anxious to bag a good specimen of a bull elephant, and it was this laudable desire that prompted Fuguet and me to lead our caravan three days' march from a good game country lower down to the northern slopes of Mount Kenia. Here, in the thick bush and forests of a part of British East Africa known as Meru, a few herds of elephants had survived the relentless search for ivory. It was a region of rolling hills composed of a brilliant red clay, at this time worked into a sticky mud by the continual February rains. A large portion of the country was covered by grass growing to a height of ten feet, through which tangle the perspiring sportsman had to force his way for miles at a stretch.

We waded and splashed through overflowed, reed-covered swamps in the vicinity of numerous small streams, and then encountered magnificent tropical forests, where we were continually impeded and tripped up by vines, lianas, and a tangle of undergrowth. Many paths wound through parts of the forest, but it was dangerous to follow them without a local guide, on account of the cleverly concealed pitfalls of the natives. These commonly consisted of a deep pit concealed by broken branches and grass, adorned at the bottom with three large sharpened stakes intended to impale the unfortunate elephant.

The most exasperating growth occurred where the natives had at one time cleared the land and then allowed it to go to

CARAVAN ON THE MARCH

waste again. This growth consisted of a thick tangle of rank vegetation, sometimes attaining a height of twelve feet, and almost impenetrable. While occasionally it was absolutely impassable to man, and a quarter of a mile an hour would be a good average rate of progress through it, the elephants roamed around in it with comparative ease, crushing down the bush by their great weight. Higher up on the slopes of Mount Kenia were thick bamboo forests, in which most of the elephants were supposed to range at this season of the year, but we did not reach this altitude during our hunting. The corn and millet fields and banana-groves of the Meru were scattered through this country, and there was a continual and one-sided struggle between the natives and the rank vegetation, with the odds heavily in favor of the vegetation. Over the whole region there roamed a few herds of elephants, keeping generally in the forests and bush, but occasionally breaking out and doing great damage to the fields of the natives. They seemed to be practically the only large game in the country, although bird life was quite plentiful. During the sixteen days we spent hunting in this region the only game we got sight of, besides elephants, were a cow and calf rhinoceros. Two hyenas visited the camp one night, and monkeys were often heard but seldom seen. Several times we found the tracks of a small species of forest antelope.

One afternoon we pitched our camp in a large clearing in which some Swahili ivory-traders had permanently established themselves. The country surrounding this settlement belonged to three native chiefs. On our arrival all three were prompt to visit our camp, bringing presents of bananas and beans and a few emaciated goats, sheep, and fowls. Of course, it followed that they expected more expensive gifts in return. In the African usage, the joke is always on the traveller. One of these chiefs, whose native name I have forgotten, but whom we always referred to familiarly as the "Emperor," owing to the fact that

he had Roman features and wore a purple robe, was a stately old drunkard, full of dignity, false promises, and native wine. One of the others, who had adopted the Arab name of Ali, was a small, wiry, war-like man, who meant well, but was very suspicious of white men. We discovered that he had been stowed away by the authorities in a government fort for several years for carelessly slaughtering a caravan of Swahili traders, and had been released and reinstated on the promise of good behavior. The remaining chief, Mutari, an extremely tall and angular old man, who, nevertheless, had much the largest following, tried in every way to please us by locating the whereabouts of elephants, and continually sent us presents. When we finally parted from this very decent old savage, it was with mutual regret.

Owing to a complicated and three-cornered theft of some live-stock, the three rulers were on anything but friendly terms on our arrival, and, as we were the first white men to visit the country for a long time, the dispute was immediately brought to us for arbitration. Though we diligently exerted ourselves through our headman and our interpreter, it required considerable diplomacy and many long conferences between elephant-hunts to prevent a petty native war among these people. During the day the women and older men tended the flocks of goats, sheep, and cattle, and beat drums and kettles in the fields to raise enough din to frighten away the myriads of small birds from the grain. The fighting-men patrolled the whole country, and at dusk the herds were driven into strongly stockaded villages of conical-shaped thatched huts for protection during the night.

The day we arrived and many following days were spent in bartering for provisions with the natives through our headman. An uninterrupted procession of families of Meru poured into camp, each consisting of a warrior, adorned with an elaborate head-dress, and armed with an eight-foot spear and a knob-

SCENE IN MUTARI'S VILLAGE

kerrie, and four or five wives carrying loads of beans and vegetables for barter. We exchanged blue beads, knives, cheap blankets, and americani for native beans, corn, and bananas, which were brought in by these women in great quantities. The americani is cheap, thin, white muslin in bolts, and is traded to the natives by lengths equal to the distance between a man's forefinger tip and his elbow. This method of measuring resulted in some amusing controversies in regard to the candidate furnished as a measuring stick. The shrewd natives first bring forth a man with his forearm as long as that of a gorilla, who is promptly rejected, as are several others, before one with a normal length of arm is accepted by both parties. After that the trading good-naturedly proceeds. One day I tried to figure out the prevailing rates, and discovered that we were getting enough beans to feed fifty-two porters for one day in exchange for about two feet of yard-wide americani.

Our first few experiences with elephants in the bush were more instructive than successful. At noon of the day we arrived several of Mutari's runners came into camp and reported that a herd of elephants was in the vicinity of his main village, about three hours away. We immediately packed up a light outfit, and, accompanied by a few of our best men, after three hours' marching reached the collection of huts by dark. Camping in the open space of the twenty thatched huts, surrounded by the stockade, we furnished amusement for, and became quite intimate with, an interested collection of small naked children, goats, sheep, and cattle, which occupied this public place with us. The next morning, after four hours of very trying travelling, we came upon the tracks of a herd of elephants, but discovered to our disgust that they had all been made several days previous to our arrival. We always suspected that Mutari had led us on this chase simply to show us to his people, and to outdo the rival chiefs in the matter of hospitality. By hard marching we managed to reach our

main camp by dark that night, and explained the matter quite lucidly to the old chief, who, from this time on, realized that we were not joking, and tried his best to find game.

We spent a day in recovering from our trying first experience, and then Ali came into camp one hot noon with the news that he had just left a small herd of elephants feeding in the bush at a distance of two hours' journey in his territory. When we reached the spot, where the chief had left a native to watch these beasts, we were delighted to find the fresh tracks of three large elephants leading into the thick forest. For about an hour we followed the broad trail, strewn with broken branches and tree-tops, into the silent forest; then it led us into the thick bush. We fought our way through the vegetation in the wake of the game until shortly before dark, when one of the natives, climbing a small tree, discovered the elephants about four hundred yards ahead. By climbing trees we could see the moving gray backs, huge flapping ears, and an occasional gleam of ivory as the animals wandered away from us through a ten-foot-high tangle of rank vegetation. As it would have been impossible for us to reach them before dark, we struggled back to camp by the aid of a folding lantern, which we had fortunately brought along, and reached the tents about nine o'clock in a terrific downpour.

Ali was back at daylight with the news that one of his followers was watching the elephants again, which necessitated our starting out immediately. Two hours later, from the top of a conical hill planted in corn, we were again watching the movements of these three elephants, almost hidden in the bush about a mile distant. This time we tried heading straight for the game, and although at one time, from the top of a small tree, we could see the back of the largest tusker about three hundred yards distant in the bush, we did not realize until too late that our guides were afraid to lead us up to such large game in thick country. Much wiser, and with a decidedly

AFRICAN ROYALTY

poor opinion of the courage of the average African native, we again arrived in camp empty-handed.

On the following afternoon when Mutari, flanked on either side by our equally untruthful headman and interpreter, appeared in the tent door with the announcement of the proximity of numerous elephants, there was not the same flutter of excitement that the tale would have produced a week earlier. All that night it rained in torrents, and at one time the wind became so violent that it was necessary for four of the men to hold down our tent in order to keep it from blowing over. Morning dawned hot, sultry, and depressing, and my friend, having lost confidence in Mutari's tales of the abundance of game, I started out after these elephants accompanied only by the old chief, my gun-bearer, and a porter carrying food and a water-flask. The rain of the night had converted the soil into a sticky red mud, through which we steadily floundered, while swollen red torrents had formed in the many streams which we were obliged to ford. We travelled for several hours through misty fields of millet and corn, through dripping groves of bananas, and past collections of thatched huts, where thin columns of bluish smoke struggled upward against the heavy, moisture-laden air. Meanwhile, the only sounds that broke the damp silence were the steady splashing of our small party and the mournful cooing of thousands of doves in the trees around us.

Then we entered the gloom and silence of the forest, where everything was mouldy and dripping, and overhead the foliage and branches of the great trees formed a solid mat which shut out the rays of light entirely. Great lianas hung from tree to tree; wonderful ferns and tropical flowers covered the mouldy ground; and there was no noise but the incessant harsh coughing of a species of monkey hidden in the matted mass of dripping foliage above. Two hours later we suddenly emerged into a cleared and cultivated country, which was an outlying settle-

ment of Mutari's domains, and where natives worked in the fields, and the wood smoke ascended from many huts. We forded an unusually swollen stream, passed through the fields, and struggled upward through half a mile of bush to the hut of the chief of this settlement, which was located on an isolated hill. This chief, who ruled under Mutari, was a very black and very wide-awake native, with a merry twinkle in his eye and a keen sense of humor. In hunting with us he wore only a straw girdle around his loins and carried a small bow with a quiver full of poisoned arrows, which he used to shoot birds and monkeys. He was much delighted when presented by me with a brilliant blue scarf, which he wore around his neck, as he had seen me do. When we arrived he was engaged in welding a bracelet on the arm of a plump young wife whom he had recently bought, but immediately gave up this occupation to show Mutari the whereabouts of the elephants, which were reported just beyond the village.

As I was somewhat doubtful of the proximity of these animals, I had one of my men build a fire, and proceeded to dry my clothing and cook some mutton before a critical audience of the chief's numerous wives and children. Mutari returning almost immediately, I followed him through tangled undergrowth for several hundred yards to the top branches of a small fruit-tree, from which I viewed a monotonous panorama of country, covered with a sea of yellow elephant-grass ten feet in height. The natives claimed that the elephants had moved out of sight in a distant depression. Somewhat sceptically I followed them through the grass for two tiresome hours, occasionally fording small, swampy streams bordered with a growth of tropical palms. As I struggled through these thickets I often stumbled, and once, grasping the branch of a bush for support, was given a nervous moment by feeling and seeing a slender, green snake which had been lying along the branch, and which writhed out from under my hand to disappear in the foliage.

PORTERS AND ELEPHANT TUSKS

Eventually the natives climbed up a large palm on the border of one of these swamps, and as they immediately became greatly excited, I followed them to the tree-top, where I was surprised to see the backs of three elephants above the grass three hundred yards ahead of us.

The ones that were visible were a bull, cow, and calf, all motionless except as to their enormous ears, which were continually flapping to and fro. Occasionally a trunk was lifted above the grass and cautiously scented the air for danger. We discovered later that there were six more elephants at this time in the herd, lying down and invisible in the tall grass. The natives reluctantly started to lead the way through the matted jungle to the game, but I soon realized that they were on the verge of panic, and when we eventually found ourselves back under the identical tree from which we had started, I realized that I could not depend upon these people. When the royalties present ascended the palm again they became much more excited, and absolutely refused to come down. Climbing a smaller tree near by, I discovered an explanation in the fact that the elephants had increased in number to nine, and were standing side by side in a line facing both directions, and evidently suspicious of danger. I started again through the grass for them, followed by my gun-bearer and porter, but the latter, not being armed, wisely decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and silently vanished after the first twenty yards. By occasionally standing on Faki's shoulders to see over the top of the grass, I was able to keep the direction of the game, and, with a favorable wind, succeeded in approaching to within thirty or forty yards of the nearest elephant. At this distance I could plainly hear the interior rumblings of these great beasts, the flapping of ears, and the swish of trunks in the dried grass, but a solid wall of vegetation prevented my approaching closer without alarming the game.

I manœuvred around cautiously for half an hour, and then,

hearing a great commotion in the grass, climbed up a small palm-tree, and saw the backs of the line of alarmed elephants as they moved off in single file. As I followed with my eyes the line of their march, I perceived ahead of them a small piece of marsh where the grass was very green and only three feet in height. Immediately I forced my way through the jungle in that direction. Bursting suddenly out of the wall of high grass into this comparatively open spot, I found myself within thirty yards of the nearest elephant. Eight of these animals, including two bulls, four cows, and two partially grown calves, were within sixty yards of me. I could hear two more coming through the jungle, and, as I supposed that the largest bull would bring up the rear of the herd, I waited a few seconds only to discover that the last of these was a cow with a calf.

By this time the nearest bull elephant, recognized by the length and size of the tusks, was about eighty yards distant, and after taking a careful sight at the gray shoulder, I fired the first barrel of the .450 Cordite that I had with me.

At the report the elephant stumbled, but immediately recovered, whereupon I hurriedly fired the second barrel, causing the great beast to topple over in the grass. The two rapid discharges jammed the mechanism of the rifle. While I was working frantically to force the breech open, I heard a steadily increasing commotion in the grass which caused me to look up quickly. The remaining eight elephants, which had bunched at the two reports, were now advancing by long strides in a fan-shaped formation in my direction, their huge ears set forward like so many sails in a breeze. I reached for my second rifle, only to discover that Faki, seeing the approach of the elephants, had bolted with it, and unarmed I crouched in the grass while the great beasts charged within a few yards of either side of me, and vanished with gradually decreasing noise into the jungle. The second bull, which had been standing behind a cow when I had shot, swept by within thirty yards of

me, swinging its trunk between a much larger pair of tusks than those carried by the fallen elephant. It was exasperating to be obliged to allow this excellent chance of downing the largest tusker of the herd to pass owing to a defective rifle.

In thinking the matter over at a later and calmer time, I have been unable to determine whether these elephants were actually charging in the direction of the report of the rifle or simply stampeding back over their tracks. In either case my escape from being trampled was very narrow. I managed to find my frightened gun-bearer, and to break open the breech of the heavy rifle against a palm-trunk and approached the fallen elephant, which was unable to rise on account of a shattered shoulder, and trumpeted continuously, levelling the grass for yards around in its struggles. As two soft-nosed bullets from the heavy rifle followed by a stream of five steel ones from the 9mm. Mauser into the region of the heart and lungs seemed to have no immediate effect, except to cause the wounded beast to struggle more violently, I approached the elephant from the other side and stiffened it out immediately with a shot between the eyes from the smaller rifle.

Darkness was now falling, and all night the five blacks and myself crouched and shivered around a minute blaze of twigs and sticks for imaginary warmth, while the heavy African dew drenched us to the skin. Dawn came at last, and I was forced to wait until eleven o'clock for the chief to return from the nearest village with a force of natives to cut out the tusks, which weighed sixty-two pounds, and each measured fifteen and a half inches in circumference at the base and sixty-six and a half inches in length. The ears of the African elephant are the most conspicuous and striking part of the animal, being of enormous size and continuously in motion. I measured the ears of this bull with a ramrod, which I afterward measured by tape in camp, and found each ear to be little less than five feet in either direction. They were much torn and scarred by

thorns, as was also the hide, which was reddish in color from being continually plastered with the mud of the country.

As the cutting up of the elephant progressed rapidly under the swarm of natives which surrounded and covered it, I was surprised to discover the sky filled with the usual circling vultures. It is difficult to imagine how multitudes of these birds can exist even in the lower plains, which are either covered with game or native flocks, but how they can exist in such numbers in a country inhabited by only a few elephants is a mystery. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the tusks had been removed by the aid of the antiquated soft-metal axes of the natives, and it was after dark before we reached a small outlying village of Mutari's people. Although we were given the chief's hut, I passed a sleepless night, as the only food we could procure was an unlimited supply of green bananas, and the hut was built without any means of ventilation, so that the thick smoke from a small wood-fire in the centre hung in a white cloud to within a foot and a half of the dirt floor. One, therefore, had to lie flat to avoid suffocation. After a breakfast of bananas I started off at dawn the next morning, accompanied by a small but triumphant escort of natives, and was gladdened about noon to discover the green tops of our tents standing out among the yellow millet-fields in the distance.

We were just finishing luncheon when Mutari's eldest son came into camp with a delegation to report elephants near his village. Being utterly exhausted by two and a half days of continuous work in the hot sun, without much food and by two sleepless nights, I was obliged to see Fuguet start after this herd alone. The next afternoon he and his followers returned with a pair of tusks which averaged about forty-five pounds apiece. He had overtaken the herd of elephants, consisting of two bulls, two cows and two calves, at dusk as they were climbing out of a small stream-bed in the grass country,

and had opened fire at about forty yards. He had badly crippled one bull elephant with the first barrel of his heavy rifle, and hit but not stopped the other bull with the second, firing several shots into it with a .35-caliber Winchester as it made off with the remainder of the herd. The wounded elephant had started to walk slowly toward him when he dropped it in its tracks with a bullet between the eyes. He had camped in the open by the carcass of the elephant, and during the night more of the animals had passed quite close to him in the darkness. He had also followed the second wounded bull for some distance the next morning, but found no traces of blood.

During the week we remained in the country we had one more elephant-hunt, which had a very amusing but unsuccessful termination. One hot noon a report was brought in by Mutari of elephants in the grass country beyond his main village, and the two of us, with our gun-bearers, three porters, and an askari, started immediately for the scene. In order to avoid the crowd of villagers who usually accompanied us, and were continually in our way in these hunts, we passed rapidly through the village, picking up the old chief and his two sons, and camped in a corn-field some miles away. After spending an uncomfortable and sultry night in fighting mosquitoes, we were anything but delighted to see about twenty-five natives, armed for the fray and eager for the chase, troop into camp at daylight. Several hours later we reached the tracks of a small herd of elephants, but were disgusted to discover that they had been made two days previous.

It transpired that the natives had discovered the elephants several days before, and it so pleased them that it was necessary to hold a drunken orgy and a grand feast before reporting the fact to us. As there was a faint possibility that the elephants might have fed in one locality for more than a day, we followed the broad path trampled through the grass for several hours under a hot sun. Three hours later we were in the midst

of a thick sea of yellow grass, with three young warriors, armed with spears and smeared from head to foot with grease and red clay, leading the party along the elephant tracks. As they knew perfectly well that these animals were miles ahead, they were correspondingly courageous, examining the ground carefully, listening intently, and eagerly scanning the horizon of

ELEPHANT IVORY

grass from every available tree top. Behind them in single file tramped myself, Fuguet, the gun-bearers, Mutari, and the mob of natives, and our three porters, with the askari bringing up the rear, armed with an ancient Snider carbine.

Suddenly I was surprised to see the three valiant guides discard their weapons and plunge headlong into the jungle on either side, followed by a violent commotion in the thick grass ahead. The next moment a young rhinoceros stampeded down the elephant trail and was almost upon me before I saw it.

MAP OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA PROTECTORATE

Illustrating a four-months' shooting expedition into the interior

Meanwhile I could hear the mother charging through the long grass to one side of the trail. I leaped to one side in time, but my friend's foot slipped and he fell on his side, causing the smaller rhinoceros to leap over him. When the excitement had subsided the three guides crawled out of the grass with ashen-colored faces, and we dragged our frightened gun-bearers from their respective hiding-places after some search; but it was a few minutes before we discovered the remainder of the party. The only tree growing within several hundred yards was a small thorn-tree, and to this supposed haven of safety the whole expedition had scrambled at the first intimation of danger. They now hung about this like a cluster of black fruit, the first layer of natives clinging to the thorn-covered branches, while less lacerated but more frightened layers hung on to the ones who had first reached the tree. At the top of the swaying tree, and resembling the top ornament of a Christmas-tree, the venerable Mutari and our white-robed askari clasped each other in fond embrace. They had been first to reach this refuge, and therefore attained the highest altitude, a fact of which they seemed more proud than ashamed. When we recovered from our laughter and persuaded the thorn-lacerated outfit to descend, it was with great difficulty that we finally convinced them that a herd of elephants had not charged through our party.

This incident shattered the nerves of our guides, and after an hour of aimless wandering about in the same spot we became thoroughly disgusted with them, and climbed a high mountain some distance away, in the hope of discovering the elephants by means of field-glasses. But these beasts were evidently a long distance in advance, as we could see no signs of them, and we barely reached camp before darkness. After waiting several days for new reports, we were obliged, as we had limited time and provisions and a long expedition before us, to take reluctant farewell of this interesting country. We had no sooner

reached the territory of the next chief than Mutari sent a messenger to inform us that another herd of elephants had been seen, and that an unfriendly tribe of natives to the east of him had found the carcass of the econd bull elephant which Fuguet had wounded. Not having full confidence in African veracity, and judging that the natives would not give up valuable ivory without a controversy, we sent Mutari our regards and moved westward into a new country.

IV

RHINOCEROS-HUNTING

THERE seems to be a prevalent idea that the African rhinoceros is at the pre ent time a rare and rapidly disappearing mammal. While this is essentially true of the so-called white or square-lipped rhinoceros (*R. simus*), which was formerly abundant but is now almost extinct in South Africa, the black two-horned rhinoceros (*R. bicornis*) still exists in comparatively large numbers in the eastern portion of The Dark Continent. This interesting beast is still more or less plentiful in suitable localities over the most of British East Africa. During a three and a half months' shooting-trip from Nairobi, which is three hundred miles inland from the east coast, my friend and I estimated that we saw something over eighty rhinoceroses apiece. And this was a small number compared with what other sportsmen and travellers have seen in portions of the Protectorate, where these beasts are more abundant. From reports this species of rhinoceros is also common in German East Africa, Somaliland, Abyssinia, the Sudan, and parts of Uganda. Although its range formerly extended to the south as far as Cape Colony, it is much less plentiful in the southern portion of Africa, where its numbers have been greatly reduced by English sportsmen, Boer hunters, and armed natives.

This rhinoceros is a solitary, morose beast, never being seen in larger than family parties of bull, cow, and calf. At the approach of civilization it retires to the wilder and more remote

sections of the country. We often found the animals quite far from water in the dense thorn-bush, but they were also continually in view on the elevated grassy plains which constitute a large portion of the country. They seem to linger around the bases of the occasional rocky *kopjes* which extended up out of the bush, and freshly burnt country was always covered with intersecting trails of the three-toed circular tracks of this heavy animal. The wart-hog and the rhino are about the only two beasts which inhabit the burnt veldt until the short, green grass commences to sprout out of the blackened ground, and the grazing herds of game again move into the country. Other game seems to pay little attention to these slow-moving beasts, and I have noticed rhinos feeding among and surrounded by grazing zebra, hartebeest, oryx, waterbuck, and gazelle. The huge and substantial slate-colored mass of the rhino shows up in especially striking contrast with the surrounding group of diminutive, dainty, and brilliantly marked Thomson's gazelles.

The eye of the rhino is small, and its sight proportionately poor. I have heard from many sources that a man can approach to within forty yards of one of these beasts in the open without being discovered. I have never been anxious to verify this personally, as I have seen them spot and investigate moving objects many times this distance off. The rhino's ear, and especially its scent, is remarkably acute, and the least whiff of tainted breeze will either send these huge beasts off at a clumsy frightened trot or cause a slow and suspicious investigation.

Regarding the pugnacity of the rhino, every African hunter seems to have a different version; but while a number of white and black men have undoubtedly been killed, and a greater number have been forced to seek safety in flight or in trees, my opinion is that the majority of charging rhinos are beasts thrown into a panic and blindly seeking safety in the wrong direction. Except in rare cases, when once they have passed, rhinos blunder ahead until they are swallowed up in the bush

BULL RHINOCEROS

or disappear over the distant horizon. There are cases where they show fight, and have been known to return after the first charge and deliberately hunt down the sportsman or native as a pointer would a stray bird. My friend unexpectedly approached too close to a mortally wounded rhino during the trip and was obliged to stop a feeble but determined charge with a heavy rifle. But, then, almost any wounded animal will fight as a last resort when cornered. One of the most exciting and damaging experiences which I had in Africa resulted from laying my rifle down in the grass and attempting to finish with my hunting-knife what I thought was an expiring half-grown male Grant's gazelle.

There was but one case during this trip where a rhinoceros charged the caravan out of pure viciousness. During the whole of one hot day, in the latter part of April, our caravan plodded across a comparatively level, dusty plain to the west of Mount Kenia. Among the herds of game scattered over the veldt were a number of rhinoceros, and during the march we saw fourteen of these huge beasts, the line of porters and donkeys passing quite close to some of them without either alarming or angering them. After passing through a patch of dense bush, the donkey-train, which was bringing up the rear, was halted a short distance out on a grassy plain in order to readjust the packs. While helping the packers at this work, Fuguet happened to look over his shoulder in time to see a bull rhinoceros emerge from the wall of bush through which the caravan had recently passed. As this rhino continued to advance in a threatening manner, my friend, who was unarmed, made a hasty retreat to where his gun-bearer was hurrying toward him with his heavy rifle. As he looked over his shoulder he saw that the rhino was following him at a trot, and porters and donkeys were scattering in every direction. When he grasped the rifle and whirled about, the enraged beast was thundering down upon him at a full gallop, and the first barrel of the rifle,

while it staggered the oncoming rhino, did not stop it. However, the second bullet shattered a shoulder and brought the rhino to the ground only a few yards distant, and before it could regain its feet my friend slipped in some cartridges and sent in the finishing shots. On investigation he discovered that this rhino had a deep, festering wound in its side, evidently received in an encounter with a rival bull or from one of the Andorobo spear-traps set in the branches of trees. This painful wound undoubtedly accounted for the pugnacious disposition of this beast. During the trip I saw one other rhino with a similar wound, but avoided its society.

During the heat of the day the rhinoceros dozes, flattened out on its side like a sleeping horse or leaning against a convenient tree-trunk, rock, or ant-hill. A number of times I have almost stumbled over sleeping rhinos in the thick bush, and I have occasionally seen them lying down in the short grass of open plains or on burnt ground among the acacias. Where undisturbed, the rhino feeds in the comparative coolness of the morning and evening, as well as during the night. As for the small, insectivorous birds seen fluttering about the backs of these animals in search of ticks, none of these so-called rhinoceros birds attempted to warn sleeping or feeding rhinos. The same birds seemed to perch on the backs of the native cattle.

In proportion to its size, the vitality of this animal is no greater than that of other African game, which seem to possess more endurance when wounded than big game of the temperate zone. One of the rhinos shot by Fuguet died instantly from a bullet through the heart from a .35 caliber Winchester. It was standing in the shade of an acacia, and at the report of the rifle doubled its short legs under it and sank to the ground without a kick. In walking, the rhino has a clumsy but deliberate gait. When trotting, although the erect head and tail and the high action of the short, straight legs under the massive

THE END OF THE PUGNACIOUS RHINO

Library

body give the departing rhino a foolish appearance, nevertheless it is covering ground at remarkable speed. When the rhino is approaching at either a walk or trot, it loses considerable of its clumsy appearance and gives the hunter the impression of being a vicious and sinister beast. With these animals there seems to be no regular breeding season, as we noticed all stages of young, from the recently born to almost adult rhinos. Several times I saw mothers, when alarmed and retreating, guide and push the young one with their front horns.

The bull has a shorter but thicker front horn than the cow, but the rear horns of both sexes seemed about the same in circumference and length. Rhinos with the front horn extending straight out from the nose, as well as freaks with as many as five horns, have been killed in this portion of Africa. Although we saw numbers of rhinos, the section of the country which we were hunting in did not seem favorable for the growth of long horns. Notwithstanding the fact that we shot the best specimens we encountered, the front horn did not exceed twenty inches, and the rear horn half of that length, in any of them. In some portions of the country the horns of the cows reach enormous lengths, front horns measuring fifty-four inches having been secured.

The body of the rhino is compact and solid, and the short legs and spongy, three-toed feet seem ridiculously small for the support of such an enormous weight. With its small, pig-like eyes, prehensile nose, polished black horns, thick-folded skin and great size, the rhino, on its native heath, reminds one of a beast from some former age stubbornly contesting its existence in the altered conditions of the present. Owing to the ease with which it can be approached and shot, its unsociability, and its size, the rhinoceros is slowly but surely disappearing before civilization and modern firearms.

One hot February morning found our column making a forced march through an acacia-covered country between two small

streams some distance apart, which flowed down the western slope of Mount Kenia. I was picking the route some distance ahead of the foremost porters, whose marching-chant occasionally drifted to me through the trees, when I noticed a slight movement in the jumble of light and shade of a thicket sixty yards to the right. In travelling through the bush it pays to investigate anything unusual, and I immediately stopped and unslung my field-glasses. After scrutinizing this object with the glasses for a few moments, I realized that it was a rhinoceros facing me between the trunks of two trees, in the midst of a patch of thick but leafless dead bushes. Being armed only with a light rifle, I slipped back, stopped the line of singing porters, and secured the double-barrelled .450 Cordite Jeffery. Armed with this, and followed by Fuguet with a similar rifle, I approached the spot where I had last seen the rhino. It had evidently been dozing at the time, as it was now peacefully feeding through the trees away from us. By circling through the acacias I succeeded in intercepting the course of the animal, and waited for it to eed in my direction.

It was very impressive to watch the slow and deliberate approach of the enormous slate colored mass as it moved through the waist-high yellow grass toward the small thorn-tree, through the first fork of which I was resting the barrels of the heavy rifle. Around the bases of many acacias flourished thickets of bushes and brambles, into which the rhino would push its head, and then, raising it again, would stand in the same spot for several minutes with eyes, ears, jaws, and tail all in motion at the same time. Then it would lower its head again, and move slowly forward toward the muzzle of the double-barrelled rifle in the fork of the tree.

When about forty yards distant the great beast slowly swung around broadside, exposing the right shoulder, and at the same time raising its homely head and gazing in the direction of some laughter among the distant camp-followers. As

MYZZIO AND RHINOCEROS HEAD

the report of the rifle rolled away among the acacias, the rhino lurched forward, wheeled, and exposed the other shoulder, which brought forth another stunning roar from the second barrel. The wounded beast started away through the trees at a swaying gallop, followed by the roars of two more reports as Fuguet fired from his position, several yards to my left. After galloping furiously for about one hundred and fifty yards, the rhino pitched over on its side and was dead by the time we reached it. Both my bullets had reached the vitals, and the two fired by Fuguet had raked the animal, ranging forward through the body. This rhino proved to be an old bull, the front horn measuring nineteen and one-quarter inches in length and eighteen and one-half inches in circumference at the base. The rear horn was eight and one-half inches in length and seventeen and one-half inches in circumference. In the tenderer portions of the rhino, between the thick folds of skin where it was impossible for the animal to reach them or rub them off, were brilliantly colored ticks larger than a silver half-dollar.

When they received the news that the rhino was down, the porters came up to the scene and soon covered the carcass in a good-natured swarm at the work of cutting up and skinning. The head of the rhino was finally detached, the choicest parts of the coarse, fibrous meat were saved, and great strips of hide were cut away to make *kibokos*. The skinning out of the head had to be done in camp, as it is a long and tedious labor, owing to the fact that the skin, with the horns attached, fits very close to the skull, and it is necessary laboriously to cut away the connecting cartilage piece by piece. Then the skin has to be dried in the shade, as the heat of the equatorial sun is liable to cook and ruin it. On account of its thickness, it is necessary to have men continually paring down the skin during this process of drying. Our very excellent Swahili cook, after much pounding with the pole of an axe, would serve at the table the

tenderloin of the rhino in the form of Hamburger steak. Each of the porters loaded as much of the meat as he could carry, in addition to his sixty-pound pack, and when in camp would eat what he could, and dry the remainder if no more edible game was killed in the mean time. If a few maggots collected in the meat in the process of drying, this fact did not affect the appetite of the unprejudiced Swahili. The slabs of thick skin cut from the back of the dead rhino would later be cut into thin strips by the men and stretched in camp, to be afterward whittled into rawhide walking-sticks and whips, or *kibokos*. The *kiboko*, which is the instrument of punishment on *safari*, derives its name from the fact that it is the Swahili word for hippopotamus, which also has an inch-thick hide like the rhinoceros.

Several months later, and several hundred miles north of this country, I started one morning at daylight to explore some bush-covered hills to the south of the stream on which we were camped. The hot sun had already dried the high grass when we reached a long, yellow plain winding through dense, green thorn-bush. When part way across this the gun-bearer whistled softly. Turning to the right and following the direction of his gaze, I saw two familiar bulky masses, three hundred yards distant, feeding parallel to our course. By the aid of the glasses, I judged that these two rhinos were a bull and cow, both with fair sets of horns, and feeding across the plain, one behind the other, forty yards apart. These beasts inhabited a red-clay country, and instead of the natural slate-gray color of rhinos in portions of the country, were quite red, owing to a coating of dried red mud, in which they had been wallowing to rid themselves of ticks. As we were not far from camp, and this seemed a favorable place to kill a rhino, I took the heavy rifle from Myzzio, and, sheltered by a patch of thorn-bushes, approached the feeding animals. My followers immediately climbed into the upper branches of some tall, dead

COW RHINOCEROS IN THE BUSH

trees in the centre of the plain, with the exception of the gun-bearer, who followed me with the second rifle. The last glimpse I had of these rhinos they were feeding peacefully away from us, but now, on peering through the scanty foliage of the bushes, I was disagreeably surprised to discover both huge beasts side by side and head on, regarding me with much interest, forty yards distant.

Fearing a sudden combined charge in the open, I hurriedly knelt down and fired both barrels into the larger of the two rhinos, which happened to be the cow. At the first report this animal swayed forward slightly, and then, at the second barrel, sank into a sitting position, and commenced painfully dragging itself across the plain toward the edge of the thick bush. I discovered later that the heavy bullet had missed the shoulder, but had travelled diagonally through the quartering beast, smashing the opposite hip-bone into fragments. I was prevented from finishing off the wounded animal by the actions of the second rhino, which, with head and tail erect in the air, continually circled its wounded mate at a clumsy gallop. Occasionally it would head straight for me, and when I was about to shoot in self-defence it would stop abruptly in a cloud of dust, gaze at me for a few moments, and then dash madly across the plain. Eventually the wounded rhino reached the edge of the thick bush. The bull, after beating around the thicket for a quarter of an hour, trotted out across the plain until it was swallowed up in the bush of the opposite side.

Entering the thicket on the blood-spattered track of the game, I had no trouble in locating the wounded beast by its continual and piercing squealing. Many times I had heard the familiar snort of the alarmed rhino, but other than that this was the first sound I had heard, and it was the squeal of the pig magnified many times. Through a maze of thorn-branches I could indistinctly see the outline of the rhino sitting on its haunches in the midst of a dense thicket; and not knowing at

the time how badly it was wounded, I approached the spot with much caution. When I was only a few yards distant the beast gave a piercing scream and lurched through the bushes in my direction.

I hurriedly brought the heavy rifle to my shoulder and fired. Unfortunately, in my haste I fired both barrels simultaneously, and the answering roar of those one hundred and seventy grains of cordite remained in my ears for the remainder of the day. I did not lose my grip on the rifle, but stumbled into a small tree, momentarily stunned by the terrific recoil and deafening report of the outraged rifle. Neither bullet struck the rhino, which sank down among the bushes, squealing and moaning with rage and pain. My head and shoulder had received such a jar from the heavy recoil that I had no further ambition to fire the large rifle that day, and was content with sending several steel bullets from the smaller weapon into the head of the struggling beast to end its sufferings. The horns of this cow rhinoceros measured as follows: Front horn—length, eighteen inches; circumference, seventeen and one-quarter inches; rear horn—length, fifteen and one-half inches; circumference, sixteen and one-quarter inches. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the tents with the head and such portions of the meat as the blacks could carry.

V

SPORT ON THE GUASO MARU

MTU MUNIKI and his people dwelt in a region of rough, broken country forming one of the northerly spurs of Mount Kenia, where they led a peaceful existence, raising quantities of hump-backed African cattle and native black beans. One sultry afternoon late in March we moved our *safari* into this country of red-clay hillocks, in order to replenish our supply of provisions by trading with the natives.

We pitched our tents within a few hundred yards of the kraal of the venerable but drunken ruler, who, when he came out to welcome us, was decked out with two Stetson hats, three khaki coats, and a pair of abbreviated riding-trousers. Later we discovered that these worn-out articles of wearing-apparel had been presented to him by the last white traveller passing through his country some time previous. On being informed of our wants, during the afternoon the natives brought large quantities of beans into camp, for which we gave them blue beads and americani, while some of our men sewed up the steadily increasing supply in bags of suitable weight to be carried by the porters and donkeys.

The old chief informed us that several times recently some of his people had seen buffalo near a small stream five miles distant. In hopes of encountering these animals, Fuguet and I started out at sunrise the next morning, accompanied by two gun-bearers and an escort consisting of the chief and half a dozen of more or less elderly subjects. Among this branch of

the Kikuyus it is the custom for the women to shave their heads, while those of the men are adorned with an elaborate coiffure held together by grease and red clay. These savages spend a great deal of time plaiting this head-dress, and to protect it from the constant rains of this region they usually carry with them light coverings made from the dried stomachs and bladders of animals. With these they shield their heads during storms. Several years previous an enterprising Swahili trader had brought a supply of cheap green cotton umbrellas to this region, and must have amassed a small fortune by this venture. Although there was not a cloud in the sky this bright morning, several of the naked and venerable natives travelled through the grass with one of these green umbrellas tucked under one arm and a double-edged, eight-foot spear resting in the hollow of the other.

Shortly after starting we jumped a herd of eight impala, including a good buck, which bounded along a grassy hillside in the graceful leaps characteristic of this antelope, until they disappeared in the bush half a mile distant. On reaching the locality where the buffalo had last been seen we found only old signs of these animals, and followed the palm-bordered stream for several miles without sighting game. Several miles distant across the flat, acacia-covered plain was visible an isolated and prominent mountain, and under the rays of the hot midday sun we started toward it. In crossing a small, grassy plain among the acacias we disturbed a mammal which is very rarely seen in eastern Africa—the African porcupine (*Hystrix africæ australis*). This animal differed in color from the Canadian porcupine, the quills being yellow and white, but was about the same in size and appearance; and when annoyed by the sticks of the savages, adopted the same tactics of defence as its relative in Maine or British Columbia.

Scanning the grassy slopes of the mountain with the glasses we discovered a herd of about a dozen giraffes moving around

A WAR PARTY

among the acacias a mile away, and the backs of two rhinoceroses showing above the grass half a mile beyond. Leaving the natives behind, and each of us accompanied by a gun-bearer, my friend started toward the giraffes, while I toiled up the slope toward the place where we had last seen the feeding rhinos. Three-quarters of an hour later we were quietly stealing through the short grass near this spot, when a cow rhino suddenly arose to its feet in a tangle of high grass which flourished around the base of an acacia sixty yards distant. This brought us to an abrupt stop, but as the rhino lay down again after satisfying its fears we cautiously approached to within thirty yards of the patch of grass. Supposing that this cow was accompanied by a bull, I motioned Faki to hurl a rock into the midst of the patch. Both rhinos lurched to their feet, staring in our direction, and discovering that they were a cow and partially grown calf we immediately began slowly backing away from the scene. At this moment a light puff of wind carried our scent to them, and with heads erect both animals came toward us at a trot. We both knelt down and covered the female with our rifles, but when it was only about three yards distant the breeze died away, and the cow hesitated and stopped. We attempted to crawl around the rhinos to the shelter of some acacias lower down the slope, but they followed us at a walk in whatever direction we crept. This farce kept up for fully half an hour, during which time we practically wore out the knees of our trousers in crawling over the hard ground, and were on the point of killing the female several times in order, as I thought, to save our lives. Finally a succession of distant rifle-reports from where my friend was shooting at long range at the giraffes distracted this old lady's attention from us long enough to enable us to make an undignified bolt down the mountain-side to the shelter of the trees. Looking backward from a safe distance, we could see that these two rhinos were still nosing about in the grass in search of us. Later I discovered

the gun-bearer several times graphically illustrating to an appreciative audience of our camp-followers the white man's method of crawling away from an inquisitive rhino.

Before starting on the hunt that day we had left instructions with Nubi, our headman, to finish trading with the natives, and to move camp to a stream five miles west of the villages. Toward evening, while we were silently tramping in single file through the forest which bordered this stream, we were startled by the dropping of several large dead branches to the ground at our feet. On looking upward for the cause we were surprised to see a large troop of baboons gazing down at us through the branches of the trees. Previously we had noticed many troops of these animals in the vicinity of rocky *kopjes*, but this was the first time that we had seen any in the trees overhead. The grizzled old dog-baboons certainly seemed enormous in size and ferocious in appearance when viewed from below as they climbed among the swaying branches.

We found our tents pitched in a small clearing among the trees, and here parted with the friendly chief and his followers. However, Mtu Muniki left with us as guides two of his young warriors who understood the language of the next tribe to the westward, known as the Samburu. During the whole of the next morning these natives led our caravan in a northwesterly direction through a monotonous rolling country covered with dry, yellow grass several feet in height. There was no game in sight and a merciless sun overhead. About noon, with the aid of the glasses, two giraffes were discovered among acacias in the distance, and Fuguet left the column in order to stalk them. After resting the porters for several hours in the shade of some palms until the donkey-train overtook us, I again started the caravan northward.

Toward sundown, as we were crossing a flat, grass-covered plain, a herd of about sixty Grant's gazelles appeared in the distance, travelling in a course which would intercept the trail

THE LARGEST BULL ORYX

which we were following several hundred yards ahead. By hurrying forward I was able to approach within easy range of these graceful gazelles, and sat down in the grass to pick out the best heads as they filed across the trail, one hundred and fifty yards distant. These handsome animals presented a striking and beautiful sight as they fed across the plain in a dun-colored mass, which was enlivened by the vivid black-and-white lateral marking of the more numerous does. Among these stalked a number of stately little bucks, their long, gracefully curved, jet-black horns towering above the slenderer spikes carried by the more brightly colored does. After five reports from the rifle this herd of gazelles disappeared into distant higher grass in an undulating, bounding line. It chanced, however, that two of the best of the bucks remained behind. One of these had gone down immediately, shot through the heart; the other, with a shattered shoulder, struggled along for about one hundred yards, until overtaken and dispatched by our fierce-visaged Swahili cook, Zimba, who was always in at the finish in any shooting along the route of march. The measurements of the heads of these two bucks were, respectively: (1) right horn—length, twenty-three inches; circumference of base, seven inches; left horn—length, twenty-three and one-quarter inches; circumference of base, seven inches; between tips, five and one-half inches; (2) right horn—length, nineteen inches; circumference of base, six inches; left horn — length, nineteen inches; circumference of base, five and one-half inches; between tips, six inches.

A mile beyond this we camped for the night at a small, muddy creek which meandered through the high grass. Fuguet soon arrived with the news that during the afternoon he had shot a good Granti buck and a bull rhinoceros. He had almost stumbled over the rhino in the grass, and, as a precaution at such close range, had been obliged to mortally wound it with the heavy rifle he was carrying. Rounding a large, red ant-hill

in pursuit of the crippled animal he had suddenly come face to face with the game. Although badly wounded, the rhino made a blundering charge which Fuguet avoided by leaping behind the trunk of a slender acacia, and as the animal passed he dropped it with a bullet through the shoulder.

When I looked out through the tent-flap the next morning a steady rain was falling. The surrounding scenery was not made any more cheerful by a number of vultures and marabout storks huddled on the limbs of several dead acacias above the shelter-tents of the porters. Vultures, of which there are several kinds in the country, are not cheerful or inspiring birds at their best. When thoroughly wet through by rain, and with their bald, red heads tucked down between their shoulders, they give a general aspect of gloom and desolation to the whole landscape. A number of solemn and melancholy marabout storks perched on the upper branches of the trees did not add any hilarity to the scenery.

The long grass in the vicinity of the stream we were camped upon was alive with noisy guinea-fowl, and after breakfast I shot a brace of these with the shot-gun, and, finding the grass too wet for comfort, returned to the shelter of the tent. These guinea-fowl, which were the helmeted species, were very plentiful over the whole country, and became a source of great annoyance by suddenly arising in noisy, cackling flight from the grass, through which the hunter was crawling toward some coveted head. Several kinds of touracos, or plantain eaters, and coucals were also a nuisance, as they fluttered from tree to tree before the stalker, uttering various kinds of metallic, grating cries of warning. Game of all kinds usually paid instant attention to the warnings of birds.

The downpour continued during the entire morning, and, not wishing to travel through the wet grass, we waited until noon before deciding what to do. About noon the sun appeared, and in an incredibly short time dried the grass. It being too

SCENE ON THE GUASO MARU

late to start a march, Fuguet and I, each followed by several blacks, started out in different directions in quest of game. When about a mile distant from camp I spotted a mass of roan-colored animals in the distance which, by the aid of the glasses, I discovered to be a large herd of about forty oryx. They were feeding away from us through a stretch of the orchard-like country common to this portion of Africa. A number of old bulls had been posted on the outskirts of the herd as sentinels, and I commenced to stalk one of these, which was dozing on guard in the midst of an open grass-covered plain. When within a reasonable distance of the oryx I ran forward in a crouching position, partially screened by the trunk of an acacia, until I reached its shelter. Peering around this I saw the now suspicious oryx gazing at me broadside three hundred yards distant, and prepared to break into a gallop instantly. A few feet to one side of where I was crouching grew a small, leafless bush, and crawling to this I secured a steady sight by resting the rifle in a fork, and fired at the shoulder of the distant oryx. At the report the entire herd was instantly in motion. When motionless or walking, oryx are very stately and handsome animals, but when thoroughly alarmed these large antelopes break into a clumsy, lumbering gallop, which detracts a great deal from their appearance. The bull at which I had fired, after galloping madly for about one hundred yards, stopped, staggered in a circle several times, and then lay down in the grass. On reaching the spot we found a fine specimen of an old bull oryx (*Oryx beisa*) already dead from a wound through the lungs. The two horns of this animal were practically the same size, measuring thirty-four inches in length, six and a quarter inches in circumference at the base, and nine inches from point to point. The ears were badly torn, probably from biting in fights with rival bulls.

Dispatching a Swahili for assistance to carry the head and meat of this antelope into camp, and covering the carcass with

boughs to protect it from the vultures, which were already circling about in dozens, I continued in the search for game. Shortly afterward a herd of about forty Grant's gazelles afforded me some very long-range shooting, and eventually disappeared in the distance, leaving two of their number behind. One of these, a good buck, got up and away before the boys could reach it, and it was with great difficulty that we discovered the second one in the thick grass. It proved to be a female with graceful, slender horns three inches in circumference about the base, over a foot in length, and four inches from tip to tip. From here I noticed two rhinos in the distance, but, stealing up to within fifty yards of them after a hard tramp, I found that while both were full-grown animals, they possessed comparatively small horns.

Another large herd of Granti in the distance now attracted my attention, and by a long-range shot I succeeded in wounding a fine buck, though too far back in the body to bring it down immediately. This necessitated my following it several hours, under the hot afternoon sun, before I eventually ran it down and dispatched it. The crippled gazelle would lope along for a long distance, and then lie down until I had almost approached within range, when it would again move on. It was accompanied by a grewsome flock of four or five vultures which, realizing that the end of the wounded animal was near, flapped slowly along with it while it was in motion, and when it lay down they lighted on the baked ground several yards distant until it resumed its flight. While we were skinning and cutting up the gazelle, these large birds peered down at us through the thorny foliage of an acacia with an expectant look in their beady black eyes, but we left little for them, as we had a large and hungry following in camp to feed. The measurements of the horns of the buck were as follows: right horn — length, twenty-two inches; circumference at base, eight inches; left horn—length, twenty-two inches; circumference at base, seven

WOUNDED ORYX

and three-quarter inches; distance between tips, six and three-quarter inches. The shape of the horns of these northern Grant's gazelles, inhabiting Laikipia, and, I understand, known as *Gazella granti notata* (which we commenced to see when about thirty miles north of Nyeri), was quite different from those seen on the Athi plains from the Uganda Railway, which are supposed to be the typical Grant's gazelle. The horns of the last-mentioned animals have quite a flare and a wide spread at the tips, while those of the more northerly variety are very close together with little flare. The largest heads we secured averaged six inches between the tips. Of the seven finest heads of this gazelle shot by us while in Africa, the length of the horns varied from twenty and one-quarter inches to twenty-three and one-quarter inches, the base circumference from six to eight inches, and from four and five-eighths inches to eight and three-eighths inches between the tips.

The next day our caravan moved steadily westward through the same character of country, seeing a few Granti, ostriches, and Burchell's zebra in the distance. About noon we filed by a herd of about forty of a species of zebra new to us, Grevy's zebra (*Equus grevyi*). These wild horses, whose main range is in the desert country of Abyssinia to the north, are much larger than Burchell's zebra, and of different appearance. Our men, who had never seen them before, immediately dubbed them pundas (Swahili for donkeys), on account of their mule-like ears and faces and grayish appearance. Dozens of small, white, egret-like birds, probably the cattle heron (*Bubulcus lucindus*), were fluttering from back to back of the feeding zebra, devouring the ticks and troublesome insects with which these animals were afflicted. Out of this herd we had abundant opportunity to shoot all the specimens of this rather rare animal that we wished, but concluded to wait until we were farther in their range, as we did not know how long a journey we had ahead

of us that day before reaching the banks of an indefinite stream known as the Guaso Maru.

On the trail we met many bands of Samburu coming to barter with the natives whose territory we had recently left behind. These parties consisted of long lines of boys, women, and old men, loaded with bales of dried goat and sheep hides, and guarded by an escort of armed and clay-daubed warriors. In the afternoon we passed several fortified villages on *kopjes*. The grassy slopes below were covered with grazing herds of small, gray asses, fat-tailed sheep, and drooping-eared African goats. The asses of this part of Africa, of which we had eighteen in our caravan as pack-animals, are rather handsome beasts, and are merely a domesticated form of the wild ass of northern Africa. They are larger than the burro of western America, and are short-haired and mouse-colored. However, the muzzle is white, but the nose and lips are black, as well as the mane and borders and tips of the ears. There is a distinct dorsal black stripe and a broad transverse stripe at the shoulders. A number of the asses we saw had more or less distinct black striping, similar to the markings of the zebra, on the lower legs. The ones which we used as beasts of burden on the expedition were very docile, but exhibited all the stubbornness of the mule. Unfortunately, they were not immune from the bite of the tsetse fly, as were the zebras, which fact eventually resulted in a number of our animals dying and the remainder becoming too weak to carry loads.

About four o'clock we reached the Guaso Maru, a narrow, winding, and vegetation-choked stream bordered by tall, picturesque palms. In the midst of a terrific downpour we pitched camp on its western bank, several miles above where it poured into a larger stream known as the Guaso Nyiro. About dark the chief and elders of a collection of villages, which we had passed during the afternoon, came into camp to pay homage to the white men. They informed us that while the eastern

SAMBURU WARRIORS

side of the stream was covered with native herds of domestic animals, there were no natives on the western side, and that game was plentiful there.

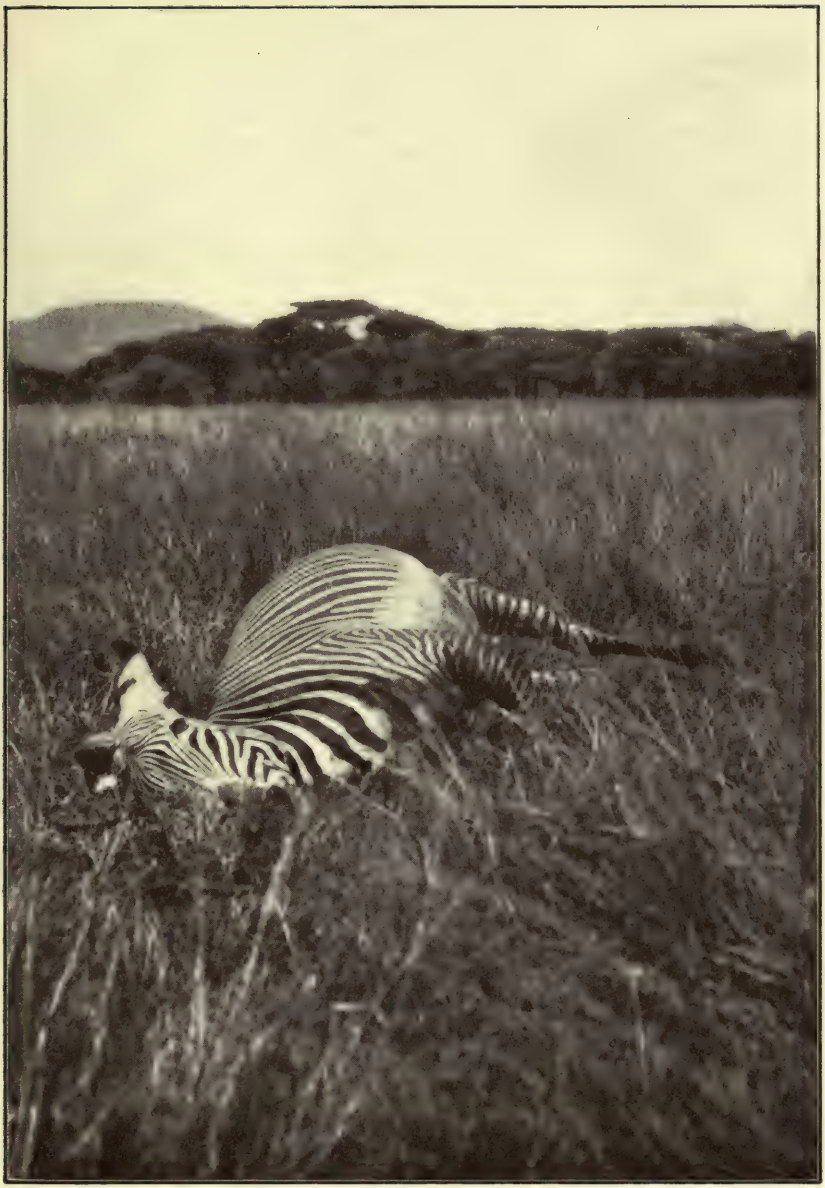
At daybreak we started out in different directions with our usual following to reconnoitre the country. Three miles to the south of camp a sharp, ragged pinnacle rose out of the plain, and after disturbing numerous copper-headed lizards and hyraces climbing over the cactus-covered rocks, I found myself sweeping the country with the glasses from its bare, red top. These hyraces, probably *Hyrax habessimicus*, were abundant on all these rocky *kopjes*, and climbed around the almost vertical faces of rocks with about as much ease as the lizards. Quantities of game, including oryx, ostriches, Granti, and both kinds of zebra, were in sight; but most of these seemed to be in the direction my friend had taken, and he had already commenced to shoot in the distance.

Noticing a bush-covered chain of hills which arose out of the plain to the south, I directed my steps toward them in hopes of encountering buffalo or rhino in the thick thorn-scrub. An hour later, while stealing along through the bush, I became aware of the reddish mass of a rhino feeding in a small patch of grass fifty yards to the right. Sheltered by a small ant-hill, I approached to within thirty-five yards of the unconscious bull rhino and emptied the contents of both barrels of the heavy rifle into its shoulders. The beast went down on its knees immediately, but lurched to its feet and thundered away through the bush with lowered head and tail erect. Under a broiling sun we followed the blood-spattered trail of this rhino through the thick bush for five hours. By this time the wounded animal was so weak from loss of blood that we could see from the tracks that it was staggering and occasionally falling on its side. Then a sudden, heavy tropical downpour, which lasted for a half hour, completely obliterated all traces of either blood or tracks. When the storm had passed and the hot afternoon

sun streamed down on the steaming bush, there remained nothing to do but to start campward.

In coming out into a small, grassy opening in the midst of the thick bush we suddenly found ourselves within fifty yards of a group of eight giraffes, including one enormous dark-chestnut coated bull. I did not care to shoot any of these animals, and before I could secure my camera from one of the men the giraffes lumbered away into the bush. En route to the tents, from the top of a grassy knoll I discovered among the game in sight between us and camp a herd of about thirty oryx, feeding on the plain half a mile distant. Instructing the men to remain where they were sitting in the grass, I carelessly strolled out in the open toward these antelopes. Immediately every head in the herd went up in the air. When I was still five hundred yards distant the oryx bunched together, and when I was a hundred yards nearer they galloped across the plain in a cloud of dust.

I had noticed a solitary bull, which was acting as sentinel some distance to one side of the herd, and judging that it would follow in their wake, I ran forward one hundred yards and threw myself down behind a bleached white stump which rose out of the yellow grass. The lone oryx, which was galloping by at the time, stopped abruptly at my sudden disappearance, and offered a tempting broadside shot at three hundred and twenty yards' distance. At the report of the rifle it hesitated, stumbled, and pitched forward on the plain, shot through the heart. It proved to carry a set of horns each of which measured, approximately, thirty inches in length and six inches around the base, with a spread of nine and a half inches between the tips. This oryx, like all the game in this country, had a distinct reddish tinge, due to the brilliant red color of the mud and dust, in which they wallow to rid themselves of ticks and other tormenting insects. The zebras, whose skins are thinner and much more sensitive than most of the game in the country,



GREVY'S ZEBRA (*EQUUS GREVYI*)

are often so thickly plastered with this red mud that it is impossible to see the stripes at any distance.

The next morning I spent in saving and preparing trophies, while Fuguet started with a small force for several days' hunting up the Guaso Maru. Having completed my work by noon, I started into the acacia-dotted country to the west of camp in spite of the threat of a thunder-storm. We had not been travelling half an hour before it broke upon us in all its fury, and an almost solid sheet of warm water came down for a half-hour. When the sun suddenly reappeared and cleared up the atmosphere we were travelling across a plain, and through the rapidly disappearing haze of mist I could see both oryx and zebra in motion ahead of us. By a spirited sprint over the short grass I managed to get a three-hundred-yard resting shot at a galloping bull oryx which was bringing up the rear of a herd of about thirty of these antelopes. Following the report of the rifle I distinctly heard the impact of the bullet against the side of the oryx. Then, in a few frantic plunges, the wounded bull regained the herd, which disappeared en masse among the acacias. By following in the wake of these animals for half a mile I eventually sighted the crippled oryx travelling along slowly by itself, and managed to keep it in view for a mile. Having lost sight of the game in a clump of high, leafless bushes, I was surprised to see it suddenly lurch to its feet from the grass a few yards ahead, and disappear around a small patch of thorn-scrub. I hurried around this, expecting to see the oryx staggering over the open plain beyond, but almost fell over the totally spent animal, which was lying on the bare ground only a few yards distant.

When the Swahilis at last arrived on the scene, instead of rushing in and bleeding the animal, Mohammedan fashion, they cautiously circled about the alert but exhausted antelope without showing much desire to close in on it. In the following that day was one old Swahili porter, who, besides being very

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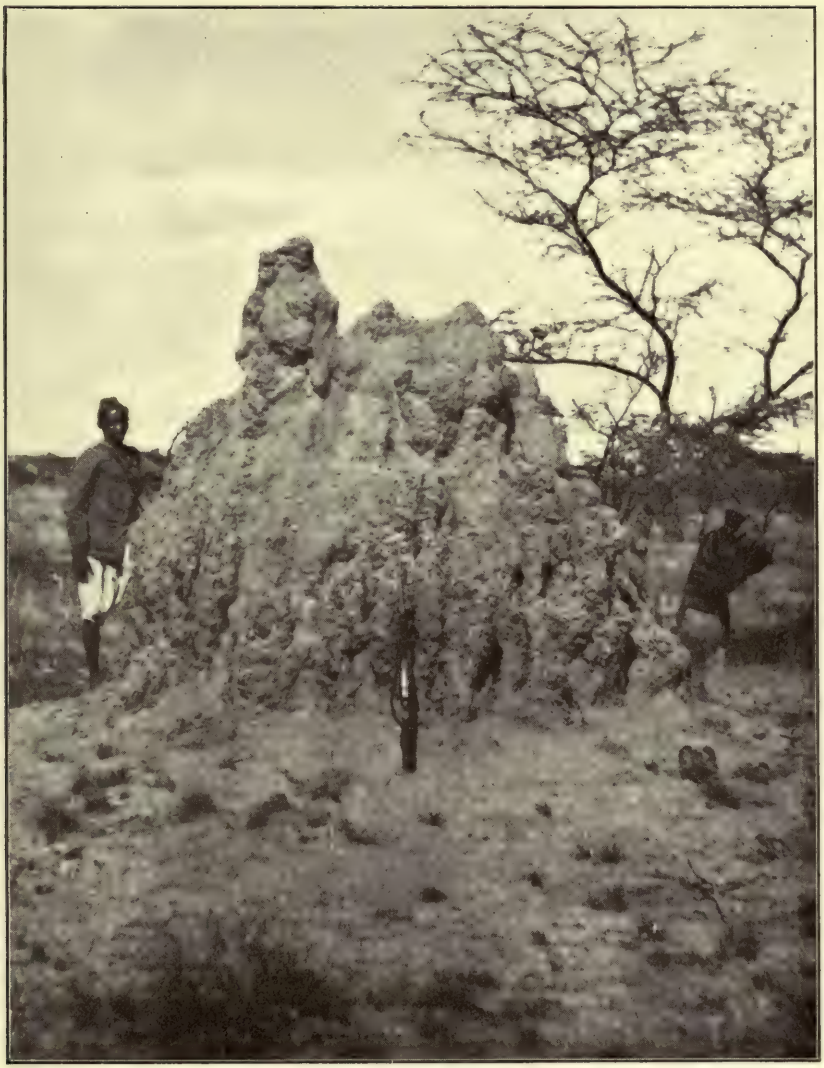
loud-mouthed and lazy, had provoked our dislike by continually insisting that the other Swahilis should eat nothing but strictly Mohammedan-killed meat.

This was an excellent chance for me to make some pointed remarks, half in Swahili, half in English, on the code of true believers, evoking laughs from the other porters and goading the old fellow to action. While one man attracted the attention of the antelope, another slipped up from behind and grasped it by the tail, at which Omari, armed with a knife, leaped for its shoulders. With incredible activity the wounded oryx threw the man grasping its tail to the ground, and met the oncoming Swahili with a savage upward sweep of its long, straight horns. One horn missed Omari entirely, but the other passed between his body and belt, and threw oryx and Swahili to the ground in a struggling heap. Fortunately the rotten leather of the belt parted under the strain, and the frightened porter did not stop travelling on his hands and knees until he had gone fully fifty feet. After this almost fatal incident I finished the animal with a shot in the shoulders. This bull did not have quite as long a set of horns as the others, the measurements being twenty-eight and twenty-nine inches in length.

Shortly after daylight the next morning, while sweeping the surrounding country with the field-glasses from the summit of the *kopje*, I discovered a long stream of dark-colored animals winding across the plain between the pinnacle and the bush. One hundred and fifty miles farther south I would have said that these were brindled wildebeests, but a careful scrutiny with the glasses revealed it to be a migrating herd of about eighty of the long-sought African buffalo. Formerly these beasts had been very plentiful throughout British East Africa, but a number of years previous the rinderpest had swept through the land, wiping out most of the buffalo as well as the native cattle. A few isolated herds of buffalo had escaped this



AN AFRICAN ANT-HILL

disease, and these animals have been steadily increasing in the Protectorate ever since. The herd, which was travelling across country at a fast walk, consisted mostly of cows and calves; but the rear guard was brought up by four or five old bulls, whose distant bellowing was occasionally wafted across the plain to us.

The country was too open to permit an approach of these shy animals on the plain, but the moment that the herd was swallowed up by the wall of thorn-bush we crossed the open and entered the thickets in its wake. Unfortunately these buffalo, after travelling into the bush for several hundred yards, had retraced their course, and before I was aware of it I was in the midst of the herd in the densest of bush. A violent snorting and a crashing of underbrush on all sides, accompanied by the pounding of many flying hoofs on the hollow, sandy ground, warned me of the stampede. My gun-bearer with the heavy rifle had fallen behind a few yards, with the result that I had only a 9-mm. Mauser to depend upon. One old bull thundered by me only a few yards distant, exposing for a moment a hairless black side, into which I fired two shots from this light rifle. As soon as I could get the .450 Cordite in my hands, I took up the spoor of this buffalo, which was easy to pick out from the many tracks, owing to the quantities of blood spattered on the bushes. Three old bulls remained behind with the wounded buffalo, and for many hours we trailed the four animals, under a hot sun, through the thickets of thorn-bush. At first, remembering the tales of the ferocity of wounded African buffalo, I crept along, momentarily expecting a charge at close quarters. As the day progressed this feeling of anxiety gradually changed to indifference, and later in the afternoon to a fervent desire that something should happen to enliven the awful monotony of the bush.

Several times during the day we were within a few yards of these buffalo in thick bush, but a deafening crashing of bushes

and pounding of hoofs was only occasionally varied by a momentary glimpse of black through a network of leaves and branches. Early in the afternoon I succeeded in wounding another of the bulls by firing the heavy rifle in the direction of the noise, but although both buffaloes bled profusely they showed no signs of weakening. At one time we disturbed two rhinos which charged by us, one after the other, only a few yards distant, and were swallowed up immediately in the wall of bush behind. In stampeding through the thickets the buffalo made a great deal more noise than the much larger rhinoceros. About four o'clock the regular afternoon shower came down, obliterating all tracks, and leaving me and my gun-bearer miles from camp, exhausted and with clothing torn into shreds from thorns. Disgusted and sceptical of the harrowing tales of the ferocity of the African buffalo, I reached camp after sundown to find that Fuguet had returned from his hunt up-stream, having secured, among other game, a bull giraffe.

As remarked before, over this portion of British East Africa roamed a few herds of Grevy's zebra, which had wandered south from the main range of this horse in Abyssinia. This zebra, which is named after a former President of the French Republic, is a great deal larger and much more striking animal than Burchell's zebra, which overruns this part of Africa in countless herds. A very narrow, fine striping gives the larger animal a solid mouse-gray colored appearance at even a short distance, quite different from the vivid black-and-white bands of the smaller zebra. However, in spite of the striking coloring of Burchell's zebra, in the bright light of the African veldt at a distance they are one of the most inconspicuous of animals. Beyond one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards the stripes are indistinguishable, and blend into a uniform violet-tinted gray, which is difficult to distinguish in the shimmering light of the plains. Often in the distance I have seen hartebeest, ostriches, impala, and oryx with the naked eye, but have not

GREVY'S ZEBRA

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA

Showing the marked difference in the striping of these two species of zebras

been able to distinguish the zebra feeding among them except through the glasses. The mouse-color, mule-like head, and enormous ears, measuring eleven and twelve inches in height (which is twice the size of the ear of the other zebra), give Grevy's zebra the appearance of a large, graceful wild ass. The gaits of the two zebra are quite different, and instead of the sharp, barking challenge of Burchell's zebra, the larger animal brays more like a domestic ass.

My friend had shot a fine Grevy's stallion the day after we arrived at the Guaso Maru, and the day after the unsuccessful buffalo-hunt I determined to devote in securing a specimen or specimens of this wild horse. By the aid of the field-glasses I could see numerous herds of zebra and oryx on the plains five miles distant on the opposite side of the river. Fording the sluggish stream after a hot march over the dusty plain, I found myself among quantities of game. As both oryx and zebra would allow me to approach to within two to four hundred yards before cantering toward the hills in clouds of dust, I had abundant opportunities of looking over the herds for the animals I was seeking, but was disappointed to find that the zebra were all of the smaller species. Nevertheless, toward noon I was rewarded for my persistence by discovering three Grevy's zebra—a stallion, mare, and colt—feeding with a herd of Burchell's zebra. The game on the plain had become thoroughly alarmed by this time, with the result that I was obliged to tramp after this herd for an hour before the three animals I sought finally separated from the others. Then my task became much easier. Crawling up behind one of the fantastically shaped red ant-hills that dotted the arid plain, I secured a carefully aimed shot at the stallion broadside at two hundred yards. At the rifle report the animal galloped madly across the plain for several hundred yards, pranced around on its hind legs, pawing the air with its fore-feet like a trained circus-horse for several minutes, and then went down in a kicking

heap. Discovering that this was a fine specimen of an adult stallion, I started the men at skinning the entire animal.

As the skinning progressed I had a good opportunity to observe the actions of the vultures, which commenced to appear in the clear, blue sky ten minutes after the report of the rifle. Some writer has stated that it was his opinion that these birds police the entire sky-line of Africa. At any rate, out of the blue heavens first one and then another circling black dot appeared, until, three-quarters of an hour later, a circle of dozens of buzzards, marabout storks, and several kinds of vultures were sitting, walking, or hopping about on the plain within a radius of seventy-five yards of the busy Swahilis. In addition to this, the sky above was filled with the huge, circling birds, with others constantly arriving from every direction. We had not travelled one hundred yards from what remained of the zebra when it was covered by a mass of flapping brown wings, and half an hour later nothing would remain but the cleaned bones of the animal. During that night even these would be crunched up and devoured by the powerful jaws of the hyenas, and the next morning the plain would be as bare as before the tragedy.

I spent the remainder of that day in camp supervising the preparing of skins. Some of the men had discovered a nest full of young green parrots (*Genus polocephalus*) in a palm near the tents, which they chopped down, and secured these comical-appearing fledglings for the amusement of the camp. They had also captured some of the numerous marabout storks, which stalked about the borders of camp, by baiting them with a piece of meat attached to a long string. When the voracious birds had swallowed the bait they were dragged into camp hand over hand. These solemn-looking storks were staked out among the shelter-tents of the porters, and as far as I could discover the Swahilis let hunger get so much the better of them that they afterward stewed and devoured these unsavory birds.

A GERENUK

That night my gun-bearer, who had spent the day in searching for a pair of field-glasses which I had lost in the buffalo-hunt of the previous day, reported having seen fresh signs of these animals in the bush. Early next morning I accordingly started on another buffalo-hunt, but meeting a pair of rhinos at the edge of the bush I killed the cow, which had the better horns of the two. Not having enough men with me to turn over the carcass of this beast in order to skin the head, I was obliged to send to camp for more men, which caused a long delay and prevented my hunting farther in the bush. It was after two o'clock in the afternoon when we started with the head toward camp, and as we left the carcass, which was hidden in a thicket, not a vulture had yet appeared in the sky.

As we had heard lions roaring regularly at night in this vicinity, I had hopes of surprising some of these felines feeding at the carcass at dawn the next morning if the vultures had not found and finished it by that time. I arose before daylight, had breakfast by candle-light, and started through the dew-covered grass toward the scene as the first rays of the sun were lighting up the eastern sky. On arriving at the spot in the bush I found every tree within hundreds of feet loaded down with buzzards, vultures, and marabout storks. As I approached the carcass a cloud of these large brown birds flapped up, and numerous jackals slunk away from the cleanly picked bones of the rhinoceros.

Much disgusted, we continued into the bush, and soon found the fresh tracks of a small herd of buffalo, which included one large bull. Except in marshy places or deep sand, such heavy animals as eland or buffalo leave surprisingly little sign, and following these buffalo tracks in the short grass was slow and tedious work. However, we stuck to them until well on in the afternoon, and discovering that they were heading for a distant blue range of hills, we turned wearily campward.

In tracking large game through the thorn-bush we saw many interesting sights. Frequently we would see flocks of large and very brilliantly colored vulturine guinea-fowl (*Acryllum vulturinum*) stealing along the ground ahead of us. Dik-diks, impala, and gerenuk were frequently seen, but heretofore I had not fired at any of these in the thick bush for fear of alarming the larger game that we were following. The gerenuk (*Gazella walleri*) is a very shy and peculiar-looking gazelle which usually inhabits the densest thickets. The males are larger than Grant's gazelle, with long, slender legs and a graceful neck several feet in length, topped with the miniature features of a llama, and beautifully ringed, black, lyre-shaped horns. The bucks are light claret in color, and the females resemble them in appearance, with the exception that they are hornless and light-fawn colored. When feeding on the foliage of small trees in the bush, these gazelles stand upright on their hind feet, and in the distance have the appearance of slender yellow poles. When alarmed they gallop with their long necks stretched out at an angle, like a giraffe, giving them a weird and uncanny appearance.

Toiling along toward camp late that afternoon, one of the men pointed out four doe gerenuk loping across the plain toward the edge of the thick bush several hundred yards distant. For a few moments these does formed a motionless group at the edge of the green thicket, until a fine buck, which had been feeding farther out on the plain, galloped to where they were standing. Here it stood motionless for one brief, fatal moment to be cut short by the spiteful crack of smokeless powder, which caused the small band to bound into the cover of the bush. Running forward, I had occasional glimpses of the head and horns of the buck moving through the bushes ahead, but I did not realize how badly it was crippled until it struggled out into the open plain. Then I discovered that the bullet had cut off both front legs at the knee. A shout of de-

FUGUET AND A KIRK'S DIK-DIK

KIKUYU AND GRANT'S GAZELLE HEADS

light from the blacks heralded this discovery, but, even handicapped as it was, this swift gazelle gave them a spirited run of six hundred yards out in the open plain before they overtook and finished it. The horns measured five and one-quarter inches around the base of each; length of right, fifteen and three-quarter inches; length of left, sixteen and one-quarter inches; distance between tips, six and one-half inches.

Early the next morning we broke camp and marched down the banks of the Guaso Maru to its junction with the wide, deep, and swift-running Guaso Nyiro, and then up its southern bank for many miles. Farther to the east this volume of water is said to pour into Lorian Swamp and find its outlet underground. On this march I was travelling several hundred yards from and parallel with the line of porters, when my gun-bearer pointed out a group of four does and one buck gerenuk in the bush ahead. With slender necks stretched in the air as they suspiciously watched our approach, the band of fawn-colored does and rich claret-colored buck formed a striking group at the edge of a thicket three hundred yards away. At the first shot I succeeded in breaking the shoulder of the buck, which presented a very slender target at that distance.

Abandoned by the startled does, the wounded gazelle limped painfully away through the bushes, followed by the two of us at our best pace. I managed to keep the crippled buck in sight for about half a mile, and then was unfortunate enough to stumble into a jackal's den hidden by the matted grass underfoot. In a nasty fall I lost the lens from one part of my field-glasses, and failing to find it after half an hour's search, I continued through the bush in the general direction taken by the gerenuk. A few hundred yards farther the keen eye of my gun-bearer detected the lyre-shaped horns of the buck as it lay hidden in the long grass awaiting the approach of pursuit. Leaving Myzzio to watch from where he was crouch-

ing, I crawled up to the wounded animal from the opposite direction, and at a distance of three yards dropped it in its tracks as it struggled to regain its feet. The horns of this gerenuk measured as follows: Length of right, fifteen inches; base circumference, five inches; length of left, fourteen and one-half inches; circumference, five inches; distance between the tips, four and three-quarter inches. The horns of seven bucks of this gazelle, which we brought from Africa, varied comparatively little in length and circumference; twelve and three-eighth inches and sixteen and one-quarter inches, and four and one-half inches and five and three-quarter inches, were respectively the extreme measurements. However, these different sets of horns varied a great deal in shape, and the distance between the tips varied from two and one-half inches to six and one-half inches.

After three hours of hard travelling we overtook the head of the column, which was moving along a portion of the valley covered with thousands of grazing goats and sheep under the guard of Samburu shepherds. Late in the afternoon we camped near the river-bank under some large trees, among the branches of which we had glimpses of several playful green monkeys. At this season of the year it rained hard a number of times each day, and the atmosphere was very humid, with the result that it was necessary to devote some time each day to the drying and preservation of skins. Early the next morning found the two of us scouring the country in different directions for game. I travelled through thick bush for several hours, jumping several gerenuk and almost stumbling over a sleeping rhino, but when I reached the open, rolling country back from the river I found it covered by the herds of sheep and goats of the Samburu.

On returning campward that afternoon I met Fuguet, who had succeeded in shooting a cock ostrich. He and his gun-bearer had plucked the best plumes of the bird, but in a country

A TWELVE-FOOT PYTHON

covered with thorny scrub the plumage of ostriches, at their best, presents a decidedly frayed and dilapidated appearance. Along the hills bordering the river was a stretch of bush in which, during the morning, I had jumped numerous dik-dik. As I was tramping through this on my return to camp that evening with a double-barrel shot-gun in my hands, two of these diminutive antelopes started out of the grass at my feet, and I succeeded in dropping one with my left barrel. It proved to be a buck of Kirk's dik-dik (*Madoqua kirkei*), possessing small, flattened, spiral horns two and a quarter inches in length, and had been killed by one buckshot passing through the shoulders. In this country there was also another dik-dik, of which we shot several specimens later. It was of the same size but much lighter in color, with a very prominent proboscis. This was probably one of the Somali dik-diks, but unfortunately the skins were lost, and naming it from the skulls alone was not conclusive.

The next morning Fuguet and I, with ten porters and a light camping outfit, left the main camp for several days' hunting down the river. Below the junction of the Guaso Maru wide, grassy flats extended from the river to the low, bush-covered hills, and in these meadows herds of waterbuck and impala were feeding. But there were very few bulls among the waterbuck, and all the game was wild. We each secured long-range shots at a bull with a fair head, but I failed to score, and Fuguet crippled but lost the waterbuck he fired at. At noon we camped beside a clear, limestone spring, which was the first water we had seen for weeks that was not the color and consistency of chocolate. A short hunt in the afternoon was unproductive of results. I was attempting to stalk a bull waterbuck in some reeds when the actions of an inquisitive rhino, which had winded me, alarmed the game and forced me to make a hasty retreat to the shelter of the nearest trees. At daylight I started up the flats along the river, in hopes of securing a

good waterbuck head. But in two hours of hunting along the banks I saw only numerous female waterbuck, a troop of baboons, and a solitary rhino drinking on the opposite shore of the stream. Then I walked southward through dense bush until I reached the level, grassy plains beyond, when I climbed a tall dead acacia to look over the country with the glasses.

Numerous zebra were grazing in every direction with the exception of the east, where large herds of native cattle were being driven southward enveloped in clouds of red dust. The distant lowing of these black-and-white herds was wafted to us by the light morning breeze, and was continually interrupted by the barking challenge of the zebra about us. As we needed meat for the men, I determined to shoot a zebra, and, sheltered by an ant-hill, crawled to within one hundred and fifty yards of a herd of twenty of these animals. Selecting a large stallion to one side of the herd, I took careful aim and fired, only to see it gallop away with the remainder of the herd. I followed in their wake for several hundred yards, until they stopped about two hundred yards distant, and when the stallion trotted out to one side to gain a better view of the pursuer it dropped in its tracks, shot through the heart.

Leaving the three Swahilis to skin, cut up and carry the meat of the zebra to camp, I continued the hunt, accompanied by three Samburu, who had insisted on starting with us in the morning. Several hours later I was leading the way along a narrow game trail, which wound through a strip of tropical jungle bordering a small stream, when I almost trod upon what I judged was a large poisonous puff-adder. This repulsive reptile, which was about to strike, was about four feet long, very thick, and of the color of an unhealthy toad. When I attempted to point it out to the savages they leaned on their spears, and grinned and laughed at the jokes they thought the white man was telling them in his foreign tongue. Suddenly

AFRICAN SCENERY

the eyes of one of these warriors happened to fall upon the object of my excited discourse. He emitted a yell of terror, and, followed by his two companions, bolted for fifty yards. These natives were so upset by the sight of this snake that they refused to cross the stream until we reached the next path through the foliage, half a mile beyond. Contrary to the stories about tropical jungles, during our wanderings in Africa I saw only two snakes beside this one. One of these was a small green tree-snake which I grasped in my hand for a branch in an elephant-hunt on the slopes of Mount Kenia. The other was a large torpid python which Fuguet and I almost walked into during a lion-hunt along the Thika River. We shot this last snake, which measured twelve feet in length, and had recently crushed and swallowed a duikerbuck. In all three cases the natives accompanying us had shown great fright, due, I believe, to the fact that they seldom see these reptiles.

Shortly after crossing this stream I spied a Grevy's zebra walking toward us, and when it stopped between the tree-trunks, one hundred and fifty yards distant, to stare at us, I crippled it in the shoulder at the first shot. It hobbled away, and managed to keep just beyond range until approaching darkness obliged us to abandon the chase and doubtless leave it for the hyenas.

Toward evening Fuguet returned to camp from a long trip down the bank of the Guaso Nyiro, reporting a rough and almost impassable lava formation, so we decided to abandon our efforts in that direction. He had seen large quantities of game, mostly oryx, giraffe, and zebra, and had shot a fair bull waterbuck and a good gerenuk. We decided to move over to our former camp, on the Guaso Maru, in order to take toll out of a small herd of Grevy's zebra which ranged in the locality. We had not disturbed this herd, as we had expected to find these zebra in greater quantities farther up the Guaso Nyiro; but the presence of so many goats and sheep along the river had made us sceptical of

again meeting this animal. However, we did find them again several days' journey farther up the stream.

Early the next morning, armed with the light rifle and accompanied by Myzzio with a shot-gun, I took a short-cut through the bush to the Guaso Maru. We had not travelled two miles until we heard two buffaloes get up in the midst of the thick bush, and I cursed the luck that had made me leave the heavy rifle with the caravan. For hours we followed these two animals through the bush under a hot sun. During the morning I had several indistinct glimpses of black forms crashing through the thickets, and succeeded in wounding one of these beasts twice. Early in the afternoon their tracks led us down into the Guaso Nyiro, which at this point was a swift, swollen, chocolate-colored stream one hundred and fifty yards wide with the probability of crocodiles lurking in its depths. During the chase in this stretch of bush I had almost stumbled into parties of rhinos three times, and being lightly armed had been obliged to sneak around these beasts before again picking up the buffalo tracks. We reached camp by dark, having seen many female waterbuck and impala, and a large migrating band of oryx which contained over a hundred of these antelopes, quite tame, and travelling in a dense column. The light-colored mass of these brilliantly marked and beautiful animals, topped with hundreds of long, straight, slender horns, was a very striking and interesting sight.

At daylight the next morning Fuguet and I started out through the wet grass, and within an hour located our herd of a dozen zebra grazing in the centre of a grassy plain. After crawling in the wake of the herd for over an hour we were at last discovered by one of the sentinels, and obliged to fire at two hundred and fifty yards' distance. As the reports of the rifles rang out the startled zebras dashed about in all directions, and we hurried forward, shooting as we ran. As I passed the first zebra I had fired at it was struggling on three legs with a

shattered shoulder, and I knelt down in the grass to fire at the retreating animals. As I did so a shout from one of our followers caused me to look quickly over my shoulder in time to see the wounded mare struggling toward me with teeth bared, ears laid back, and broken leg swinging in the air as it charged. I lost no time in taking several leaps to one side, and dropped the zebra with a shot through the heart when it stopped after failing to reach me. The Swahilis have great fear of the bite of a wounded zebra, and it is the last animal they care to approach to finish according to the rites of the Mohammedan faith.

Fuguet continued on after a badly wounded zebra, while I remained behind to superintend the skinning and cutting up. Although living in the same character of thorn-bush country as the oryx, rhino, and giraffe, the zebra, unlike these animals, which are thick-skinned as a protection, has a very thin and tender hide, easily ruined by the carelessly handled knives of the blacks.

That afternoon, while I strolled through the orchard-like country west of camp in search of impala, the Swahili behind me clutched my sleeve and excitedly pointed into the foliage of an acacia several yards ahead, whispering the Swahili word for leopard—"*Chui.*" So well did the protective coloring of this big cat harmonize with the light and shade among the thorny branches, that I did not see it until it dropped like a yellow flash into the high grass underneath the tree in which it had been watching. On approaching the foot of the acacia we discovered the pungent odor of carnivora and the partially devoured remains of a female gerenuk. In the top branches of a near-by tree we located the untouched remains of a fawn neatly hung between two limbs. This was the only leopard or sign of this cat that either of us saw in this country, although we saw and shot several servals—a smaller but not so brilliantly spotted feline.

Fuguet returned to camp toward dusk, reporting that after following the wounded zebra for hours he made a cautious stalk to where he could see what he thought was the animal partially concealed behind bushes. On shooting it he discovered, to his disgust, that it was a very sick and mangy Burchell's zebra instead of the one he had been following. It was surprising that among such quantities of game we seldom saw or shot sickly or diseased animals. We shot animals which had been gored in fights with their own kind, or bore marks from attacks by the carnivora, but I imagine that the beasts of prey which followed the herds of game killed the weak and sickly before we had a chance. Several miles from camp Fuguet had killed an eland out of a large herd of these antelopes which he had discovered resting near the pinnacle. The next morning we marched to our main camp, and from there up the south bank of the Guaso Nyiro to new hunting-grounds.

We were sorry to leave the country in the vicinity of palm-bordered Guaso Maru, which for variety and numbers of game surpassed any portion of British East Africa we visited. In the vicinity of this stream we either saw or noticed signs of the following mammals: Green monkey, a large brown mongoose, rock-baboon, hyrax, porcupine, jackal, spotted hyena, leopard, lion, two species of dik-dik and several other small antelopes, Grant's gazelle, gerenuk, impala, oryx, waterbuck, eland, Burchell's zebra, Grevy's zebra, giraffe, buffalo, and rhinoceros. Within several days' march from this camp were: Guereza monkey, serval, hunting-dog, wart-hog, duikerbuck, klipspringer, bushbuck, Thomson's gazelle, Jackson's hartebeest, lesser kudu, hippo, and elephant. Our combined bag during the sixteen days we travelled and hunted in the vicinity of the Guaso Maru consisted of a dik-dik, an impala, an ostrich, a waterbuck, eight Grant's gazelles, six gerenuk, four oryx, two Burchell's zebras, three Grevy's zebras, a giraffe, an eland, and two rhinoceroses.

PART III

IN THE WAKE OF THE PACK-TRAIN

I

ELK[1] AND ANTELOPE HUNTING IN WYOMING

DAWN, with its accompaniment of camp-fire smoke, rattling of pans and pots, and odor of frying bacon, brought a sound sleeper reluctantly from warm blankets to gaze upon a frosty Rocky Mountain landscape. Having left behind the small Mormon settlement of Wilson, in Jackson's Hole, three days before, Charlie Wilson and I had ridden to the western slope of the Gros Ventre Mountains, taking three heavily laden pack-horses, and had camped the evening before on picturesque Granite Creek.

About three-quarters of a mile above us the waters of the creek gushed out of a granite cañon in a beautiful water-fall, swept by our camp, and were lost to view in the sage-flats below, eventually to join the south fork of the Snake *via* Hoback's River. On either side of the stream the wide sage-brush flats terminated in rolling mountains covered with a growth of high weeds, bunch-grass, and timber. Farther up the cañon

[1] The Indian name, "wapiti," is more accurate than the word "elk," which is the term applied to the animal in Northern Europe corresponding to the North American moose, which derives its name from an Algonquin word meaning "wood-eater." The prong-buck, sometimes called "prong-horned antelope," is not a true antelope, but is the only member of a family known as the *Antilocapridæ*. The prong-buck sheds its horns, while all the true antelopes belong to the family *Bovidæ*, in which the horns, when present, are non-deciduous. The two terms, "elk" and "antelope," are so commonly used in America to describe both these animals that I have made use of them in this article instead of the proper nomenclature.

jagged white and gray peaks and pinnacles of chalk and granite were shimmering in the light of the rising sun.

This was September 1, 1900, the opening day of the big-game season in Wyoming for that year, and Charlie was already watching a distant band of elk with the field-glasses while the neglected bacon had burned to a crisp in the frying-pan. After breakfast we saddled our two picketed riding-horses, and rode across the flats and up the mountain-side toward the distant band of elk. When the slopes became too steep for comfortable riding, we dismounted and climbed upward, leading the horses by the bridle.

An hour after starting, while we were scrambling along the side of a timbered ravine, Charley suddenly stopped and pointed to two spike-horns, or yearling bull elk, which were gazing at us about fifty yards distant. Realizing that we must be in the vicinity of the main band, we did not care to alarm these two animals, so waited motionless for a quarter of an hour until they had disappeared over the ridge, stopping to gaze at us every few yards of their retreat. We now left our horses, and, crawling around the slope of a gray butte, found ourselves peering over a fallen tree at a band of about twenty-five elk in the scattered timber a hundred yards distant. Some were lying down and others feeding, while the bull, which carried a ten-point head, was rubbing one of its sides against a spruce within seventy yards of where we crouched. Charlie whispered that we would see bulls with larger heads during the day, so we crept back to the horses without alarming the band. When we reached the top of the ridge we found a striking panorama of mountain-peaks and deep cañons spread out before us.

As we sat on our horses and gazed upon the beautiful scene, it all at once dawned upon me that what I had imagined to be a collection of the white chalk rocks of the country, showing above the brown weeds a hundred yards distant, were the rumps of about twenty feeding antelope. All these animals

A WYOMING TROPHY

were in full flight before I had dismounted and pulled my rifle from its holster, and the buck of the band topped the rise and disappeared in spite of four hastily fired shots from the .30-.40 Winchester I was carrying. Shortly afterward we heard three distant rifle-shots, and it was not long until Charlie discovered a large band of elk heading in our direction. There were probably one hundred and fifty of these animals, and being several miles distant, and continually disappearing from view in the depressions, the band resembled a long brown serpent writhing toward us. Our interest was centred on the elk—when they should reach the crest of the next parallel ridge a mile distant and separated from the one which we were on by a deep rocky cañon. Here they could either cross to where we were watching, or continue along the ridge they were on to the point where it met our ridge and both died away in the black timber far below us. When the first few elk appeared on the crest they started down toward the timber at a fast trot, and, putting the spurs to our horses, we galloped along the ridge to intercept them. When the slope became too precipitous and the pace too slow we dismounted, and attempted to pull our horses after us. This ended in our finally leaving the animals standing dejectedly on the mountain-side and continuing our course on foot.

A small, isolated clump of quaking asp stood in the last open slope, and we slipped into these as the first elk were climbing out of the creek-bottom below. About two hundred yards distant, at the edge of the timber, both ridges ended in a small meadow. With heads thrown forward, the whole band streamed through this at a fast walk. Steadying the rifle in the fork of a quaking asp, I covered in succession several large bulls whose antlers towered above the moving stream of elk, but Charlie advised waiting for the largest bull, which should bring up the rear of the band. When all of the animals, with the exception of two cows, had disappeared in

the timber, the light-colored, big bull of the band slowly climbed out of the creek-bottom, and, stopping broadside in the meadow, started to bugle. The report of the rifle cut short the first few bars of music, and caused both bull and cows to dash into the timber immediately. As the former leaped a huge windfall within the edge of the trees I fired again, and both of us scrambled down the slope. Charlie started to look at the ground for blood, while I hurried about a hundred yards into the gloom of the spruces and stopped to listen. Immediately I heard the rattling of antlers against tree-trunks ahead of me, and, following the sound, found the elk in its last struggles. It had collapsed as it was leaping an enormous slanting log on the slope, and it had slid down this and firmly lodged between two tree-trunks, where it was feebly shaking its antlers from side to side. A shot at close range ended its struggles, and I had leisure to examine a fine twelve-point head. The first shot had pierced its lungs, while the second had grazed its neck. Charlie started at the work of skinning, and I ascended the mountain, to find the horses in exactly the same position in which we had left them in our hurried descent.

Near the scene of the killing was one of the alkali licks common to this country. It consisted of an extensive pocket in the blue-clay hillside, worn, in the course of years, by the licking and trampling of thousands of elk and antelope. Later in the afternoon, when we were slowly leading the two horses, loaded with the head and some of the meat of the elk, along an open hillside near camp, we jumped a band of about fifteen antelope which were feeding in a slight depression below us. Unfortunately for the buck of the band, these animals, in order to get to higher ground, circled us about two hundred yards distant. After a struggle to extract my rifle from the holster —my horse being nervous from the scent of the blood—I fired two shots at the running buck, which was bringing up the rear of the rapidly vanishing antelope. It would be hard to

state whether Charlie or I was the more surprised to see the buck collapse at the second shot and roll forty yards down the slope, where it lodged in a clump of sage-brush. It proved to have quite a fine head, and had been killed instantly by the bullet severing the spine in the region of the withers.

On awakening the next morning we discovered that a change in the wind had banked the dense smoke from surrounding forest fires to such extent in the valley that it was difficult to breathe and impossible to see fifty yards. To an accompaniment of coughing and sneezing from man and beast we hurriedly packed the horses, and three hours later topped the next range of hills, leaving all traces of the fire behind. All that morning we travelled along dusty game-trails through a beautiful rolling country, sighting bands of antelope in the distance several times and jumping three mule-deer out of a small gulch. One of these was a large buck with a fine head of antlers which passed out of sight before I got to my rifle. During the afternoon we climbed steadily upward through forests of spruce, and camped at dark in a picturesque yellow meadow filling the crater of a long extinct volcano. That night coyotes serenaded our camp, and it seemed that the strains of their weird chorus had just died away when I was awakened by the ambitious Charlie and persuaded to pull on my boots and crawl out into the approaching daylight. Between mouthfuls of cold coffee he explained that elk were moving around us in all directions, but even an occasional bugle of a distant bull failed to lend interest to the occasion for me, as with empty stomachs we struck out through the frosty grass to the rim of the crater. It was now daylight, and we discovered a large band in the timber that covered the slopes of the crater; but so rapidly were these animals feeding along the mountain-side that it was an hour before we overtook them. We were in the midst of the elk before we realized it, but finding that the bull carried a com-

paratively small head of antlers we continued on down into the valley.

Following the sounds made by another band of elk in travelling through the timber, we suddenly came upon these latter in a small meadow at a distance of forty yards. Evidently the large bull of this band had been recently killed, as the leader of these fifteen or twenty cow elk was merely a two-year-old bull. The sun was now quite high, and we struck out for the opposite slopes of the valley, where we had heard several bulls challenging during the morning. We forded the cold, swift waters of the creek and travelled along a dusty game-trail which led diagonally up the opposite slope. We soon discovered six cows, which had evidently scented us, climbing the mountain-side ahead, and we sat down on a log to watch them with the field-glasses. We were so intent on gazing at these that it was not until they had got three hundred yards distant that we discovered a large, light-colored bull with heavy, wide-spreading antlers slowly climbing in their wake. The first three shots I fired were misses, owing to the fact that I had only indistinct glimpses of the elk as it passed through the timber, but at the fourth report it stumbled to its knees. Then it staggered to its feet and exposed the other side, whereupon I fired again, causing it to plunge out of sight in a dry gully. Laboriously climbing up the bed of the ravine, we were almost knocked down by the wounded animal as it struggled down the mountain with one shoulder smashed and the other fore-leg cut off about the knee. I followed it several hundred yards down into the valley, until I had a chance to finish it with a shot through the neck. This bull had a larger body and better set of antlers than the first one secured. The peculiar white appearance of this elk was due to a thick coating of white alkali mud, plastered on while the animal was rolling in a lick which we discovered near the scene of its death, and in which it had evidently been disturbed by our approach. The re-

CHARLIE WILSON AND ELK HEAD

mainder of the day was spent in leading a pack-horse down into the cañon and transporting the head to camp.

The following day we moved camp above the timber-line and spent ten days in an unsuccessful big-horn hunt. During this time, although we saw about sixty small rams, ewes, and lambs, we were unable to locate the old rams, which were off by themselves at this season of the year. We discovered one band of about a dozen mule-deer, including two good bucks, in the distance, and saw numbers of elk every day that we hunted. At one time we crept quite close to two large bull elk which were battling in a secluded glade for the possession of a small band of cows quietly feeding around the outskirts of the struggle. When the cows scented us they broke into flight at once, but before stampeding the two bulls carefully backed away from each other in order to avoid any entangling of antlers, and then trotted away in different directions. At another time we drove the pack-horses to within one hundred and twenty-five yards of where a band of about one hundred and fifty of these animals were lying down on the rocks of the perfectly bare top of a flat mountain. I counted six large, twelve-point bulls among them, and the whole band seemed reluctant to leave this spot, where they had been taking their mid-day siesta. In fact, we thought that one bull was either dead or injured, inasmuch as it allowed one of the pack-horses to approach within a few yards of where it was stretched out before it lurched to its feet and trotted away in the wake of the band.

One evening about the middle of September, after a two days' journey from the top of the range, we pitched camp in the cottonwoods on the banks of Hoback's River. Our object in coming down into the Hoback Basin was to try to secure some antelope heads, as well as a supply of fresh meat. Beyond a few grouse, I had shot nothing for nearly two weeks. As we were preparing camp for the night a stranger rode up on a white

horse, threw the reins of its bridle over its head, and sat down by the fire to converse with us. Our five hobbled horses were grazing near the tent when they perceived the white animal approaching. Then, for some unknown reason, they stampeded madly across the country, followed and urged on by the friendly saddle-horse. Charlie and the stranger immediately started after them on foot, and followed them late into the night without overtaking them. The next morning the three of us started out horse-hunting. About noon Charlie found our horses in an exhausted condition in a gully ten miles distant, removed the hobbles, and drove them into camp. Of the stranger we heard nothing further, but two horsemen from the surveying party with whom he had been encamped, a number of miles down the valley, rode in that afternoon to inquire whether he had been murdered. They informed us that they had found his horse bridled and saddled, with the rifle in its scabbard.

That evening found our tired pack-train enveloped in a cloud of suffocating white dust in the sage-brush covered flat of a tributary of the river, which wound tortuously through a country of weird-shaped pinnacles and buttes of red sandstone. Suddenly rounding a gayly colored butte, we came upon a grassy pocket in the hills, which was occupied by two bunches of antelope and a band of probably fifty elk. Slipping from our horses, Charlie and I crawled through some sage-brush toward the nearest band of antelope, which contained about fifteen animals. As they passed us at full speed in an undulating line about two hundred and fifty yards distant, we fired simultaneously. At the report of both rifles the bounding line of antelope bunched up for a few moments, and then stretched out again into the sunset. Four white legs kicking spasmodically in the air told us that we had fresh meat, and on reaching the spot we found one down, shot through the shoulders. We needed meat so badly that we had resolved to take no chances

of one man missing his animal. We immediately camped in the creek-bottom and had a hearty meal of antelope tenderloin and steaks within three-quarters of an hour after killing the game. I might add that while I enjoyed this meal, I have never cared for the taste of antelope venison since.

Daylight the next morning found the two of us riding up the ridge back of camp, scanning the distant swells with the field-glasses for the sight of game. During the entire day we rode leisurely through a beautiful, gently rolling, grass country. The monotony of the short brown grass was broken occasionally by green creek-bottoms and groves of quaking asp. Everywhere were the deep-cut trails, wallows, and bleached skulls of the former herds of bison, also the shed antlers of the elk which occupied this range when the snow in the mountains became too deep during the winter. Occasionally a flock of sage-grouse would sail over the nearest swell, or a pair of skulking coyotes would be seen in the distance. Antelope in bands of from four or five to as many as forty were in sight continuously. At this season of the year they were migrating to their winter range on the Red Desert to the east, where the winds kept the ground comparatively bare of snow during the winter. In spite of the number of antelope seen during a day, owing to their keen eyesight and vigilance, it was quite difficult to secure shots, except at very long range.

About three o'clock, returning to our horses from an unsuccessful crawl after a band of about twenty of these animals, we noticed a fine buck trotting along a parallel ridge, and crouched down on the grass, hoping that it would come within range. Fortune smiled this time, as it trotted up to within one hundred and twenty-five yards, stopped broadside, and immediately went down in a kicking heap at the report of my rifle. While we were occupied in skinning the antelope, a second

buck approached to within the same distance and was gazing at us head-on when we discovered it. The bullet that I sent after it must have grazed its head, as it turned a somersault, but recovered itself immediately and disappeared over the horizon like a dun-and-white streak.

Mounted on fresh saddle-horses, the next morning we again started over the brown swells of the basin. An hour later we were cautiously crawling along a ridge toward where the white rumps of a band of feeding antelope showed above the grass. Noticing a buck walking toward them from our right, we lay motionless and allowed it to approach within one hundred and fifty yards, where it stopped broadside for a few moments. My first shot threw up a spurt of dust just beyond it, but at the second report the antelope ran frantically for a couple of hundred yards, then pitched over the top of a slight rise. A cloud of red dust marked its disappearance, and, hurrying forward, we found it about one hundred yards down the next slope; it had been shot through the lungs. One band of antelope which we alarmed on our return to camp furnished us with a good laugh by stampeding into a flock of sage-grouse. As the large birds flew up in a whirring mass in the midst of the antelope, these startled animals radiated in all directions with terrific bounds, like sparks from an anvil, and then collected again and disappeared over the horizon with a fresh burst of speed.

We arrived in camp about one o'clock, seeing numerous antelope on the way, and spent the afternoon in skinning heads. The next morning we started for the settlements. En route we saw numerous elk and antelope, and I succeeded in shooting a large specimen of a coyote which visited camp one rainy morning. We reached Charlie's ranch, in Jackson's Hole, about September 25th, after an interesting and enjoyable month in what at that time was one of the best game countries in Western United States.

The measurements of the horns of the antelope and antlers of the elk secured on this trip were as follows:

	Length on outer curve		Circumference at base		Spread from tip to tip	Number of Points
	Right	Left	Right	Left		
1. Antelope	15	14¾	6	5¾	4¼	—
2. Antelope	13¾	13½	5¾	5½	5½	—
3. Antelope	10½	12	5¼	5¼	11¾	—
1. Elk	50	50	8½	9	31½	12
2. Elk	51	51½	8¾	8¾	33½	12

II

SPORT IN THE GOLD RANGE

AFTER two days' travelling along dusty but well-kept roads from the small village of Vernon, British Columbia, at dusk of an evening early in November, 1900, our pack-train reached Cherry Creek. Here the ranch of my guide, Dell Thomas, was situated, among the high, timbered mountains of the Gold Range. The next day, while Dell was arranging some details about his affairs before starting with me on our proposed trip to Sugar Lake after goats, his father and I rode out from the ranch-house on a deer-hunt, accompanied by his favorite hunting-dog—a collie. We trotted our horses along the partially settled valley of the creek for several miles, and then climbed up along a cattle-trail through the pines to some bunch-grass slopes, where we expected to find the blacktail deer at this season of the year.

Several hours later, while picking our way along the grassy slopes of a steep-side cañon, we made out four does strung in a line and gazing at us from about two hundred yards farther up the cañon. As fresh meat was needed at the ranch-house, I dismounted and fired my .30-.40 Winchester at the nearest of them, whereupon all four deer bounded down the slope. However, before they disappeared among the pines, we noticed that one was evidently hard hit and struggling desperately to keep up with its companions. At a signal from Thomas the eager collie started down the slope in the wake of the crippled deer, and for half an hour we sat in our saddles and listened to the

sounds of the chase as they drifted up to us. Then my companion, who had noticed a change in the tone of the barking, stated that the doe at last had been pulled down, and we descended on foot into the depths of the cañon. We eventually discovered the dog sitting beside the carcass of the deer, which it had pulled down and killed in the shallow water of the creek. A bullet-hole through the shoulders, too far back to be fatal, indicated my share in the chase, while several long gashes about the neck and shoulders told of the short but violent struggle between dog and deer.

We cut up the game and carried it to the horses, then mounted and rode to the crest of the mountain, which was thickly covered with small spruces. Here we found snow under a noisy crust, and although we hunted carefully on foot, and (as indicated by tracks) jumped numerous blacktail, I saw only one large buck. While stealing through a thicket of saplings I spied the head, antlers, and large ears of this animal faintly outlined through a network of small branches forty yards distant. I calculated where the shoulders of the buck should be, and fired. Running forward after the shot, we found quantities of blood on the snow and immediately released the collie on the trail. We followed the tracks of dog and buck down to where the snow failed us, but did not see or hear anything more of our canine companion during the rest of the day. The next morning, when our pack-train left the ranch en route for Sugar Lake, the dog had not yet appeared. The old man did not seem at all worried, but remarked that it had probably pulled down the wounded buck, and would wait beside the carcass until disgusted and then return to the ranch.

During the morning we jogged along a desultory wagon-road, and all the afternoon followed a Siwash trail paralleling the banks of the swift-running Smallumaheen River, which flowed out of Sugar Lake. Late in the afternoon found Dell and me riding some distance ahead of the outfit through the thickets

of second-growth pine which bordered the banks of this stream. Behind us we could occasionally hear the indistinct sounds of shouting and profanity as the packer and cook drove the weary pack-train around the numerous windfalls in the winding trail. Suddenly we had several fleeting glimpses of the white rumps of two deer bounding between the low pines ahead. We dismounted, and hurried to the banks of the river in time to see a buck and doe swimming in midstream toward the opposite shore. At the report of the rifle the buck, which was bringing up the rear, went completely under, and then, reappearing, swam to the far shore, where it struggled in the shallow water with a broken back. The doe splashed out of the stream, and in a couple of bounds disappeared in the cover of the thickets on the opposite side. Finding it impossible to land, owing to its paralyzed hind-quarters, the wounded deer again struggled to the middle of the river, and was rapidly carried down-stream with the current while Dell and I followed along the banks. Several hundred yards farther down the crippled buck floundered into the shallow water on our side of the stream. At that I shot it again. Then we both waded into the cold, swift water, and secured the feebly struggling animal before it was washed away by the current. It was after dark when we camped in a small marsh at the outlet of the lake, but at daylight we packed our horses and started around its borders.

We spent all the morning travelling six miles to the mouth of Sitkem Creek, as we were obliged to cut a trail through spruce thickets for almost all of this distance. On the other side of this stream we pitched camp on a wide beach of fine white sand which was covered with numerous wolf and deer tracks. Sugar Lake is a beautiful round sheet of water nestling among high mountains, and was given its name from the fact that a prospector's pack-horse, loaded with sugar, had fallen from a ledge into its waters. A wide beach leads back to a growth of cottonwoods, above which a succession of black spruce ridges ter-

THE TRAIL

minates in ragged gray peaks whose crevices are filled with snow and ice during the entire year.

Early in the autumn of the previous year, while Dell had been hunting bear on one side of the cañon of Sitkem Creek, he had discovered with the field-glasses some cliffs on the opposite slope of the cañon, where goats were very plentiful and had never been disturbed. To reach these goat-cliffs was the object of the trip, and during the afternoon we arrived at the mouth of the creek Dell tried to find a way of climbing up to them. Shortly after dark he returned to camp much disgusted, stating that the snow was so far down on the mountain-side that it had prevented him from even reaching a spot where he could overlook the cliffs farther up the cañon. The next day both of us tried to get above timber-line, but after struggling through snow waist-deep for several hours abandoned the attempt, reaching camp after sunset. After some discussion that evening, we decided to attempt to reach the goat-cliffs the next day by ascending the cañon lower down on the slopes of the mountain.

It was a very still, moonlight night, and for several hours we were treated to a serenade from a pack of wolves which, screened by the thick woods, came within several hundred feet of the tent and did not leave the vicinity until near daylight. At the first sign of dawn Dell and I started out through the thickets back of the tent, dressed and equipped for light travelling and hard climbing. For several hours we ascended steadily through forests of spruce, occasionally flushing blue grouse, which flew into near-by trees, and jumping numerous deer, which we could hear but not see as they bounded away through the thick bush. Then we reached the snow, and from here on the travelling became more interesting, as the recent history of the wild life of the woods was shown by the numerous signs of its inhabitants. The snow was tracked up by a network of hare, grouse, and squirrel trails, among which zig-

zagged the imprints of the feet of that keen and ferocious hunter and enemy of smaller game, the marten. Deer sign was also quite plentiful, and in pursuit of these animals the tracks of wolf, lynx, and cougar crossed and recrossed innumerable times. Dell told me that the advent of the cougars in considerable numbers into this country was of recent occurrence, and that they had already made quite an inroad on the supply of deer. Since then he has informed me that these beasts of prey entered a near-by plateau country where formerly we had found caribou quite plentiful and had driven every one of them from that region.

When the snow became too deep for comfortable travelling we descended lower into the cañon, until at last we came to where timber was becoming scarcer, and ledges and rock-slides more plentiful. Here we had some magnificent views of the cliffs on the opposite side of the cañon, and of the narrow, silvery thread which represented Sitkem Creek winding through green forests a mile below. We commenced to find ledges which had been occupied by goats the previous winter. The pungent odor of these animals still clung to the rocks where they had lived for months in a restricted area. Then we found the wide, oval-shaped tracks of goats made in the snow weeks before, and as we continued along the ledges these became more numerous and fresher until we momentarily expected to come face to face with some of these animals. At last, while we were perched on a huge bowlder, looking over the cliffs ahead with the glasses, Dell pointed at two white spots on a slide about a mile and a half distant. These, he claimed, were goats. Then in an angle of the cliffs not three hundred yards below us we discovered four more goats, which were browsing on some bushes that grew on a narrow ledge bounded below and above by precipitous walls of rock. The shaggy white coats of these animals made them show up very conspicuously against the black rocks as they climbed over almost perpendicular cliffs in the course of feeding.

We were forcing our way through the thick brush along the top of the cliffs in order to secure a closer shot at these animals when I almost stumbled over an old billy, which had been sunning itself on the edge of the precipice. Without a sound, but with a startled look in its black eyes, it lurched to its feet from the bushes in front, and disappeared over the rim of the rocks before I could cock the rifle in my hands. Following it down a steep chute as quickly as possible for about fifteen yards, I stopped in a narrow goat-trail which wound around the face of the cliffs. Through the branches of a clump of stunted spruces which grew almost horizontally from the rocks about forty yards distant, I was able to discern portions of the white coat of the goat as it gazed back along the trail, watching me. At the report of the rifle it pitched out from the shelter of the trees, and, rolling over and over in struggling to gain its footing, disappeared over a ledge one hundred feet down the cliffs. We cautiously lowered ourselves to where we had last seen it, but one look down into the chasm into which it had fallen persuaded us that it had chosen a last resting-place which would probably have cost us our lives or limbs to discover.

BRITISH COLUMBIA BLACKTAIL-DEER HEAD

Following the goat-path along the top of the cliffs, when we rounded a shoulder of the mountain several hundred yards farther along, we saw six goats which had evidently been alarmed by the rifle-shots, and were travelling in single file along a ledge two hundred yards below. In what might have been

a disastrous fall, a few minutes before, I had knocked the ivory bead from the foresight of the rifle which I was carrying, with the result that the first two shots simply registered puffs of powdered rock from bowlders above the slow-moving line of goats. At the third report one of these animals collapsed and rolled, end over end, down the steep slope, a puff of white hair flying from it every time it struck a bowlder. As the next report echoed along the cliff front, the largest billy of all these goats stumbled, pitched forward on its knees, and struggled to the brim of the ledge. It poised on the edge for some moments, all four legs thrashing the air, and then toppled over into space.

By this time the other goats had disappeared around a bend in the cliffs, with the exception of one, which attempted to climb straight to the top along a shallow depression in the face of the rocks. Only the ridge of its back was exposed, but although each of the next two shots threw puffs of white hair in the air, this animal reached the top of the precipice, and, confused by the reports, started slowly toward us. When about seventy-five yards distant it was concealed by a large bowlder, and, after waiting about ten minutes for it to appear from behind this, we went forward to find that it had played a trick on us. Hidden by the bowlder, this goat had climbed up through the timber toward the next ledge above, and after following the tracks in the snow for several hundred yards without finding blood, we descended again to the lower ledge of rocks.

As we peered over this, the first sight that met our eyes was a solitary goat, partially screened by some stunted spruces, dozing on a shelf about two hundred and fifty yards distant. I waited about half an hour for this goat to move, and then, upon Dell's assertion that he had known them to stand in the same position for half a day, I took a careful aim at what I thought was the shoulder, and fired. At the shot the goat plunged into space, struck a rock-slide two hundred feet below, and rolled out of sight in a strip of leafless bushes which extended up from the

thickets below. We attempted to descend the cliffs at this spot, but were obliged to return to where we had seen the first goats before we were able to reach the game-path below. While cautiously crossing one particularly dangerous slide, Dell pointed out to me the white mass of one of the dead goats lodged against a tree-trunk far beneath us.

The path that we were following led us over all kinds of queer places, better suited for goat than man, and finally to a sheer wall of rock which we thought for a few minutes had us stalled. However, with the assistance of Dell, who was braced below me, I managed to get my hands over the edge of the rocks, and, securing a precarious foothold in a crack, gradually pulled myself up until my knees rested on the ledge. Undisturbed by the recent shooting, two large goats were lying down, peacefully chewing the cud, not ten feet distant. I cautiously reached down for my rifle, which the surprised Dell passed up to me without a word of comment. I carefully covered the chest of the nearest one, and snapped the hammer on an empty chamber. I then remembered that before descending into such a dangerous place I had prudently extracted the cartridge which I usually carried in the chamber of my rifle. At the metallic click both goats rose to their feet, and one leisurely took several steps toward the strange intruder. Then, as the rifle flashed twice, first one and then the other collapsed and rolled out of sight.

THE BEST OF THE MOUNTAIN-GOAT HEADS

A quarter of an hour later I crawled over to where the goat

shot at long-range had first struck the rocks, and following its downward course—which was marked by dislodged stones, blood, and tufts of coarse white hair—eventually discovered it lying down on a steep rock-slide several hundred yards below on the mountain-side. When I approached this animal, which I noticed was stretched out at full length with its head hidden between its fore-legs and was still breathing, I rested the butt of the rifle on its back and reached for my hunting-knife. The next moment an equally surprised goat and hunter were staring at each other only a few feet apart, while yells of encouragement drifted down from where Dell was clinging to a ledge and hoping for a combat. The goat, which had been shot through the lungs, was first to recover from its surprise and struggled down the slide, being raked by a bullet as it disappeared from sight over the ledge below. Scrambling down in its wake, I discovered the animal painfully dragging itself around a bend in the cliffs one hundred and fifty yards distant. At the crack of the rifle the crippled goat now plunged into space. Listening for a few moments, I heard a faint crash below, indicating that it had struck in the top of a spruce. When I descended I found the remains of this much battered animal lodged against a tree-trunk far down the slope, and immediately started to cut off the head. In a few moments I was joined by Dell, still chuckling over the encounter with this goat.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon in locating and skinning our victims. We could find no trace whatever of the largest billy, and had given up the search, when I discovered it lodged in a clump of small trees growing horizontally from a cleft in the rocks a few yards below the ledge over which it had rolled in its death-struggles. We had great difficulty in skinning this beast, as to have allowed it to fall would certainly have broken the horns on the rocks a hundred yards beneath where we were working. The horns of this largest billy, which was an animal of remarkable size, measured respectively: right—length

of curve, eleven and one-quarter inches; circumference at base, five and one-half inches; left—length of curve, eleven inches; circumference at base, five and one-quarter inches; and five and one-half inches from tip to tip.[1]

At one time during the afternoon I was crawling over a slide with my rifle and a goat-head under one arm when I missed my footing and started slowly sliding, face downward, toward the edge of a cliff below. Discarding rifle and trophy, I dug with my knees in the sliding shale, and grasped every bush and rock within reach of either hand, only to pull it along with me. Finally I straddled a more substantial bush at the brink of the precipice, and for a few minutes lay there in a cold perspiration, listening to the shower of rocks which I had dislodged rattling among the tree-tops one hundred yards below. Fortunately both Winchester and goat-head had lodged against small bushes, and I was able to climb with these to the ledge from which I had started.

Darkness overtook us as we finished decapitating the last goat, and we were forced to spend the night on a sloping piece of turf between two ledges. We gathered some dry branches and built a fire on the only level spot available, which happened to be the edge of an ugly precipice. To avoid slipping into the blaze in our few unconscious moments, we were obliged to cling to a few stunted trees. At one time during the night I dozed off, and was unfortunate enough to slide down, feet first, into the smouldering fire. I did not awaken until the hob-nails with which the soles of my boots were plentifully studded had become thoroughly heated through, and my motions in discarding these boots, as described and illustrated by the guide, have always seemed to interest an Eastern or Western

[1] According to the fifth edition of Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, the length of the horns of this goat head is exceeded by only two specimens, 11½ inches in length. The base circumference of one of these is not given, and that of the other, which is a female head, is three-fourths of an inch less.

audience. We had no food, and nothing to melt snow in for drinking purposes, but managed to get a certain amount of chilly enjoyment from watching the moonlight on the cliffs on the opposite side of the cañon until toward dawn, when a cold, drizzling rain started. After it became light enough to see distinctly, we collected the various heads and hides of the goats, and, staggering under heavy, wet, and odorous packs, started down through the dripping woods toward camp.

It was about one o'clock when we stepped out on the beach in the cove where the tent was pitched. Down by the shores of the lake everything was different from the rain and desolation of the upper slopes of Stikem Creek. The sun shone brightly on sparkling blue water, horse-bells tinkled cheerily, and blue smoke arose lazily from the fire, over which the cook was preparing a savory meal for us. After finishing this, we rolled up in our blankets and slept until we were called for breakfast the next morning. That day we packed the horses, and started down the shores of the lake and the Smallumaheen toward civilization.

III

A COLORADO BEAR-HUNT

IN the early morning of an April day in 1907, after a tiresome journey across the continent, Fuguet and I, with rifles and baggage, were deposited by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad on the station platform at Salida, Colorado. Several hours later we started over Marshall Pass on a narrow-gauge railroad which formerly was the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande until the shorter route through Tennessee Pass was completed. After enjoying the picturesque scenery of the pass, we travelled through the rolling sage-brush covered country of this part of the State until, early in the afternoon, we descended from the train at Cebolla, Gunnison County. This station consisted of a comfortable collection of cabins, situated on the bank of the Gunnison River, and operated by a man named Carpenter as a resort for hunting and fishing parties.

As the object of the long journey was a bear-hunt in the mountainous country to the west, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in preparing for an early start the following day. The next morning, shortly after daybreak, our cavalcade moved westward along the north bank of the Gunnison. Besides the five saddle-animals ridden by the two of us and Carpenter's three sons, who accompanied us, two acting as guides and one as cook, the outfit consisted of five loaded pack-horses and five pairs of coupled bear-dogs. Eight of this pack were either foxhounds or bloodhounds, or a mixture of both. The other two were a small and aggressive fox-terrier named Trix, and a pugnacious

beast called Biggs—a cross between a bulldog and bull-terrier. Although the last two mentioned animals were not as good trailers as the hounds, when they finally overtook the game they did not lose any time in closing in with it. On the other hand, the hounds would bay very loudly, but only make half-hearted attacks on the bear until given a lead by the smaller and more aggressive members of the pack. While there was some very good material among these dogs, unfortunately this pack consisted of a recent accumulation of parts of several packs, and its members were not accustomed, as yet, to work together. Consequently much confusion occurred in each chase, and the dogs were too scattered to be effective in stopping or treeing bears in such a rough country as we were obliged to hunt.

During the morning we travelled along a wagon-road which followed the Gunnison, passing through several towns, and then winding up into the mountains, where it terminated in a desultory cattle-trail. Through the entire afternoon we continued on this path, which wound around the steep slopes below the rim of the deep and picturesque Black Cañon of the Gunnison. Far below, and invisible from this height, the tracks of the railroad passed between narrow and gloomy gorges, through which the river poured toward the Rio Grande. As we rode along we could see afar off the endlessly changing panoramas of the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. Several times, late in the afternoon, we noticed imprints made by the feet of the bears in the muddy trail we were following. These always brought forth a succession of eager whines and deep-throated bays from the pack in our wake. Toward twilight we reached the rim of the deep cañon of Crystal Creek, and for several hours after dark urged the weary horses through willows and sage-brush. Finally a tiny flickering light appeared in the distance, and after the horses had stumbled along for another hour we reached the ranch-house with its glow of welcome. About ten o'clock, after

being in the saddle since dawn, we sat down to a delicious meal prepared by the wife of the owner of the house.

During the time we hunted this country we made our headquarters in an unoccupied but comfortable two-room log-cabin situated on the bank of Crystal Creek, about a half-mile distant from the ranch-house. Here we had a shed for the hounds, a corral for the horses, and a warm cabin plentifully stocked with the best of provisions for ourselves. The day after our arrival in this valley Fuguet and I were too lame from our long ride to wish to repeat the performance, but two of the Carpenters had sufficiently recovered by noon to make an unsuccessful scout through the country to the west in search of bear sign.

Spring happened to be very late this year, and it transpired that the only bears which had so far come out of their dens were those that had felt its effects in the bottoms of deep cañons. In such a country it was almost impossible for the pack to bring them to bay or tree them. Nevertheless, next morning, shortly after daylight, the five of us rode out through the sagebrush toward the Gunnison, followed by the hounds. About noon we were slowly picking our way along the rim of the rugged side-cañon of a swift stream which joined the Gunnison a number of miles above Crystal Creek. Suddenly the man ahead motioned to hold back the coupled dogs, and shouted to us that he had discovered the freshly made tracks of a female and two yearlings, leading down into the depths of the cañon. Immediately we dismounted, and commenced to uncouple the now eager and excited hounds. As fast as they were unloosed they struck the scent and disappeared over the edge of the cañon to join in the general canine chorus.

It happened that Biggs, who was coupled to a large foxhound, was among the last to be freed, and not being able to stand the strain any longer, buried his teeth in the throat of his companion in the grim, determined grip of his kind. A blow on the head with a stout stick stretched the bulldog senseless, and the

frightened foxhound was released, to disappear in the wake of the pack. Nevertheless, the Carpenters, who were in a better position to see than Fuguet or I, claimed that when they first viewed the struggle between the bear and dogs, Biggs was the leader in the fray.

Two of the men climbed down into the cañon on foot, while Fuguet, the cook, and I made the mistake of loping our horses along the uneven rim, paralleling the invisible chase by the sounds that came drifting up through the pinons. At length we dismounted and slid part way down the side of the cañon to where we had several indistinct glimpses of bear and dogs in the narrow, brushy creek-bottom far below. Then the echoes were shattered by a continual fusillade of shots from the Winchesters of the two Carpenters, who were farther down in the depths of the gorge. They afterward claimed that the female had beaten off the pack, and was swimming and floundering down the creek toward safety in the rougher lower part of the cañon before they opened fire. We suspected that they hated to be left out of the sport, and disliked to miss so excellent an opportunity to down the bear. At any rate, after a number of shots, one of them killed the animal. It proved to be an average-sized female cinnamon.

One of the yearlings climbed up the side of the cañon within one hundred and fifty yards of me, stopping repeatedly to regain its breath. But it was so small that I allowed it to disappear among the rocks above. The other yearling scaled the opposite side of the cañon, with most of the pack baying on its trail. Four of the hounds never came back, and the several that returned had their faces and mouths plentifully filled with quills from an encounter with a porcupine.

As the quills of this animal are covered with minute barbs, when they have once secured a hold in the flesh they never drop out, but with every movement of the muscles are driven farther into the unfortunate victim. In this manner they will

A TREED BLACK BEAR CUB

work their way through the body of a dog in a comparatively short time, and cause death if they penetrate any vital organs. As porcupines were fairly plentiful in this country, one of the men always carried a pair of pincers in his saddle-bags. He used these to remove the quills which some of the dogs acquired from time to time. This was a very painful operation, and required two men to perform it, one holding down the shrieking and struggling dog while the other extracted the quills. However, some of the canines did not seem to profit by repeated lessons, and would fearlessly attack the next porcupine they met. Out of the four missing hounds which eventually reached the railroad, and were brought to the ranch by the section-gang, two were so badly studded with neglected quills that Carpenter gave up all hopes of saving them.

We hunted the next day in some rough and broken country near the Gunnison without finding any bear sign. A small number of big-horn still inhabited the steeper portions of the cañon of this river, and although we did not see any of these animals we came across their tracks several times. While riding homeward, along the rim of the cañon of Crystal Creek, we discovered a large black bear climbing among the rocks and logs which littered the opposite slope. We watched this animal with field-glasses for almost an hour, and determined to rout it out of its lair the following day. However, on looking out of the cabin door the next morning, we were surprised to find a blizzard raging and the air filled with thick clouds of driven snow. This lasted during the whole day and part of the night; but the next day dawned cold and clear, and we were able to start out on about five inches of clear white snow. For the purpose of signalling to us the whereabouts of the bear, one of the men rode down to the spot from where we had watched it two days before, but he was so small a figure across the wide chasm that we had difficulty in seeing him, let alone understanding his wigwagging.

As we followed the opposite rim of the cañon we carefully scanned the snow for fresh tracks. By the time we had reached a spot approximately above where we had last seen the bear on the previous day, we had crossed the trails of numerous coyotes, a small cougar, and two mule-deer. Here we dismounted, and one of the men and I started down into the cañon with the three couples of dogs, while Fuguet and the cook distributed themselves along its edge. After an hour of cautious and dangerous descent, and when within several hundred yards of the raging torrent of the creek, we discovered fresh bear-tracks in the snow and unloosened the dogs. When these animals struck the scent they disappeared over a ledge below, giving tongue at every bound. For the following five minutes we neither heard nor saw them. The watcher on the opposite rim of the cañon claimed that during this time they were having a spirited fight with the bear in its den, only a few yards below us. An intervening mass of bowlders prevented any sounds of this combat reaching our ears, and the first intimation we had of the struggle was when dogs and bear came swarming up on the ledge we were attempting to descend. The four hounds were pulling and biting at the bear's sides and flanks, little Trix was hanging to one hind leg, and Biggs had his jaws locked in the fur covering its throat.

To an accompaniment of snarls, growls, and barks the fight went on among a heap of broken bowlders only a few feet distant from where I was waiting a chance to kill the bear without shooting any of the dogs. Suddenly the harassed animal rose to its hind legs, grasped the bulldog with both fore-paws, pulled him away from its throat and bit him through the head. At this moment I raised the carbine, took a hurried sight at the breast of the bear, and clicked the hammer on an empty chamber. I then remembered that, before descending such dangerous cliffs, I had extracted the cartridge usually carried in the chamber. By the time I had thrown in a cartridge from the maga-

zine the bear had dropped the limp Biggs, and, battling with the remainder of the pack, had rolled out of sight over the ledge below. The whole affair occupied but a few moments, and outside of the blood-stained snow the only relic left from the fray was the temporarily disabled bulldog.

We hurried down over the ledge, but when we reached the slope below the bear had shaken off its tormentors in rolling down among the rocks and logs, and had gained quite a lead. I had a momentary glimpse of its black hind-quarters as it scrambled up through the brush one hundred and twenty-five yards above, and blazed away once into the swaying bushes. That was the last I saw of this particular bear. Gaining a steadily increasing lead on the discouraged pack, it climbed to the rim of the cañon, and was given quite a run over the mesa by the cook on horseback. It then descended again into the depths, and eventually lost its pursuers among the ledges and cliffs toward the Gunnison.

About three o'clock we collected our scattered forces and started toward the cabin. Several of the hounds bore scars, scratches, and other evidences of rough usage, but the unfortunate Biggs had been bitten clear through the face by the bear, and had lost the sight of one eye. He moped around the cabin for several days with head and face swelled to twice their normal size, but after that followed the horses during the day, and was as active and eager as ever for a fight. But any beauty of features that he might possibly have possessed before the encounter had disappeared.

The evening of this chase C. M. Taintor, who had come West several days later than Fuguet and I, rode up to the cabin under the guidance of the elder Carpenter and joined our party. Carpenter and one of his sons started for Cebolla early the next morning, while the remainder of us picked up the abandoned trail of the bear and followed it to where the frightened beast had attempted to swim the deep, swift Gunnison. Whether

it reached the opposite shore is very doubtful, but we hoped that it had. We expected warmer weather, but, instead, the days following were cold and clear, and although each day we rode over the surrounding country from morning until night, we were unable to strike any fresh bear-trails. One day we jumped one of the yearlings belonging to the first female killed, which, after a short run, eluded the hounds by taking refuge in a cave among bowlders. During the hunting we saw a number of coyotes and mule-deer, but the only other signs of life in this bleak country were the range cattle and horses. One day we met four cowboys driving a herd of about eighty bulls across country. As they slowly travelled through the sage-brush in a dense cloumn, the mass of these heavy and sinister-looking beasts presented quite an impressive sight.

Our time being limited, and spring still seeming to be distant, after several more days of hard riding we determined to return to Cebolla. Unfortunately we attempted a short-cut to the railroad, over the top of a high mesa, where we found four feet of crusted snow and were obliged to turn back, reaching the cabin during the afternoon. Early the next morning we started toward civilization by the route which we had followed in coming into the country.

About noon the pack-train was slowly winding along the willow-covered slopes of the valley of the Gunnison when one of the men, turning around in his saddle, discovered a black bear on a rocky point three-quarters of a mile behind. The pack-horses had passed quite close to this animal without disturbing it while it had been industriously digging roots under a ledge of rocks. Our pack of bear-dogs had been reinforced until it now numbered fourteen. We rode back as rapidly as possible, and turned them all loose on the unsuspicious bear. While they were yet quite a distance away some of the hounds sighted the game and immediately gave tongue. At this the beast looked up, and then disappeared among the rocks with

THE END OF A CHASE

the baying pack at its heels. We hurriedly dismounted and descended into the cañon, in hopes of securing a shot at the bear running ahead of the hounds.

After I had worked my way down a narrow gully for several hundred yards, I realized from the sound of distant and receding baying that the chase was going in the opposite direction, and climbed to where we had first sighted the bear. Here I found two of the Carpenters watching a small week-old cub clinging to the very top of a tall, slender, dead tree. It kept up a continuous low whining, and would from time to time descend almost to within the grasp of the two men, when it would reconsider and scurry up to the swaying top of the tree. One of the men removed his chaps and boots and attempted to climb the tree, but it was so slender and leaned over such a yawning chasm that he was obliged to abandon the attempt. Then he picked up his Winchester and splintered the wood of the tree-trunk several inches above the head of the cub, at which it came down hand over hand as rapidly as possible. After striking the ground, it ran a few yards and hid its head in a small crevice in the rocks. It was pulled from this insecure hiding-place and wrapped in a coat, in spite of its diminutive bawling and attempts to bite with its partly hardened teeth. One of the men carried this small but savage bundle across his saddle as far as the ranch, where the cub was fed on condensed milk and left as a pet for Carpenter's small son.

Along the lower slopes of the cañon the mother doubled and redoubled on her tracks, and had practically distanced all of her canine pursuers when she afforded Taintor three long-range shots. At a distance of three hundred yards two bullets reached the running bear, which rolled down among the rocks and was already dead when he reached it. After skinning the animal, we again started toward Cebolla, and by steady travelling rode our weary horses up to the ranch-house at eleven o'clock

that night. The next morning, while speeding westwardly through the depths of the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, and looking upward through the car-windows at the country in which we had been hunting, we agreed that we were not sorry to leave it behind.

IV

BIGHORN-HUNTING IN THE CASCADES

AT daylight one wintry morning in 1903, William Manson and I left our smouldering camp-fire, on the north bank of turbulent Bridge River, and started upward through the leafless bushes covering the steep slopes back of camp. We were equipped for light travelling and prepared for hard climbing after the very wary bighorn which inhabited this much-hunted portion of British Columbia. For two and a half hours we struggled steadily upward, sometimes through thick bushes, stunted spruces, and pines, then up rock-slides and narrow chutes, and often along the precipitous sides of steep and dangerous cliffs. This strenuous climbing, while it did not seem to affect the hardened and wiry Manson, caused me to drop down to recover my breath every few hundred feet, until the cold, cutting wind again drove us upward. During these short rests my guide swept the opposite side of the cañon of Bridge River with the field-glasses, discovering a number of blacktail and one large ram feeding in some burnt timber near the crest of the mountain.

When we eventually topped the last rise we could look over miles of gently rolling bunch-grass country, covered in places with thickets of stunted cedars, and terminating in the distance with tier upon tier of the snow-capped peaks of the Cascades. This grassy country was the winter range of the bighorn, and with the aid of the glasses, Manson was not long in discovering

a ram on a distant slope. Although this sheep was fully a mile away and harmonized in color so well with the surrounding country that it was impossible to make it out with the naked eye, it had already spotted us, and was rapidly travelling toward the distant sky-line. We continued along the timbered crest of the mountains bordering the river cañon for several miles, flushing numerous blue grouse, and stealing up to within fifty yards of a string of deer returning from feeding farther down the slopes. Shortly afterward, while we were crossing a patch of snow in the open, Manson's keen eyes detected four rams feeding on a mountain-side some distance ahead of us. This forced us to lie motionless in the melting snow for half an hour, until all these animals were either feeding or gazing in the opposite direction at the same moment. Then we rapidly crawled back to where we harmonized better with our surroundings. After this we slipped and fell in the snow down through a jack-pine thicket for half a mile, and worked up the bottom and along the sides of the steep-walled cañon of Cedar Creek for the same distance.

At times we were clinging to the sides of slippery cliffs, and at other times wading waist-deep in the swift, glacial torrent. A final crawl up a steep, grassy slope, and we were gazing through a clump of cedars at the four rams feeding on the mountain-side three hundred yards distant. Selecting the largest and nearest sheep, which was playfully butting a rotten log lying on the hillside, I woke the echoes among the surrounding crags with the report of the Winchester. At this it stumbled, and then, coming down the slope with terrific bounds, was lost to sight before I could get in another shot. The remaining three rams started over the top of the opposite mountain, but stopped in an undecided group when about five hundred yards away. After firing two more shots I found the range, and toppled over the nearest sheep with a broken neck. This animal rolled down the mountain-side until it lodged against a log a hundred yards

SCENE IN THE CASCADES

down the slope, while its two companions disappeared over the rise. The head of the dead ram proved to be of fair size, measuring fourteen and one-half inches around the base of each horn. We hurriedly cut off this and two hams, and started on the trail of the wounded ram.

Manson, who had been lower down the cañon at the time, claimed that this animal, which carried a fine head of horns, had passed close behind me and stopped for an instant to gaze at me, thirty yards distant, while I was shooting at the other sheep. The tracks of the wounded ram were not discernible among the rocks, but we managed to follow it for two hours by the blood. Then we lost all traces of it in a very rough and broken cañon, and turned campward. It was after dark when we finally reached the tent with the head and hams of the ram, and fried some of the delicious blue grouse of this country for our long-delayed evening meal.

From a position a mile farther up the banks of Bridge River, with the aid of the glasses, we had been able to watch an alkali lick situated far up the cliffs, on the opposite side of the stream, and resorted to by much game. Several times we had watched bighorn standing on their hind legs on a narrow ledge below, and licking the face of the blue rocks for a taste of salt. But so far these had always been either ewes or lambs. However, two days after the hunt described above, Manson came into camp with the news that he had discovered a large ram at the lick. Discarding all surplus clothing, and prepared for hard climbing, we hurried along the mining-trail which followed the northern shores of Bridge River. Stopping for a moment to view the distant ram, which was climbing among the rocks in the vicinity of the lick, we continued along the banks of the river to where there was an Indian dugout with which we could cross the stream. Once on the opposite side, we commenced to zigzag along the broken and timbered slope, disturbing many blue

grouse and several feeding porcupines. An hour later found us crawling along ledges on bare cliff-faces, where we were obliged to move with infinite caution in order to avoid disturbing the game with dislodged rocks and débris. Eventually Manson, who was creeping along ahead, peered cautiously around an angle in the cliffs, and turned with every indication in his features that we were close to the game. In a few minutes I found myself with one foot on a gnarled spruce, which extended horizontally in space from a crevice in the cliffs, and with the other knee braced against perpendicular rocks, peering across a hundred-and-twenty-five-foot chasm at the face of the lick.

Dozing in the warm sunshine, and with its white nose resting on bare rock, the old ram lay broadside to us on a narrow ledge a few feet below the lick. This was the first time that I had ever discovered the wariest of game asleep, and it might have been the cause of my missing the sheep completely with the first shot. A spurt of dust blew from the face of the cliffs several inches above the back of the animal, which at the report of the rifle lurched to its feet, unable to decide whether it had heard a shot or rolling stone. At this a soft-nosed bullet from my rifle broke its neck, and caused it to collapse and pitch headlong over the ledge.

For a few brief seconds we saw the ram soaring downward through space with all four feet outstretched, and then it was lost to sight as it crashed through the branches of some dwarf pines clinging to the face of the cliffs. We clung to the sides of the wall of rock for several minutes, listening to the noise of dislodged rocks dying away in the space below, before we carefully descended to the vicinity of the river, and discovered that, after loosening much débris, the ram had lodged against a tree-trunk several hundred feet below where it had struck. This necessitated an exhausting climb up to the carcass, which we pulled out from behind the tree and allowed to roll down almost

to the swift waters of the river. We found the head, with horns measuring fifteen inches each, intact; but numerous patches of hair had been knocked from the hide, and the ram's legs had been broken by its impromptu descent of the steep mountain-side.

V

GRIZZLY AND CARIBOU HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN the southern part of British Columbia an elevated and comparatively level plateau about fifty miles in diameter, and known locally as the Harris Creek Plateau, rises out of that portion of the Gold Range between Kettle River and Okanagan Lake. Its slopes are heavily timbered, but its top has been burnt over so many times that it is all either open or park-like country. Numbers of mountain gophers inhabit this higher country; and before denning up for the winter, late in the fall, the grizzlies from the surrounding region are accustomed to visit the plateau in order to dig up and devour quantities of these small rodents. The whole surface of the country is scarred by the extensive excavations and tunnellings made by bears in the course of years in digging out these unfortunate animals.

Late in August, 1901, accompanied by Dell Thomas as guide, and a French-Canadian called Alphonse as cook, and with a string of three saddle and four pack horses, I left Vernon, B. C., for a fall grizzly-hunt on this plateau. During the entire month of September, Dell and I ranged over the top of this country incessantly, only to secure a momentary glimpse of a much-frightened and rapidly departing bear. Grizzlies were plentiful, but had been regularly hunted on the plateau for years, with the result that they fed and wandered about only after dark. Almost every night bears either stampeded our horses, visited the deer-baits with which we furnished them, or dug up gophers

in the vicinity of camp. On each tracking-snow which fell we were able to pick up a fresh bear-trail near camp, only to follow it down into the thick timber of the slopes of the plateau until the snow failed us.

Caribou wandered up from this lower country several times, and we frequently saw blacktail, out of whose number I shot a doe, two spike-horns, and an old buck in order to keep the camp supplied with meat. About the 1st of October, discouraged in the pursuit of bear, we decided to spend the last few days of the hunt in the chase of mountain caribou in the thick timber on the slopes below us. Late one afternoon we drove the pack-horses down into a wide burnt valley near the edge of the plateau, and camped by a small creek which meandered through country covered with a maze of whitened tree-trunks.

Early the next morning Dell started down in the thick timber to locate caribou, and as we were badly in need of fresh meat I headed for a burnt knob in the distance, in hopes of finding deer. However, the top of this hill was covered with crusted snow, and I only had glimpses of a band of does, alarmed by my noisy approach along a slippery slope. Late in the afternoon, when within a quarter of a mile of the tent, I saw a large doe walking through the burnt timber one hundred yards ahead. Waiting until it stopped, exposing a gray side momentarily between two whitened tree-trunks, I fired, solving the meat question by dropping it in its tracks, shot through the heart.

On reaching the tent I found Alphonse in a very agitated frame of mind. A few moments before my arrival, while returning to camp with a string of grouse which he had secured with the .22 caliber Winchester he carried, he had met a large grizzly face to face within a short distance of the tent. The bear had risen on its haunches and stared at the startled cook for several moments, and then, to judge by the tracks, both

parties to the meeting had parted at equal speed in different directions. Hearing my rifle-shot, Alphonse had imagined that I had met the bear, but he had not quite yet made up his mind to come to my assistance with the .45-.70 Winchester which usually laid around camp. Incidentally, after this encounter with the grizzly, this rifle was Alphonse's constant companion day and night.

When Dell arrived in camp he reported having found a country about eight miles down the slope which was tracked up by many caribou. During the next morning we packed one horse with a light camping outfit, led it down through the timber to where we intended to hunt, unpacked it, and sent it back with Alphonse to the camp in the valley above. It was nearly dusk when Dell and I finished pitching our soiled lean-to tent on the shore of a small, quiet, and unfrequented lake. This picturesque sheet of water was surrounded by thick forests of spruce and balsam, and its waters eventually reached the Columbia *via* Kettle River.

The country in which we hunted was decidedly marshy, cut up by heavily wooded ridges, but composed mostly of barrens, sluggish streams, and small lakes. It was intersected in all directions by a network of deep caribou-trails, at present cut up by many recently made tracks, and its echoes had never been wakened by the rifle of prospector or hunter. As we finished our evening meal of deer steaks and coffee, trout were breaking the surface of the placid lake in every direction, a family of muskrats was splashing in the sluggish creek that flowed by our tent door, and a pair of fish-hawks were circling overhead in the clear, blue sky. When I lay in my blankets that night, listening to the crackling of the dying camp-fire and the distant hooting of a great horned owl, the prospects of good sport in this country seemed very promising. We had breakfast at daylight, but a cold, clear night had frozen the water in the barrens and formed a crust on what snow remained in the timber, which made

A TREED PORCUPINE

travelling too noisy for successful hunting, and obliged us to wait until the heat of the sun had thawed out the ground.

After three hours of tiring and discouraging travel through mud and moss, we came upon the very fresh tracks of a large number of caribou in the snow. There were many animals in the band, and, in feeding, their trails led in all directions, on which account we circled cautiously for an hour before we located the general whereabouts of the caribou, on a heavily timbered ridge. They were evidently lying down taking a mid-day siesta among the thick spruces when we came stealing into the midst of the band. Suddenly two cow caribou arose to their feet in a thick clump of trees twenty feet ahead of us, while from all sides we could hear invisible animals getting up from their beds in the thicket. We were at a disadvantage as far as securing the head of the leader was concerned, and, as the animals might start off at any moment and we needed meat in camp, I shot one of the cows, which rolled struggling down the mountain-side. At the report of the rifle the whole band stampeded with a great smashing of brush, while we stood motionless and listened until the sound of their noisy retreat had died away in the distance.

Next we became aware of the increasing noise of crackling underbrush, combined with the continuous challenging cough of a bull caribou in the rutting season, approaching nearer and nearer from the slope below. The old bull of the band had stampeded with the cows, then became ashamed of fleeing from an invisible enemy, and, scenting a battle with a possible rival, was now forcing his way through the brush in our direction, challenging at every stride. I hurried down the mountain-side to meet this accommodating caribou, and, seeing indistinctly the general outline of the animal, fifty yards distant, as he ascended the mountain-side, I aimed through a network of branches and fired. As the rifle spoke the bull faltered, and at the second report collapsed and rolled several yards down the

steep slope, trying all the while to struggle to its feet. With one bullet in the neck and another through the lungs, and rapidly dying, this beast made several lunges in my direction before I finished it with a shot in the chest. It proved to be an old dark-colored bull with antlers measuring thirty-four inches and thirty-nine inches along the beams, with a spread of twenty-four inches between the tips, and carrying twenty-nine points. In spite of a careful search of the hillside, we failed to find the wounded cow, which evidently had been stunned by the bullet grazing its head and, recovering its feet, had made off through the forest while our attention was centred upon the bull.

About four o'clock that afternoon we staggered into camp with the loads of head and meat, and, after a meal, started out again through a long string of barrens which commenced near camp, and, broken only by narrow fringes of spruce, extended for several miles. A solitary porcupine was the sole occupant of the first meadow, and a doe blacktail and her two fawns, which were drinking at a pond in the next open space, vanished into the timber with a couple of bounds the moment we came into sight. As we were picking our way through a narrow piece of thick timber toward the next barren, a violent crashing in the brush on both sides warned us that we had stumbled into another band of caribou. On reaching the edge of the open I saw two small bulls disappear into the woods a couple of hundred yards ahead, and I travelled along the edge of the barren for half a mile, in hopes of sighting the remainder of the band. I had stopped near the edge of the trees at the lower end of the open, and was trying to pierce the gloom of the spruces at the farther side, when I was startled by a sudden cough at my elbow. Through the twilight I could indistinctly see the body and antlers of a bull caribou not fifteen feet away, partially hidden in the stunted growth which fringed the edge of the barren. The first bullet struck the animal in the chest, the second in the shoulder as it whirled, and the third broke its

DELL THOMAS AND ONE OF FUGUET'S TROPHIES

Showing typical mountain-caribou head

neck as it started to plunge along the edge of the timber. At this the caribou, which unfortunately proved to be a young bull with a comparatively small head, turned a complete somersault and expired with a few spasmodic kicks. We were further chagrined to discover, from tracks in the snow, that the animals we had jumped were a few younger bulls, driven from a large band which had been in the next barren, four hundred yards distant, and had promptly left the country at the noise of firing.

All the next day we followed the broad trail left by the departing band, which by the tracks included two large bulls, but failed to overtake them, reaching camp much exhausted after darkness. While crossing a small barren during the day we passed a two-year-old bull and young cow at a distance of about a hundred yards, but allowed them to trot off into the timber unharmed. In travelling along a narrow, winding meadow we also met a small but aggressive skunk, which, after being struck by several snowballs, came toward us at a run with unmistakable intentions. We were obliged to retreat down the barren until we reached the stony bed of a small stream, when we buried the oncoming little beast under a shower of rocks.

We had hardly rolled up in our blankets that night when Dell awakened me by whispering that there was a grizzly nosing about among our pots and pans, but we found the intruder to be an inquisitive old porcupine, which we promptly dispatched with an ax. During a dense fog about daylight the next morning a bull caribou came up to within a few feet of the tent door, and, when it scented the camp, instantly woke both of us up by giving a series of loud grunts. Without pulling on my boots I followed it over the marsh for several hundred yards, guided by the noise it made in splashing through the water; but although the caribou was at times only a few yards distant, I was unable to see it on account of the mist.

Finally, becoming thoroughly alarmed, this bull trotted back to the shelter of the timber, where I was unable to follow it in my stocking feet.

On the way back to camp that evening, after a tiring and unsuccessful day's hunting in a depressing drizzle, Dell and I stepped out of the spruces into a wide, circular barren, to be confronted by a large band of caribou at close range. About seventy yards distant, in the open, stood a solid mass of about thirty-five cows, with every head turned in our direction, while beyond them a three-year-old bull was nervously trotting back and forth in the short grass, with action that would have put a hackney to shame. Forty yards to one side of the band the dark-colored bull stood, with bristling white mane, lowered antlers, and fore-legs braced, challenging continuously with a series of low grunts. The rich coloring of this band of caribou, contrasting with the yellowish brown of the short, dead grass of the barren, and framed in the distance by a black ridge of spruce over which a red sun was setting, made a picture not easily forgotten.

The next few moments were punctuated by the repeated sharp reports of a .30-.40 Winchester, and immediately the scene changed. A cloud of thin blue smoke drifted along the edge of the barren; the old bull lay motionless on its side in a rapidly reddening pool; a fat and edible cow was struggling its last a few yards beyond, and the remainder of the band had disappeared among the dripping spruces. This bull possessed antlers measuring thirty-six inches and thirty-six and one-quarter inches along the beams, with a spread of twenty-eight and one-half inches between the tips, and carrying twenty-five points. We spent the next day in skinning and cleaning heads, and packing meat into our camp, which now presented quite a cheerful appearance.

That night grizzlies moved into our vicinity, and the next day proved to be an interesting one. In the morning, during

a drizzling rain, while skirting the edge of the barren where I had met this last band of caribou, we had the first intimation of the presence of grizzlies in a sudden loud snort close by in the timber, followed by the rapidly receding noise of some large animal rushing through the underbrush. On investigation we found out that what was left of the cow caribou had been dragged into the shelter of the trees and almost completely devoured by a large grizzly, which we had evidently surprised at its feast. We also discovered, by the tracks in the mud and snow, that a still larger bear had been feeding on the remains of the bull caribou, which was lying in the centre of the barren, and that a female grizzly with three cubs had been circling around, but had not yet eaten, what remained of the carcass of the smaller bull killed in the adjoining meadow several days before.

We spent a hard and unsuccessful day after caribou in a continuous drizzle, and finished an uncomfortable supper in camp about five o'clock during a heavy downpour. However, this was the clearing shower, and as the sun came out brightly for a few moments before it disappeared, I hurried over to the barren where we had seen the bear sign that morning, while Dell started to cut firewood for the night. A long, slender arm of marsh stretched from the barren into the spruce forest, and I was carefully stealing along this to where I could get a good view of the open, when, three hundred yards distant, I saw the shaggy mass of a large grizzly slouching across the meadow in the direction of the remains of the bull caribou. The bear reached the carcass, and, in spite of the continuous rain which had fallen during the day, detected some indistinct scent of where we had passed that morning, raised itself cautiously on its haunches, and sniffed suspiciously in all directions. Then it dropped to all fours, and galloped toward safety in the darkening woods.

While watching these interesting movements I had not been idle, but had been rapidly stealing from one clump of stunted

spruces to another toward the animal. It thus happened that when the grizzly started to run I was within one hundred and twenty-five yards, lying flat in the wet grass in order to make a careful shot. The bear had not made twenty strides until it stopped broadside for a moment to thoroughly satisfy its fears, and instantly received a soft-nosed bullet through the thick of the neck. At this it did not move, but stood in the same spot, swaying unsteadily from side to side, and receiving, a few seconds later, another bullet in the region of the shoulders. Then it gave forth a succession of roars which Dell could plainly hear from camp, plunged forward, turned a complete somersault, and rolled over and over in the barren, with mud and moss flying in showers from the blows of its mighty paws.

By the time it had recovered its footing I had approached within twenty feet and fired at its head, the bullet travelling diagonally through its mouth and removing most of its teeth. At this the bear reared straight up in the air to what seemed an enormous height, its ears laid flat and its eyes twinkling viciously. I fired again at the head and missed it, but tore a hole through the palm of one fore-paw, which was raised to the level of its face at the time; this once more brought the grizzly to the ground with a roar of pain. As it dragged itself to its feet again I fired at its shoulders, causing it to collapse, but not to cease struggling and moaning in the grass. Realizing that I had used up the five cartridges held by the magazine of my rifle, I retreated to a respectful distance in order to reload, only to find the badly crippled animal on its feet again, painfully dragging itself toward the shelter of the timber.

This time I ran up alongside the grizzly, and fired again through its shoulders. It went down in a heap, but died gamely, its last breath a snarl. It was a very old male, whose claws had grown to an enormous length, and whose teeth were reduced to small yellow stubs. The unstretched skin measured nine feet in length, and the hide, including the unskinned head—when

RYAN AND FEMALE GRIZZLY

weighed at Vernon, the nearest railway station — tipped the scales at seventy-five pounds. After making absolutely certain that the animal was dead, I hurried to the next barren, to find by the tracks, as I had expected, that the female and cubs had been feeding on the other carcass, and at the shooting had made a hurried retreat from the neighborhood. It was midnight and the air was filled with falling snow when we finally carried the hide of the bear into camp.

As it was getting late in the season, and a heavy snow was liable to come without warning on this high plateau, we decided to leave the country, and during the following day moved to our former camp. Alphonse was glad to see us again, as another grizzly was roaming in the vicinity, and had carried away one of the several marten traps which he had scattered about the country. Marten were fairly plentiful on the plateau, and he had succeeded in trapping a number, but a persistent wolverine visited the traps before Alphonse each morning and devoured the animals which had been caught. The result of this was that he only secured one whole marten-skin on the trip, and this one was light-colored and not valuable. Two and a half days of continual travelling from this camp brought us out to the railroad at Vernon.

Seven years later, at the instigation of two of my friends, Dell and another guide spent part of the summer on an exploring trip, and reported a good grizzly country north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and Shuswap Lake. This eventually led Howard Fuguet, C. M. Taintor, and the writer to descend from the train at Salmon Arm toward the latter part of September, 1908, to be met by Dell, two guides, a horse wrangler, and cook, with a string of twenty saddle and pack horses. A twenty-five-mile ride along the lake to Notch Hill, nearly a day spent in ferrying the outfit to the opposite shore, and three days of cutting a trail through brush and alders for the pack-train, brought us into the hunting country. Late one afternoon we made our

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main camp in a picturesque wooded valley dotted with lakes and barrens, and surrounded by high, open mountains.

The first day spent in hunting was unproductive, although caribou-tracks were quite plentiful in the timber, and two bulls were seen by the party. Early the next morning, mounted on a saddle-horse apiece and driving one pack-horse ahead of us, Washington Ryan and I left the main camp and rode twelve miles over rough mountains to a burnt plateau. Wash had expected to find numerous caribou in the heavily timbered southern slopes of this plateau, but a day and a half of hard hunting in ideal country convinced us that while there had been many of these animals here during the last month, they had now certainly moved elsewhere. About three-quarters of a mile from our tent the land dropped off abruptly into the deep and brushy cañon of a branch of Celesta Creek, which eventually wound its way through deeper and more precipitous gorges to Shuswap Lake. This cañon was literally choked with berry bushes and an abominable growth, locally known as buckbrush, which grew into an entangling mass from three to five feet high over a large portion of this country.

The second day after we arrived a light tracking-snow, combined with an exhausting and unsuccessful day's work in the wet underbrush, revealed to us the fact that a number of grizzlies were feeding on the huckleberries in the cañon. Wash had a moment's distant view of a disappearing bear, which had been alarmed by our noisy approach through the brush and was climbing up the opposite slope. We tried to follow up one of the largest tracks that we found, but were forced to give it up, after five hours' tracking, on account of the disappearance of the light snowfall. Shortly after abandoning the trail we heard several rifle-shots from the sides of a near-by snow-covered peak. I afterward ascertained that they came from Fuguet shooting at two grizzlies under peculiar circumstances. For several hours he and Dell had been following the

A GRIZZLY CUB

tracks of these two bears, a male and a female, and finally approached to within one hundred and twenty-five yards of both grizzlies, which were playing in the snow on an exposed ridge. My friend promptly fired at the male, which was the larger of the two bears, causing it to topple over backward and roll down the slope until it lodged against a log. Then he fired at the female, which, mortally wounded and continually whirling around, rolled down on top of its mate. At this the first bear jumped to its feet, and galloped down the steep mountain-side in spite of several rapidly fired shots. The hunters followed its tracks in the snow for some distance, but it did not seem to be weakening in its stride, nor could they find a drop of blood.

The next day a drizzling rain and a thick fog enveloping the whole country forced us to undergo a period of inactivity. We were so much in need of meat that I was obliged to shoot some grouse with the rifle, which is bad policy in a country inhabited by such shy game as grizzly. I found out afterward that up to this time my friends had been unable to shoot any meat, and that the six men had been obliged to sit down to a stew composed of several wild ducks and grouse, a red squirrel, and a fish. The large blue grouse, western ruffed-grouse, and Franklin's grouse were found in the timbered, and the white-tailed ptarmigan in the open, portions of this country. All these birds made a pleasant change from a diet of venison or bacon.

That night the stars shone brightly, and we were treated to a wonderful display of the northern lights. The next morning we finished a hasty breakfast by starlight, climbed over frost-covered logs for half a mile, forced our way through the buck-brush for another quarter of a mile, and before sunrise reached a spot in the cañon where we could look over miles of berry bushes by the aid of the field-glasses. Perched on the end of a huge upturned log which projected above the surrounding brush, we carefully searched the country with the glasses for

two long hours, while the sun gradually rose over the cañon wall behind us and made an indifferent attempt to thaw out two very cold and chattering watchers. When we had about concluded that we could not stand this freezing inactivity any longer, we were rewarded by discovering a small black object in motion in the brush about a mile farther up the side of the cañon on which we were watching. A few moments' careful scrutiny with the field-glasses revealed two grizzlies, a female and a cub, feeding on the berries, and gradually working toward the green timber at the head of the cañon. As there was no time to be lost if we were going to intercept them, we hastily discarded all surplus wearing-apparel and entered the thick brush, at once losing sight of the game.

After half an hour of forcing our way through this tangle, perspiring and winded, we topped a bush-covered knoll, and sighted the gray backs of the bears in the brush on a ridge about two hundred yards distant. The cub immediately disappeared among the bushes, but the female remained motionless, standing broadside on a log, and looking suspiciously over her shoulder in our direction. I had rested my rifle on a tree-butt and was covering the shoulders of the bear with the sight for a long shot, when, without any warning, she suddenly dropped out of view in the brush. Hoping to secure a long-range running shot, I scrambled down to the bottom of a vegatation-choked ravine and fought my way through the buckbrush to a small knoll above where we had last seen the bears. Wash had reached the ridge ahead of me. Crouched behind a dead tree, he was beckoning frantically for me to make haste, and as I hurried forward I was gratified to see both bears about fifty yards distant in the brush below us.

The cub was immediately lost to view in the bushes, but the female, standing broadside on a log, presented a tempting mark as she gazed intently across the width of the cañon. At the report of the carbine the grizzly rolled from the log in

that whole-souled manner in which only a bear can collapse when fatally wounded. The cub started to circle above us, and, securing a momentary glimpse of its back over a fallen tree-trunk, I fired, and evidently creased it somewhere, for it scrambled up a windfall of logs and added its diminutive wail to the bawling of its mother. At this point Wash hurriedly called my attention to the female, which, at the call of her young, had wallowed into sight, and, with ears laid back and mane on end, was struggling up the slope to its assistance. Another shot in the shoulder rolled her over again, and as she floundered around among the logs I fired once more, ending her struggles with a bullet through the neck. Perched on a mass of crossed logs forty yards distant the cub was still facing us, and the next shot struck it in the chest, killing it instantly.

The skin of the female, before stretching, measured a little over seven feet. The cub was a very large one, owing to its being the only one of the litter. Both bears had long fur which was very light in color. Judging from the two females that my friends secured on this trip, and a number of grizzlies which we saw at varying distances, our observation in this country was that the males were much darker in color than the females. Wash and I put in a hard day's work skinning the two grizzlies and getting a pack-horse through the brush to and from the scene of the shooting, but had the satisfaction of a good meal of fried cub steaks that night.

During the next two days I was fortunate enough to shoot three deer, which relieved us of the prospect of living on bear meat, and enabled us to hunt this plateau for over a week longer. During the remaining days which we watched this cañon, we saw six different grizzlies at long-range, but so difficult were they to approach, owing to the density of the brush, that I only succeeded in securing a long-distance chance at one of them. In a fusillade of shots at three hundred yards across the cañon I knocked a large male grizzly down twice, but after following

the bloody trail for three hours, lost it on account of the wounds ceasing to bleed.

In many parts of southern British Columbia there are localities similar to the one described, where grizzlies are fairly plentiful and will be so for many years, because it is almost impossible to approach within rifle-range in the thick growth that covers this kind of country. In this cañon I also saw a large bull caribou and a few blacktail, among them two fine bucks, but I was unable to find them in the brush. One of my friends shot a two-year-old buck deer and a bull caribou with a very fine head, carrying thirty-two points. They also saw a number of grizzlies, but for reasons already indicated only secured one female bear apiece. We had hoped for a tracking-snow, but this did not come until we had exhausted our provisions and were moving toward Shuswap Lake.

VI

A DAY IN THE IDAHO ROCKIES

LATE in the afternoon of an October day in 1900, after a hard trip from the last log ranch-house in the Teton Basin, Ed Harrington rode at the head of a pack-train down into the deep cañon of a creek which rose in the snows of the Tetons and flowed westward through Idaho, to empty into the north fork of the Snake. Behind him wandered five lightly loaded pack-horses, kept in motion by the prospect of a long-delayed drink at the stream below and a shower of rocks and sticks from the sore and tired writer leading his horse in the wake of the descending pack-train. As we zigzagged down the dusty slope Ed pointed down to a wooded point where two branches of the creek flowed from wide valleys and intersected, then disappeared as a roaring torrent into a precipitous walled cañon. This point was to be our camping-place—a picturesque spot in a grove of spruces almost surrounded by rushing waters, and hemmed in on all sides by high, pine-covered mountains.

While the thirsty horses were drinking in midstream Ed, who had already crossed, called my attention to the fact that one of the packs, which happened to contain flour and other perishable necessities, had slipped until it was almost beneath the surprised horse. We immediately rode into the stream, and, one on each side of it, with much splashing and shouting, pushed the protesting animal to the far shore. We then cut the cinch-rope before the horse had recovered sufficiently to buck the contents of its pack over the surrounding landscape.

When this animal, which was one of the meanest old-timers in the outfit, realized the opportunity for mischief which it had overlooked, it gave vent to its feelings in such an exhibition of bucking and kicking that we had great difficulty in removing the pack-saddle at all. We spent the remainder of the afternoon in pitching camp.

After the more or less uncomfortable ranches of the lower country, it was a great relief that night to sit out under the stars in front of a cheerful, crackling camp-fire. Ed had come West at the time of the gold excitement in the Black Hills during the seventies, and had followed almost every exciting calling of the frontier since that time. He now entertained me with a series of interesting, if somewhat racy, episodes of his past life. He had persuaded me to take the trip into this country with the prospect of securing some heads of mountain moose, and while he was presumably the guide, I was gradually to discover that his real object was to secure and "cache" sufficient meat for his family for the coming winter. For this reason, as well as to protect himself from various enemies, among whom he included certain local minions of the law, he continually carried a .303 Savage, in the use of which he was very proficient. He certainly was a picturesque character, and added more local color to the trip than was absolutely necessary.

The next morning we had breakfast at daylight, saddled our two picketed riding-animals, and started through a series of beaver meadows which led up the valley of the right branch of the creek. During the morning we rode steadily ahead, seeing fresh signs of elk, blacktail deer, and bear, as well as numerous older moose-tracks. The moose which inhabit these mountains, and which are probably the most southerly of this species of deer in North America, are much smaller in body and antlers than the eastern animal. This is largely due to the fact that they range over a very mountainous and rather dry country not altogether suited for a swamp and timber-loving animal.

During this trip we were not successful in sighting any moose, although, to judge from the number of fresh tracks, they must have been reasonably plentiful in this country. Several days later, during a tracking-snow, we discovered the fresh trails of two bull moose, and followed these until, in the midst of a thicket of spruces, the animals had evidently come face to face with a large grizzly. From the tracks in the snow it looked as if both moose and bear had promptly whirled, and, thoroughly alarmed, made off in different directions. When, late in the afternoon, we abandoned the moose-tracks, both bulls were still travelling at a swinging trot, and within the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park. Having respect for the Federal law, and believing in a national game preserve, I decided to turn back when Ed informed me that we were near, if not already over, the imaginary line that marked its boundary. He agreed with me, stating that in this portion of the park the soldiers, on the lookout for buffalo and beaver poachers, had been known to follow the almost obsolete Western custom of shooting first and asking questions afterward.

IDAHO ELK HEAD

After riding up the cañon of the creek during all of the first morning, at noon we unsaddled our horses in a picturesque park without having seen any game. We ate luncheon to the accompaniment of the screaming of two of the most vividly colored blue-jays that I had ever seen, then resumed our journey up the cañon. Here the scenery became more rugged than lower down, consisting of a strip of timber along the main

and auxiliary creeks, above which extended bowlder-strewn slopes covered with a growth of bushes and stunted trees, ending in rock-slides and a ragged, gray sky-line of peaks and pinnacles.

Shortly after luncheon, while riding over this broken country, Ed, who was ahead, suddenly motioned to back the horses hurriedly into a near-by clump of stunted spruces. Dismounting and peering through the branches in the direction in which he was pointing, I made out, with some difficulty, the outline of a dark-colored cinnamon bear among the bushes about four hundred yards up the slope. By using my field-glasses I could see that it was sitting on a flat bowlder in the midst of thick bushes, which it drew toward it by the armful, and leisurely fed indiscriminately on leaves, berries, and twigs. While we were looking it descended from the rock and slouched along in our direction, being immediately lost to view in the dense brush. We hurriedly climbed up to the edge of the thicket and crouched among the bushes, waiting for it to again reveal itself.

The silence of expectation was becoming very intense when Ed suddenly pointed to what he supposed was the bear, and in a few excited whispers persuaded me to fire twice into what afterward proved to be an upright rotten brown stump. Alarmed by the reports of the Winchester, the bear, which evidently had been concealed in the bushes near the above-mentioned stump, revealed itself as it rapidly climbed the rock-slides higher up the slopes of the cañon. At three hundred yards it made a conspicuous but rapidly diminishing target, after which I sent my three remaining shots. Although it was apparently going as strong as ever, I watched the departing bear with the glasses, and was surprised to see it, when fully a quarter of a mile distant, suddenly collapse, and roll head over heels, down the long slope toward the creek-bottom.

We found it lodged in the bushes several hundred yards be-

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY

low where it had started to roll. It proved to be a three-year-old female, with a heavy coat of rich, brownish fur. One of the bullets had torn an ugly hole through its lungs, but the bear had not shown any signs of being hit at the report of the rifle.

During the morning we had been continually crossing and recrossing the very fresh tracks of a band of seven elk, which included one very large bull. They were travelling toward the head of the cañon. After we had finished skinning the bear, Ed suggested that we attempt to overtake these elk before dark, with the result that we pulled and rode our horses around bowlders and over rock-slides for two hours longer.

About three o'clock, while we were slowly riding over a stony ridge which extended out into the cañon from the left, Ed suddenly flattened himself on his horse's neck, and, backing the animal several yards, dismounted, and pulled the Savage from its scabbard with a smile of anticipation upon his weather-beaten countenance. Together we cautiously crept over the bare ridge for almost seventy-five yards. Then, screened by a log, we gazed down into a small round basin beyond. Two hundred yards distant, across the rushing mountain-torrent, two cow elk gazed inquiringly at the spot where they had a few minutes before had a fleeting glimpse of Ed's head. The remainder of the band were evidently lying down, concealed in a thicket of stunted spruces several yards to the right. Ed asked me if I would shoot one cow for him, as he might not get a good chance at the second after the first report. I nodded, and covered the animal to the right with the sight.

Both reports rang out simultaneously. One elk dropped instantly, while the second staggered several yards and pitched forward in a clump of small trees. At the reports of the rifles four more cows burst into view, dashing madly down the cañon to the steady accompaniment of spiteful cracks from Ed's Savage. About three hundred yards farther up the cañon the

bull arose from where it had been lying behind some bowlders and walked out into the open. It raised a massive antlered head and gazed down the cañon at the departing cows, but shifted its attention in my direction when the first shot threw a spurt of dust from a bowlder at its feet. The bull was broadside to me at the second report and made one mighty plunge forward, whirled, and dropped dead, facing the direction from which it had started. The bullet from my rifle had completely shattered its heart.

This bull carried a fine twelve-point head, larger than any sets of antlers which I had seen in looking at a large number of heads during a trip to Wyoming the previous month. The measurements of these antlers were, respectively: Right—length on outer curve, fifty-four inches; circumference of base, ten inches; left — length on outer curve, fifty-one and one-half inches; circumference of base, nine and one-half inches; widest spread from tip to tip, forty-one inches. The upper canines, locally known as the ivories, were almost black in color and polished to a fine gloss. Ed claimed that they were worth about fifty dollars to the persons who carried on an illegal traffic in elk teeth. Fortunately since that time this slaughter of these magnificent animals for their teeth, done mostly in the deep snows of early spring, when the bulls do not carry any antlers and the meat is hardly palatable, has been stopped by the settlers of the country.

As it was already late in the afternoon by the time we had dressed the elk, we decided to ride back to camp and return to the scene with the pack-train on the following day. About four o'clock we started down the cañon, an elk-quarter tied behind one saddle and a bearskin behind the other. Darkness overtook us a long distance from camp, and for hours the horses stumbled along in the starlight. About ten o'clock they practically played out, and during the remainder of the journey we groped our way along on foot, leading, pushing, and pulling the

weary animals with us. Shortly after one in the morning our tepee loomed up through the darkness, and while two thoroughly exhausted hunters were cooking a long-delayed meal, the moon, which we had been expecting for some time, at last came out from behind a mass of clouds and shed its silvery light throughout the cañon.

PART IV

SPORT IN THE CASSIAR MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

I

THE TRIP TO THE HUNTING-GROUNDS

AFTER making arrangements for a big-game shooting-trip in the Cassiar Mountains of Northern British Columbia for two successive years, and being obliged to abandon both trips for various reasons, early in August, 1907, my friend Howe and I at last found ourselves en route. We arrived in Seattle *via* the Northern Pacific Railroad on the evening of August 7th, reaching Vancouver a day later, and, early in the morning of August 10th, started from that port for Wrangel, Alaska, by the C. P. R. steamer *Princess May*.

This trip to Wrangel occupied about three days and a half, the course being entirely inland between the mainland and the various islands, with the exception of crossing Queen Charlotte Sound, where the long swell of the Pacific was felt for several hours. The coast-line was very impressive, as the mainland was cut into by numerous picturesque fiords, and the channels between the precipitous islands were very narrow; but unfortunately a great deal of the scenery was hidden, owing to the continuous rain and fog of this region. The steamer stopped at Alert Bay, Essington, Prince Rupert, Port Simpson, and Ketichiken, where either sawmills, salmon-canneries, or mines gave impetus to industry. On board the *Princess May*, besides the usual number of men interested in either of the above industries, twenty-one sportsmen from various parts of the world, as well as two Englishwomen accompanying their husbands, were heading for the Cassiar Mountain hunting-grounds. They

formed a congenial party, and the largest cities in the United States and England were generally represented: New York City by five; Boston, two; Philadelphia, two; Chicago, one; Pittsburg, three; Colorado Springs, four; Vancouver, one; and England by three sportsmen. There were also half a dozen others, who went either by earlier or later steamers; but in spite of the number of parties the country was so extensive that they interfered with each other very little, if any, after scattering over the mountains from Telegraph Creek, the ultimate outfitting point.

Wrangel is situated on a comparatively small, wooded mountainous island named Wrangel Island, which is about five miles from the mainland and in the vicinity of the mouth of the Stikine River, up which a smaller river steamer was to take us one hundred and eighty miles to Telegraph Creek. We arrived in Wrangel at noon on August 13th, and were obliged to remain over the next day until a leak in the hull of the Hudson Bay Company's steamboat *Hazelton* was repaired. The forenoon of the day in the Alaskan village was spent in inspecting a large salmon-cannery on the island, and the afternoon in visiting the Indian graveyard and the various totem-poles in the vicinity. This cannery was one of the largest operated by the Alaskan Cannery Company, and at this time, which was at the height of the salmon-run, was in full operation. The superintendent of the cannery was very obliging, personally conducting a party of passengers from the steamer through the various departments.

From the time that the salmon were unloaded from the fishing-dories by Japanese and Indian fishermen, and the heads, tails, and fins skilfully cut off by experts in the first sheds, until they were put into marketable form in labelled tins, they were not touched by hand, but were rushed through the various processes by machinery with incredible speed. At the end of the warehouses an enormous, old-fashioned, four-masted sailing-

Trading Post
Pike
Chilkoda Mt.
Kuthai L.
Tuya L.
Centreville
Sheep Mt.
8000 ft.
Deadwood L.
Liard R.
Porter Landing
Dease Lake
Lake
Inklin R.
Silkakany Mt.
Engell
HEIGHT
Stikine R.
Glenora
Telegraph Creek
Mt. Gordon
Cone Mt.
6100 ft
Iskut Lake
Pereleshin Mt.
Saddle Mt.
Middle Mt.
Mt. Robertson
Castle Mt.
Mt. Whipple
6200 ft.
Wrangell
ZAREMBO I.
VEITOL ID.
Ketchikan
GRAVINA I.
ANNETTE I.
DUKE I.
DUNDAS IS.
STEPHENS I.
Port Simpson
Prince Rupert
Aberdeen
Port Essington
KORCHER
BANKS ISLAND
PRINCE ROYAL I.
Kwatsalix
Kitumgallum L.
Kitsalas
Morrinstown
Hazleton
Kitwanga L.
Skeena R.
Babine
Babine Lake
Tadla Lake
Thuxade L.
Mt. Finlay
7200 ft.
Atna Pass
6000 ft.
ATNA MTS.
Beer L.
LA OMINECA MTS.
Nalcielle Mt.
Lakelse L.
Kitimat Arm
Kitimat R.
Kitlala R.
HAWKESBURY
Gardner Canal
Cootsabunkut Lake
Petachuk L.
Fraser Lake
Nechako R.
Stuart R.
Nazko R.
Quesnel R.
Fraser R.
Chilcotin R.
Bella Coola R.
Dean R.
Klappan R.
Iskut R.
Sheena R.
Liard R.
Finlay R.
Parsnip R.
Peace R.
Pine R.
Omineca R.
Nass R.
Skeena R.
Bulkley R.
Kispiox R.
Kitsumkalum L.
Kitimat R.
Kitlala R.
Kuldo R.
Bella Coola R.
Chilcotin R.
Nechako R.
Stuart R.
Quesnel R.
Fraser

vessel was docked, which at the close of the salmon season would carry the season's results, as well as all the employés of this cannery, back to San Francisco. The odors in the vicinity were almost unbearable. The air was filled and the shores lined with thousands of gulls, ravens, and fish-eagles.

Several of the sportsmen tried halibut-fishing in small boats in the vicinity of the cannery, and caught some very large fish weighing as high as ninety pounds. One party also saw a black bear in the distance, feeding on the dead fish along the shore. The small Columbian blacktail deer (*Odocoileus columbianus*), driven by wolves from the mainland, are very numerous on all of the islands in the vicinity of Wrangel, but at this time the exportation of trophies from Alaska was prohibited by the United States Government, which removed any incentive for hunting these animals.

At Wrangel we engaged a white man as cook for the trip—an American prospector named Hungerford, who wished to look over the interior of the country for mineral wealth, and who remained with me until we again reached the coast, two months later. The *Hazelton*, which was a small, antiquated stern-wheeler, started from her dock in the very early morning of August 15th, and when we arose from the cots which accommodated us in the overcrowded saloon, we found ourselves already a number of miles up the Stikine River, in a region of lofty black mountains and blue glaciers. The river, which was grayish in color on account of the great amount of glacial sediment, wound in and out among gravel and sand bars, the flats covered with giant cottonwoods, to where spruce-covered mountains, topped with peaks and glaciers, extended up into the mists. Several large glaciers which completely filled valleys several miles in width, and which had formerly reached the river, were now separated from the waters by a fringe of heavy forests, grown up since their recession. During the morning we passed the international boundary into British Columbia

again; also the mouth of the Iskoot River, which flowed into the Stikine from the northeast. It was on the headwaters of this stream that we were to camp some weeks later.

During the morning numbers of ducks and some geese were seen, and about noon some of the party on the steamboat had a momentary glimpse of a black bear on a sand-bar in the distance. At intervals of every few miles piles of fuel in the form of cordwood were visited by the steamer, and were carried on board by the good-natured Indian crew. At one time the *Hazelton* was tied up to a sand-bar for an hour and a half while her paddle-wheel, damaged by a collision with a sand-bar, was repaired by the Indians. At dark we tied up for the night at a gravel-bar on which were the fresh tracks of both grizzly and moose, and next morning, as soon as it was sufficiently light for the pilot to pick his course among the bars, the *Hazelton* was again slowly steaming up-stream.

Toward noon we passed through Kloochman Cañon, which is quite narrow and precipitous—not more than seventy yards wide. It is really a pass through the first low range of mountains. On the other side of the cañon the character of the scenery changed abruptly. Here the spruce-covered mountains on the warmer, moist coast-side of the range were replaced by gravel-benches overgrown with poplar, and terminating in rounded, moss-covered mountains in the distance.

High up on one peak we saw several bands of mountain goats, and during the afternoon a black bear was discovered on a sand-bar about a quarter of a mile ahead of the steamboat. A number of rifles were brought out on deck, but the combination steward and barkeeper of the *Hazelton* spoiled our chances by taking a hurried shot out of the barroom window before the bear was in range. It thereupon immediately made tracks toward the shelter of the timber. Shortly before dark, and before anchoring to the bank, near the cabin of an old prospector, the steamboat nearly ran down a porcupine which was

WRANGEL, ALASKA

THE *HAZELTON* ASCENDING THE GLENORA RAPIDS

swimming in mid-stream. The small creek on which the cabin was located was alive with large, nearly spent salmon, which were working their way up the small creeks to spawn, and the Indian crew, amid much shouting and splashing, clubbed about twenty of these fish, and brought them aboard the boat for their meal. Before breakfast the next morning another black bear was sighted as it climbed through the bushes and disappeared over the top of a bench several hundred yards ahead of the boat.

About noon we reached the dangerous Glenora Rapids, where many lives were lost during the Klondyke rush. Here a steel cable was carried along the shore by the crew, securely fastened to a large tree about four or five hundred yards ahead, and then, under full steam, the *Hazelton* was slowly pulled through the rapids by means of the winch. Ordinarily, in ascending the Stikine, this has to be done many times, but owing to the high stage of the water on this trip it was necessary to resort to it in only two of the worst places. As we rounded a point in the river about four o'clock in the afternoon the red buildings of Telegraph Creek came into view, and the few white inhabitants and all of the numerous Taltan Indians and dogs were down at the wharf to meet the boat. All the arrangements having been made in advance with Frank Callbreath to outfit us with two Indians and four pack and two saddle horses, and with the Hudson Bay Company to furnish provisions, we were able to start toward the game country by noon the next day.

MacClusky, our Indian guide, was supposed to be the best among this tribe, who were all good hunters, and in fact we found him a very active and willing worker, possessed of remarkable eyesight and a thorough knowledge of the habits of the game we hunted; but, like all these Indians, he had been spoiled by civilization, and at times was impudent, sulky, or disagreeable, as his mood happened to be. The few permanent white inhabitants of Telegraph Creek, consisting of the government officials and the men connected with the Hudson Bay Com-

pany's post and a rival trading establishment, are dependent on the Indians during the winter for communication with the outside world and for the supply of game. As a result the Indians realize their own importance, and while not generally lazy, are very independent and impudent when they are most needed. However, the trading establishments mentioned get back at them by charging them very high prices for any of the necessities or luxuries of life bought at their stores. The second Indian, whose name was Ludecker, was one of the best packers in the country, and these two men, combined with six fair horses, a cook, and two sportsmen willing to work, made an efficient outfit.

Another member of the outfit who certainly should be mentioned was Telecum (Chinook word for friend), a large, faithful, black-and-white dog belonging to Ludecker. He was the best camp-dog I have ever seen. Telecum not only never touched food lying or thrown about camp without having it passed to him by hand, but was always cheerful and affectionate, never made unnecessary noises, faithfully guarded provisions from marauding Indian dogs, and was instrumental in treeing a black bear for us later on the trip.

Our horses carried no more than the bare necessities for a month's trip: a tent for the cook and the Indians, and a smaller one for ourselves; bedding, cooking utensils, axes, and a store of provisions, consisting mainly of bacon, flour, beans, oatmeal, salt, sugar, and dried fruit. Howe carried a 9mm. Männlicher, the cook a .22 Winchester for birds, and I brought a .30-.40 Winchester carbine. We had a .405 Winchester as an emergency rifle, in case of accident or loss of either of our guns during the trip.

About noon of August 18th we ferried our packs and swam our horses across the swift current to the south bank of the Stikine, packed the outfit on the first poplar-bench, and made about six miles over a good trail, camping at dark near a small

SCENERY ON THE STIKINE

mountain lake. Shortly before reaching the camping-place we struck the telegraph line connecting Ashcroft with Atlin and the Klondyke, and for the next five days travelled along the broad swath cut through the country by the surveyors for this line, to the accompaniment of the continuous humming of messages overhead. The second day from Telegraph Creek we travelled about thirteen miles along the mountainous sides of the south branch of the Stikine, camping in the afternoon in an uninteresting country of second-growth poplars and underbrush. The following day we made about sixteen miles through a country which had been burnt over, and camped at dusk in the deep cañon of Raspberry Creek, with the Iskoot Pass, through which we were to travel next day, forming a gap in the mountains to the south.

II

GRIZZLY AND BLACK BEAR HUNTING

AT daybreak next morning we crossed swift-running Raspberry Creek on a substantial log bridge, and started up the burnt slopes on the opposite side of the cañon. Then we passed through a straggling growth of stunted spruce, and after that the moss and flower covered upper country, finally reaching the broken lava and snow-patches of the pass itself. Near the timber-line we met the first porcupine and promptly killed it with a club for the Indians, who from this time on averaged eating at least one porcupine per diem.

These Taltan Indians are enormous meat-eaters. Besides finishing two or three meals of moose, caribou, sheep, or bear meat a day, our guides would often get up at night to make a feast on porcupine. They were adept at skinning these animals without getting any of the quills in their hands, but usually being too hungry or lazy to take the trouble of skinning them, they would burn the quills off by placing the porcupine in the camp-fire. From this time on our camp was adorned by the charred corpses of porcupines and gophers spitted on sharpened stakes around the fire. The whistling marmot and the mountain gopher inhabited all the open above the timber-line, and the piercing whistle of the former and nervous chirping of the latter, combined with the cackling of ptarmigan and the rumbling of the glaciers, were the only sounds heard in this bleak upper country. We camped about one o'clock at timber-line on the far side of the pass, where, across the broad, timbered

valley of the Iskoot River, we could see the distant mountains on which we were to hunt sheep. Ptarmigan were quite plentiful in the low growth in the vicinity of camp, and a sufficient number of these were shot with the .22 for luncheon.

After we had eaten, Howe started out alone for game, the cook went after more ptarmigan, and the two Indians climbed a knoll near by looking for marmots, while I, having a slightly swollen ankle, amused myself with solitaire. Suddenly both Indians came leaping down the hillside in search of the field-glasses, claiming they had seen a moose on the opposite side of the cañon. By the time I had pulled on my boots the moose had changed to a grizzly, and, entirely forgetting my sprained ankle, I plunged down the slope of the cañon in the wake of the excited MacClusky. We forded the waist-deep current of a glacial stream, forced our way through the timber, and then climbed over moss-covered ridges until I was ready to drop from exhaustion and shortness of breath. Finally, in the region of snow-patches, we jumped the grizzly at about one hundred and seventy-five yards, and I sat down in the moss and fired shot after shot as the departing bear galloped away across the mountain. I could not see where the bullets were striking in the moss, and, before I realized it, the running grizzly had disappeared over a ridge a quarter of a mile distant to the accompaniment of ten futile shots. MacClusky, while a miserable shot himself, never hesitated to criticise the marksmanship of companions at any range. Naturally he did not allow this excellent opportunity of airing his sentiments on the subject to pass unnoticed. We followed the tracks of the bear, which was of medium size and light-colored, for some time, but, finding no traces of blood, gave up the chase, and reached camp after dark in a drizzling rain.

Enveloped in fog and rain, we travelled down the cañon all the next morning, and reached the Little Iskoot River at noon. Here we had luncheon, and the Indians made a feast on a freshly

killed porcupine. During the morning we saw a number of grizzly and wolf tracks in the mud of the trail, and succeeded in shooting some Franklin's grouse with the small rifle. While we were finishing luncheon a telegraph lineman from the station at Echo Lake, about one hundred and seventy-five miles farther south, appeared; but as he was in a great hurry to reach Telegraph Creek, he tarried with us only a few moments. We crossed the Little Iskoot on a substantial log bridge and camped in a mosquito-infested swamp, having made about thirteen miles that day. On the cliffs back of camp we counted eighteen mountain-goats, and spent what was left of the day fighting mosquitoes and watching the goats with the field-glasses.

It was raining hard next morning, and this delayed our start until about ten o'clock, but we succeeded in making the telegraph station on the Iskoot River at about 1.30 P.M. Here we found an operator and a lineman living in a tent, as their cabin had been burned recently; and while the Indians and Hungerford were ferrying the packs and swimming the horses across the Iskoot, these two men gave Howe and myself a much appreciated luncheon. On the opposite bank of the Iskoot we left the telegraph line and followed up the flat of the river, which consisted of a gravel country cut up by numerous small streams and covered by a growth of willows ten to twelve feet in height. While Mac was picking the way for the pack-train along a small creek he surprised a large Canada lynx in the act of drinking. To judge by the noise, Telecum gave it quite a run through the bushes, but was forced to return in a crestfallen manner to face the gibes of the whole outfit. At dusk we pitched our tents in a thicket of balsams, and found it a great relief to be camping in the woods instead of on the horse-trail of the telegraph line.

Early the next morning we started out in a drizzling rain to work our way over the burnt slope of the first mountain, the

THE OUTFIT ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP

two Indians cutting the trail ahead with axes, and the three of us driving and leading the horses over the network of logs and windfalls. Shortly after starting we flushed a covey of grouse which flew into the neighboring trees, and, by the aid of the cook's .22, they furnished us with a meal for that evening. About one o'clock, during a pelting rain, when Howe and myself were bringing up the rear of the struggling pack-train, as it topped one of the numerous burnt ridges we suddenly became aware of a great commotion over the crest of the rise. Hastily extricating our rifles from the scabbards and running over the ridge, we discovered a black bear in the top of a small dead tree about fifty yards distant, surrounded and kept there by the three men and the dog.

Telecum had discovered the bear feeding on the berries, and although it was the first of these animals that he had met, he had run it up the nearest tree of any size after a short chase. The bear now realized the error of climbing for safety, and every few moments would start to descend to the ground, only to be driven up again by the men pounding on the tree-trunk with axes and yelling at the top of their lungs. Telecum, in the mean while, was barking himself hoarse from excitement and anticipation. Howe shot the bear through the shoulders; thereupon it clung unsteadily to the tree for a few moments, and then came to the ground with a crash. As it was still considerably alive, dog and bear rolled down the hillside in a rough-and-tumble embrace until they lodged against a log one hundred yards farther down the slope; then a bullet through the head of the bear put an end to the fight. This was about a three-year-old bear, very fat, with a fine coat of fur. Like most of these northern black bears, it had a very large, white, horseshoe-shaped patch on the breast. We cleaned the carcass and packed it on one of the horses, and, as the rain was coming down in torrents, camped in the next valley, spending the next couple of hours in drying our clothing and consuming a much-needed repast.

When the weather cleared up, later in the afternoon, Howe and myself started out in different directions to look for game. I was travelling along a burnt ridge when the sharp snap of a breaking stick caused me to look to the right, to discover a cow and calf moose about fifty yards distant, staring at me through the burnt tree-trunks. They evidently were unused to the sight of man, as I was able to watch and study them for half an hour before they became thoroughly alarmed and trotted away through the burnt timber. We awoke next morning to find all the mountain-tops covered with a fresh fall of snow. All morning our pack-train climbed steadily upward through a marshy country much tracked up by moose, and at noon we had luncheon at timber-line. About three o'clock we found ourselves on the snow-covered top of a range of mountains where we could see Iskoot Lake, twenty-five miles in length, several thousand feet below us. Range after range of snow-capped peaks extended in all directions. We travelled along the top of the mountain for several miles, seeing a few old mountain-sheep tracks and passing one large male mountain-goat climbing up a small cliff about two hundred yards to one side of our course. After killing the daily porcupine, we camped about five o'clock, at timber-line in a valley across which we could see the mountains on which the sheep lived.

Mac and I immediately started out to take a look at these mountains with the glasses, and he had no sooner reached the top of the first ridge, two hundred yards ahead of me, than he began to beckon frantically with his hat. Hastening up the slope, I found that he had come face to face, at close range, with a large bull moose that had made off before I could get to the scene. From this elevation a scrutiny of the country revealed the white rumps of a distant small band of Stone's sheep on the opposite side of the valley, a solitary male mountain-goat feeding on the cliff about five hundred yards above us, and a large bull moose lying down in the burnt timber about a mile

NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA BLACK BEAR

down the mountain-side. We made a careful stalk of the moose, and crawled up to within thirty yards of where the large animal was dozing in a little swale, utterly unconscious of our presence. The bull seemed to have a spread of over 50 inches, but unfortunately, although it was about the 1st of September, the antlers were yet in the velvet, and I refused to shoot the moose in spite of the Indian's entreaties. While we were watching the sleeping moose an inquisitive porcupine almost walked over us, and the disturbance we made in getting out of its way brought the bull instantly to its feet, to crash down the mountain-side with enormous bounds. We then climbed up the slope to camp, seeing several porcupines and a flock of grouse on the way, and reached the fire after dark.

III

MOUNTAIN-SHEEP HUNTING

THE sheep country was of a rough, lava formation, the valleys and gentler slopes timbered, and dotted with mosquito and fly-infested swamps, shading into moss-covered mountains above timber-line, and terminating in ragged black peaks and glaciers. Over the top of this bleak country roamed numbers of Stone's mountain-sheep. At this time of the year the older rams were by themselves, singly or in bands of as many as seven, while the young rams, ewes, and lambs were often seen with as many as fifteen or twenty in one flock. As the pack-train slowly descended into the valley we could indistinctly see a small band of these sheep on a distant grassy slope of the mountains toward which we were heading. After fording the swift glacial streams in the valley several times, we pitched camp on an open flat about noon.

After lunch Howe and Mac started to reconnoitre the mountain back of the tents, while I spent the afternoon in attending to some necessary repairing of clothing. The hunters returned after dark, having made a hard journey along the top of the mountain and having seen a band of four rams in the distance. We decided to hunt these sheep next day, but at daylight were disappointed to find a steady drizzle falling, with the surrounding peaks completely hidden by dense banks of white clouds. About noon a breeze dispelled the mists, and although the sky was still black with threatening clouds, Howe and the two

SCENE OF THE DEATH OF THE CRIPPLED RAM

Indians and I started up the steep shale-slopes back of camp. After a steady climb for two hours we reached the comparatively level top of the mountain, only to find ourselves again enveloped in clouds of thick mists and a fine rain. Through these we groped our way in the wake of our guide toward the supposed whereabouts of the sheep. An hour later Mac left us shivering in the shelter of a pile of bowlders and disappeared, returning almost immediately with the news that, during a rift in the fog, he had discovered the rams feeding on the slopes of a small cañon below us. This necessitated a dangerous and rapid descent to the nearest creek-bottom, an arduous climb over rocks and glacier, and a careful approach along the bowlder-strewn ridge. Mac wormed his way forward into the mist, and came back shortly with the news that the sheep were only a short distance ahead. Following him, we crawled forward about one hundred yards, and lay down in the wet grass to wait until there was a rift in the fog. When the mist finally cleared up, it revealed four rams, unconscious of danger, feeding on a slope sixty yards below us.

As prearranged, I selected the largest and darkest-colored ram, which was feeding broadside, about fifty yards distant, with its nose buried in the moss. As the report of the carbine re-echoed through the gloomy cañon, the ram at which I had fired pitched headlong down the mountain-side, while its three companions got into immediate action to the accompaniment of the reports of my friend's rifle. The sheep disappearing around a near-by bluff, we made a rapid climb over the bowlders to a position where we could see the ghost-like forms of the animals as they bounded through the drizzle, one hundred yards below us. We both fired several times at the departing rams, and a lucky shot from Howe's rifle rolled one of them, with a broken neck, into the creek a quarter of a mile below. We found the ram that I had killed lodged in some stunted bushes, one hundred yards from where it had been struck.

Immediately work was started skinning both sheep heads. While the party, loaded with heads and meat, was plodding back to camp in the rain, which by this time had increased to a steady pour, we met several feeding porcupines and flushed a large flock of ptarmigan. It was long after dark when we reached the roaring blaze and the appetizing supper which the cook had prepared for us.

The next morning we spent in skinning and preparing the heads, and in the afternoon we moved the outfit about ten miles farther up the valley. From the camp that evening we could see a number of goats perched on the opposite side of the cañon, and at daylight the next morning discovered the near-by slopes dotted with feeding sheep. A careful scrutiny of these with the glasses revealed them to be young rams, ewes, or lambs, so we again moved ten miles farther up the cañon, seeing numerous moose-tracks, and killing the usual porcupine and some ptarmigan and grouse en route.

After a hasty luncheon, Howe, Mac, and I started up the sides of the nearest mountain, leaving the others to make camp. An hour later found us on the summit. We followed the bare, rocky tops of the mountains for many miles, and although we saw magnificent vistas of peak and glacier, and numerous goats plastered on the sides of distant cliffs, it was almost dark before Mac discovered six large rams feeding in a grassy basin of a remote cañon. As an unfavorable wind and the diminishing light would have made a successful stalk impossible that evening, we started toward camp, reaching it about ten o'clock. The next morning we started up the mountain-side at daylight. Three hours later found us gazing from a wind-swept pinnacle down into the basin which we had visited the evening before, but it was half an hour before we made out two rams grazing in a small swale far below us. They were in a place so hard to approach and the wind was so variable that, after two hours' careful and dangerous stalk, the hunt terminated in a futile

MAC CLUSKY AND SHEEP HEADS

and general long-distance bombardment at two now thoroughly alarmed fugitive sheep. My friend, not feeling well, returned to camp after this stalk. In an intermittent chilly drizzle, Mac and I continued travelling along the side of the mountain, scanning all the likely slopes with the field-glasses in search of sheep. At three o'clock in the afternoon we were crouching among the rocks at the summit of a rugged pass, with a magnificent panorama of ragged peaks and glittering glaciers surrounding us. The enjoyment of the scenery was somewhat marred by the icy blast from the glacier-covered ranges of mountains, which cut through our flannel shirts with the sensation of thousands of needle-pricks, and hurled small gravel past by the handfuls with the velocity of shrapnel. I had figured out the least dangerous method of descent into the comparative warmth of the basin below us when Mac, who had noticed my expression, announced with a grin that he could see six large rams along the wind-swept crest of the mountain. This necessitated a painful three-quarter-of-a-mile crawl in the teeth of the gale, and a dangerous descent of some precipitous lava cliffs. It terminated in Mac's excitedly motioning me to crawl past him on the narrow ledge which we were following. Across an almost impossible three-hundred-yard chasm six fine rams were standing in various picturesque attitudes of attention and alarm, caused by the noisy showers of loose shale heralding our approach.

The moment I fired, all six rams bounded down the ridge; but by the time I had emptied the magazine of all five cartridges, two of the group, evidently badly wounded, had separated from the others, and were descending in erratic courses into the basin below us. Mac let loose a series of Taltan yells of joy, and we followed in the wake of the cripples, preceded by showers of bounding rocks dislodged by our rapid descent. One wounded ram seemed to be rapidly gaining strength, but we had almost overtaken the larger of the two, which was

struggling painfully along the slope, when Mac suddenly stopped, grasped my arm, and pointed up the mountain-side back of us. Evidently consumed with curiosity at the unusual sight of human beings, and mystified by the action of their companions, the remaining four rams were cautiously following us down the slope at a distance of about four hundred yards. We accomplished a hurried dash up the nearest slope and crawled about fifty feet over a pile of broken lava, in time to see the head and shoulders of the largest ram appear over a ledge of rock forty yards directly overhead. At that moment I was lying in such an uncomfortable position as to be obliged to roll over on my side in order to shoot. Alarmed by this sudden motion, the old ram whirled to flee. He was too late. I put a bullet through the thick of his neck, causing him to pitch headlong past us, striking the rocks below with terrific force and rolling over continuously until he lodged against a pile of bowlders two hundred yards farther down the slope.

Being somewhat exhausted by this time, I gave Mac the carbine and instructed him to finish the wounded ram, which we could see dragging itself along a ledge a quarter of a mile distant. I then started to photograph and skin the head of the dead one. The head of this sheep was one of the largest we secured on the trip, the measurements being fourteen and one-half inches in circumference around the base, thirty-eight and one-half inches around the curve of the horn, and twenty-two inches from tip to tip. I cached the head in the fork of a small balsam in the first timber, and reached camp shortly after dark. Mac arrived about the same time with the news that he had despatched the second ram, which had been shot through the lungs, and was hardly able to struggle along when he overtook it. This ram also had a large head.

The next day was spent by the Indians and myself in packing the heads into the camp, and by Howe in resting up for a final successful assault on the rams. Accompanied by Mac,

SKULLS OF STONE'S SHEEP AT TELEGRAPH CREEK

A TYPICAL STONE'S SHEEP HEAD

Howe left camp at daylight, and we did not see them again until they staggered into our camp in the adjoining valley late that night. Howe had killed two good rams out of a band of seven, which they had discovered in a distant basin late in the afternoon. This completed our legal allowance of three rams each. Of the six rams we secured, three were affected with a swelling of one or both sides of the lower jaw, which resembled, and doubtless was, the disease of domestic animals known as lumpy jaw. However, these diseased rams seemed to be in as good condition as the others, and the guides claimed that they themselves and their parents could recall the same affliction in certain sheep as far back as they could remember.

The horns of these Stone's sheep differ from those of the Rocky Mountain bighorn in being much smaller around the base, but having more of a flare and a greater measurement around the curve. One pair of horns secured that year by one of the hunting parties was said to have measured forty-three inches around the curve. As these rams grow older they become much darker in color, although the face, flanks, and lower part of the body remain white or grizzled. These subarctic sheep differ from all northern animals in that the color of their pelage becomes darker instead of lighter during the winter.

IV

MOUNTAIN-GOAT HUNTING

THE day after bringing the heads of the two rams I had shot into camp, Howe and MacClusky started for a long hunt on foot, leaving the rest of us to drive the pack-train across the mountain into the next valley. Along the opposite side of this cañon was the place where we had seen a great many goats while hunting sheep the two previous days. When we reached the top of the mountain I instructed the men to take the pack-train to a camping-place agreed upon at the head of the valley, and began to scan the black cliffs opposite with the glasses. I was not long in locating two old billies on a ledge at quite a distance, but low down on the wall of the cañon, with a comparatively easy approach from above. I had not descended three hundred yards when I discovered another billy about half a mile distant, but on the same side of the cañon which I was following. I immediately began stalking this animal, which was lying down on an exposed shale ridge.

Half an hour later I crawled over a ledge of lava, and found myself staring into the wondering, solemn visage of the goat, which was lying in a depression in the rocks fifteen feet distant. A shot in the chest brought it immediately to its feet. It stood swaying unsteadily for a few moments, then toppled over a near-by rim of rocks. The report of the carbine and the rattling of dislodged rocks started up a second goat, which had been dozing behind a bowlder several yards farther along

LIVE MOUNTAIN GOATS
Photograph taken from above

the ridge. A shot through the shoulders caused this one to collapse, and then roll over and over, and disappear in the wake of the first one. I now discovered that I was in the midst of quite a band of these animals, but as the remaining ten goats visible were females and half-grown young ones, I allowed them to climb up the cliffs unmolested. When they had finally disappeared over a ledge above, after stopping repeatedly to gaze at me in stupid wonderment, I descended the narrow chute to where I expected to find the goats which I had shot. One was struggling in its last throes on the edge of the ledge below, and did not need another shot. The other goat, however, was sitting on its haunches, and watched me closely as I lowered myself in its direction. When in a particularly trying position, where I could not use my carbine, this goat staggered to its feet, and, dragging itself to the edge of the cliff, plunged over; I soon found it again, resting on the brink of a black chasm, and, crawling up to within three yards, I gave it a finishing shot, whereupon it fell into the narrow creek-bottom thirty yards below, rolled over a waterfall forty feet high, and lodged in the pool beneath the falls.

I skinned the heads of both goats, which were fine specimens of a male and female. Then, loaded down with the trophies, I cautiously descended into the valley. Contrary to their usual habits, at the report of the distant rifle-shots both old billies on the other side of the cañon had begun to climb skyward, and were now mere white dots on one of the bleak peaks which towered above the valley. I travelled up the valley several miles, seeing many moose-tracks and continually flushing ptarmigan, and reached the camping-place about three o'clock. Howe and Mac came into the camp long after dark that night with the news that my friend had shot two rams. The next day it rained steadily, and Howe, the cook, and I remained in camp while the Indians made a trip to bring in the sheep heads.

At daybreak the next morning we started with the pack-train. Noon found us adjusting the loads during a gale in a bleak pass at the head of the valley. It took us two hours to descend to the next valley, where the Indians killed the daily porcupine, and we had luncheon in the creek-bottom. As we finished our meal we could see a band of about fifteen ewes and lambs feeding on the opposite slope a quarter of a mile above us. Several solitary goats were noticed lying down on some precipitous slides farther down the cañon. Howe and Mac started after these goats while we drove the pack-train several miles down the cañon. The valley was wide, and contained a number of large meadows, where Hungerford succeeded in shooting some ptarmigan and two green-winged teal.

Toward evening, as we were unpacking the horses, I discovered a large bull moose travelling down the valley, through the willows on the mountain-side, a quarter of a mile distant. Ludecker and I followed it on foot along the bank of the stream for several miles, but the moose was thoroughly alarmed, and travelled too rapidly for us to intercept it in such thick brush as we encountered. On our return to where we had left Hungerford and the horses we discovered a cow moose feeding on the willows and a solitary billy sleeping on a ledge on the slope above camp. Howe, coming up at that moment after an unsuccessful afternoon's hunting, started with Mac after this goat, while the rest of us busied ourselves in making camp before dark. As the time for their encounter with the goat approached, I suspended work and picked up the glasses to watch the sport. I could see the two small human dots steadily climbing up a shallow seam in the mountain-side, while the goat, having finished its sleep, was leisurely feeding along the steep slope in the direction of death. When about one hundred and twenty-five yards from the billy both black dots stopped for a few moments, supposedly to recover their breath. Then the goat staggered, turned, tried to retreat along the

THE FINISH OF A MOUNTAIN GOAT

MAC CLUSKY AND MOUNTAIN-GOAT HEADS

cliff, fell down several times, and finally rolled down fifty feet, where it remained a motionless white spot on the bright green slope. A few minutes later four distant rifle-reports in quick succession reached our ears. Then the two dark specks travelled slowly along the mountain-side toward the goat. The hunters reached camp about dark in a downpour, fetching the head and hide of what proved to be a very large billy. They reported having seen a bull moose feeding on the opposite side of the cañon.

That evening, as moose seemed quite plentiful in this valley, we decided to spend a few days in hunting them. During this time we saw numerous goats on the cliffs above timber-line, and, without actually hunting them, we shot five during the next few days. As in other parts of British Columbia where I hunted mountain-goats, the only difficulty in the chase is an exhausting and often dangerous climb to get to them. After the climb, if the hunter has patience, the killing resolves itself into a shot at close-range, followed by a nerve and muscle jarring descent of the mountain under the burden of a shaggy white skin and head.

V

MOOSE-HUNTING

THE next morning broke with the usual discouraging drizzle, but about eight o'clock, between sheets of rain, we discovered two bull moose about a mile distant, on the opposite side of the cañon. At this time of the year the bull moose from the surrounding country seemed to have collected in this and several adjoining valleys for the purpose of polishing their antlers on the willows and stunted spruces at timber-line. The light-colored blades of the antlers and great, black bodies of the moose formed conspicuous objects as these animals fed among the almost leafless willows, which grew to the height of a man everywhere between timber-line and the bare rocks above.

A continuous hard rain during the night had swollen the glacial stream, which flowed down the valley into a raging torrent. This we had to cross in order to reach the moose. After the Indians had spent an hour and a half at hard chopping, and several felled trees had been swept away by the current, we managed to construct a precarious bridge across the stream. Then it was only by using long poles to steady ourselves and advancing inch by inch that we managed to follow a series of swaying trees to the opposite shore, through curling white water which went hissing over our boot-tops. Two hours afterward Howe, Mac, and I toiled up on the mountain-side, trying vainly to locate the moose. According to Hungerford, who had watched them with the glasses, as he had opportunity

through sheets of rain, they must have lain down in some thick brush which we circled several times without disturbing them. Later in the afternoon this theory was verified by the sudden reappearance of both moose in the same spot. Abandoning the search for these animals about noon, we continued along the slope above timber-line for half an hour, when Mac's keen eyes discovered a bull moose feeding in the willows about five hundred yards down the mountain-side.

When about two hundred yards above the moose, which only revealed itself by an occasional gleam of glistening wet blades through the willows, Howe and the Indian crawled toward it in the underbrush, leaving me to watch its movements with the glasses. A few moments later a thick fog settled over the mountain, and I peered into this and shivered for twenty minutes until the silence was punctuated by four reports from my friend's rifle. Descending, I found the hunters bending over a fine specimen of Cassiar moose, with antlers fifty-six inches in spread and carrying twenty-six points. Howe had been able to approach within fifty yards of the feeding moose, and had rolled it over at the first shot, firing three more shots to end its struggles.

These Cassiar moose have the enormous bodies of the moose of the Kenai Peninsula, but the antlers do not grow any larger than those of the moose of eastern Canada. However, there is a larger proportion of good heads in this country, for the reason that the older bulls have not been thinned out, as in the East. The color of the coats of the moose we saw in this region was much lighter than of those I have seen in eastern Canada, being more of a brownish-gray, while the Quebec and New Brunswick moose show a glossy black.

We left the bull where it had fallen, to be called for later with a pack-horse, and reached camp in time for a late luncheon. We had not time to change our wet clothing before Mac discovered the two bulls of the morning in the same spot where

we had seen them. This meant another hard climb through the wet brush, ending in a cautious stalk in the direction where we could hear one of the bulls polishing its antlers on a stunted tree at timber-line. When about one hundred yards from the source of these sounds, Mac suddenly pointed to the tips of the antlers of the second bull showing above the tops of the willows about fifty yards distant. This moose had become aware of our approach, and stood listening for our next move. I judged that he was standing broadside, and fired two shots in rapid succession through the willows at where the shoulders of the animal should be. Evidently it had been standing head-on, for at the reports both moose crashed down the mountain-side, and although we followed the tracks for about a mile we found no traces of blood. Toward dusk, from a small knoll in the valley, we could see two bull moose several miles farther down the cañon. As it was too late to stalk these that evening, we returned to camp, Mac crossing the precarious bridge of trees after dark with my rifle in one hand and a freshly murdered porcupine slung over one shoulder.

By daylight we were again travelling along above timber-line in a dense fog, which drifted away about ten o'clock and revealed to us the scenery about ten miles down the valley. The view also included a glimpse of a large bull moose feeding among the willows five hundred yards below, where we were perched on a steep moss-covered slope. Unfortunately, the moose lay down in a thicket for its mid-day siesta before we could reach it. This obliged us to wait, three hundred yards distant, for two tedious hours until the bull arose and started leisurely feeding toward us. When it was only sixty yards distant, but concealed by some thick willows, the light breeze suddenly changed and carried a whiff of our scent to its sensitive nostrils. I had several momentary glimpses of the large animal as it crashed through the willows two hundred yards below, and twice I fired without scoring. The reports of the

A CASSIAR MOOSE HEAD

carbine started up another bull which had evidently been lying down in the thicket several hundred yards to the right. We had the disappointment of seeing this pair of wide-spreading antlers disappear in the timber below us. While Mac was cursing himself, unkind Fate, the moose, and myself impartially in no uncertain tones, a third bull moose appeared leisurely crossing a gravel-flat in the valley about a mile down-stream.

An hour later we were listening and watching in the thicket where we had last seen this animal. As we turned campward I suddenly became conscious of the tops of the antlers of the moose showing above the willows about sixty yards distant. Moose and hunters waited and listened to the pattering raindrops for fully fifteen minutes. Then the bull could stand the strain no longer and moved several yards to the right, exposing its head and the ridge of its back, and promptly receiving a bullet in its shoulders. At this it whirled around, facing diagonally away from me, and was raked from this direction by two shots in quick succession, at which it collapsed. When we reached it, it was already dead. It had a rather small but very regular, cup-shaped set of antlers carrying eighteen points and measuring forty-three inches from tip to tip at the widest spread. In shape the antlers resembled those of mounted heads I had seen from the north of Europe. We followed the banks of the stream up to camp, seeing a cow and calf moose on the way.

The next morning we began to move the camp down the valley, but while we were following the bed of the stream a bull moose was discovered in the willows in the vicinity of where I had killed the last one. Howe and Mac immediately started up the mountain after this head, while we commenced to pitch camp in the shelter of a bluff near the river. By the time we had unpacked the horses four distant rifle-reports were heard, and an hour later the hunters returned with the news that another bull had been shot. In the thick bush they

had been able to approach within forty yards of this animal, and Howe had mortally wounded it at the first shot, but had experienced difficulty in finishing it off. It had twenty points and a spread of fifty-one inches. The carcasses of these two moose lay within two hundred yards of each other in thick bush. We spent that afternoon and the following morning in skinning and preserving the two heads in the usual downpour.

In the afternoon we moved camp six miles farther down the valley, and about sunset camped in a grove of poplars. Mac and I spent a long and unsuccessful day in hunting moose in the burnt timber at the mouth of the valley. Above timber-line many goats were in sight, and while returning to camp from this hunt I climbed up to a band of these animals and killed three. Howe also shot two goats on a shorter trip from camp. The next day was spent in getting the pack-train over ten miles of swamp and burnt timber. We camped within a mile of Iskoot Lake, and during the day passed over our trail made two weeks before and the trail of the outfit of two New York sportsmen made since that time. Mac and I took another unsuccessful tramp over the mountains that evening, and decided that we would make a last determined attempt for moose during the next few days.

The following morning we started out for a range of mountains which reared themselves above the ridges of burnt timber to the south of camp. Mac led my saddle-horse, which carried a small tent, blankets, axe, cooking utensils, and provisions for three days. Six hours later we were working our way up a steep and dangerous slide near the top of the range, Mac leading the weary pack-horse, while I cleared a trail ahead through the bushes with the axe. Having climbed some distance ahead of the Indian and horse, I hurried back down the mountain-side as the sound of dislodged rocks and excited yells from Mac came drifting up to me. While being led along a dangerous slide the horse had lost its footing, and now, with

THE LARGEST MOOSE OF THE TRIP

Mac clinging to the bridle, clung to the narrow ledge with its fore-feet while its hind-quarters struggled in space. Before I could cut the cinch the rotten bridle parted, with the result that Mac sat down very suddenly and the horse was killed instantly on the rocks a hundred feet below.

We sorrowfully gathered our belongings, which were scattered along the slope, made two heavy and cumbersome packs of them, and after painfully laboring over the top of the mountain, made camp at timber-line in a basin on the other side of the range. As we finished our meal in front of the tent we looked over miles of burnt country, dotted with lakes and barrens, and terminating in the snow-covered range of mountains over which we had come into this country. Late in the afternoon a reconnoitring expedition showed that the basin in which we were camped was much tracked up by moose. While returning to camp shortly before twilight, Mac discovered two moose feeding in a swale below us, and a hurried stalk brought us to within forty yards of them before dark. On their proving to be cows, we stumbled back to a cheerless camp in the dark.

I had hardly fallen into an exhausted sleep when Mac awakened me with the announcement of breakfast. I was finishing this frugal meal in the uncertain light when Mac came scrambling down from a bowlder back of the tent in search of the glasses. I followed him to the top of the rock, to discover six moose in sight within a mile of the tent. The two cows of the evening before were where we had left them; a cow and calf were feeding close by; and on the opposite slope another cow fed through the willows, followed by a large bull, whose wide-spreading antlers glistened in the early morning light.

We scrambled down into the basin, crawled by the browsing cow and calf, and picked our way through the frost-covered bushes until we could hear the movements of the two moose in the brush ahead of us. My heavy, hobnailed boots making

too much noise on the frozen ground, I discarded them, and in my stocking feet, to a continuous accompaniment of chills, followed in the wake of Mac and the moose. Thus for a half hour. Then, as we crawled along the tracks made by the bull, a violent snapping of branches and crunching of hoofs in the frozen moss warned us that we had jumped the moose. Abandoning our former caution, we made a hurried spurt over the nearest rise in the direction of the retreating animals. Bursting through a clump of firs, I stopped abruptly when, forty yards distant, I saw the gray back and inquisitive, homely head of the cow moose over the tops of the willows. A moment later the broad blades, head, and hump of the bull slowly came into view from behind a clump of trees, where it had stopped to listen. At the report of the carbine the cow moose disappeared among the trees with one long stride, while the bull, with lowered head, staggered in circles to the accompaniment of three more shots in rapid succession. At the fourth shot the moose collapsed, and was breathing its last when I approached to give it the finishing shot. Mac, to whom consistency was unknown, and who, if not watched, was unmercifully cruel to smaller animals and to pack-horses, could never bear to witness the end of a large animal, and, according to his custom, now covered his face with his hands to shut out the view. But in a few moments his face was all smiles again, and shortly afterward, spattered with blood, he was skinning and cutting up the moose to the accompaniment of *Under the Old Apple-Tree*, which had reached this remote land *via* the phonograph.

The antlers of this moose were quite thick, had one twelve and one-half and one ten inch blade, carried twenty-five points, and measured fifty-seven inches across the widest spread. It was still early in the morning as we packed our dunnage to the scene of the killing, cut off the head and hind-quarters of the moose, had the heart for luncheon, and, burdened only with our blankets, tramped into camp by the close of day.

VI

TRAVEL IN THE NORTHWEST

OUR camp had been moved several miles down the shores of the lake, and was situated on a sandy beach at the outlet, whence we could view the entire length of this picturesque body of water. The next morning the Indians went with a couple of pack-horses for the head and meat of the moose, while we remained in camp attempting to patch up our wearing-apparel to hold together until we could reach Telegraph Creek. The logs of a catamaran used by some former travellers in crossing the lake were scattered along the shore. In the afternoon we collected these and lashed them together, preparatory to crossing early in the morning.

It was with regret that we were forced to leave the region of the headquarters of the Iskoot, which I believe at present is the best all-around game country in North America. Stone's sheep, mountain-goat, and moose were very plentiful; occasionally all these three kinds of game were in sight at one time. There was also good grizzly and caribou country within a couple of days' journey from the shores of the lake. Black bear, wolf, and lynx, while not often seen, were in the country in considerable numbers, and Franklin's grouse, white-tailed ptarmigan, and water-fowl were abundant. In three weeks' hunting in this region we had killed four moose, six rams, eight goats, and a black bear. By taking additional pack-horses to carry sufficient provisions to last two weeks longer, a hunting party should be able to bag all the Osborn's caribou desired,

as well as grizzlies, in addition to the game mentioned above. However, we were obliged to get back to the settlements, as our provisions were exhausted, and all our horses were so overburdened with trophies that it was impossible to travel farther.

On the morning of September 13th we piled our outfit on the catamaran, and, with the horses swimming behind, poled across the outlet, which was about four hundred yards wide at this point. Packing our horses on the opposite shore, we travelled about five miles through burnt timber up the mountain. The pack-train in action was now a cheerful sight. The remaining saddle-horse, packed with hides and sheep and goat heads, led the procession, followed by the four pack-horses with various loads, each topped with a set of moose antlers that swayed from side to side with the motion of the horse. We camped about one o'clock in some berry-patches at timber-line. During the afternoon we gathered a quantity of berries, which the cook sweetened with what remained of the sugar, making a delicious jam that lasted us four days. All the next day we travelled steadily along the summit of a mountain range through a grass and moss-covered landscape. The Indians said that for some unknown reason game never frequented this sort of country. We came across several flocks of ptarmigan in the course of the day, out of which we killed enough birds for the next meal.

About noon we discovered a black wolf loping along a bare ridge ahead of the pack-train, and after a hurried stalk, Howe, Mac, and I succeeded in crawling up to within fifty yards of where it had stopped to dig a gopher out of its den. The wolf saw me as I brought the carbine to my shoulder and whirled immediately, with the result that I fired too hastily and missed. As it loped away along the ridge we both fired twice without scoring. Hearing wolves howling, Howe hurried over the ridge in time to see three gray wolves, which had evidently been quite close at the time of the shooting, but which were

ABOVE TIMBER-LINE

now half a mile distant. Later in the afternoon another black wolf was seen in the distance. Howe tried to stalk it, and succeeded in getting some long-distance running shots.

About five o'clock, during the beginning of a snow-storm, we descended to timber-line and pitched camp, awakening next morning to discover that the mountains were covered with five inches of freshly fallen snow. All that day we travelled down a narrow, precipitous cañon, leading the horses over innumerable frozen slides, and crossing and recrossing a glacial stream whose waters eventually flowed into the south branch of the Stikine. We camped in burnt timber when overtaken by darkness, and the next day resumed our journey through a stretch of country devoid of timber, but composed of partly disintegrated lava, aptly called "rotten rock" by the Indians. This lasted all morning, and made travelling very tedious, as well as playing havoc with the legs of the horses. All afternoon the pack-train floundered through bogs and swamps, with the Indians and Hungerford ahead clearing a trail through the brush with axes. Darkness found us in a dense alder swamp, where we made a hasty and uncomfortable camp on a small knoll of comparatively solid ground.

So dense was the brush and so swampy the ground that it took us three hours to get the pack-train a quarter of a mile to the abandoned Ashcroft trail. This was one of the best-known routes to the Klondyke, although seldom trodden now. It still remains a narrow track through the forest, marked by abandoned camp-sites at every available spot, and strewn the whole way with horse skeletons, pack-saddles, rotting dunnage, and all kinds of relics of the rush. We followed this trail until dark through a burnt country, and camped beside a small spring, resuming our journey at daybreak. All that day we travelled through a beautiful and park-like but swampy country, the scenery occasionally hidden by blinding snow-squalls. At dusk we reached the telegraph line about ten miles from Tele-

graph Creek. Here we camped and finished up what moose meat we had left, all our other provisions having disappeared some time before.

At noon the next day we were again in Telegraph Creek. After this we heard from time to time of the various parties of sportsmen who had come to the country on the same steamer, and all reported from seemed to have had fair or very good sport. Howe expected a coast canoe in a few days, which had been engaged to take us and our baggage and two other sportsmen down the Stikine to Wrangel. However, listening to Mac's pleadings, I decided to take a short trip for caribou to Dease Lake in spite of the lateness of the season. I spent the next day in preparation for the trip, and at noon of September 21st started north on the Dease Lake trail. Mac and Hungerford went along, and I was outfitted with a saddle-horse and three lightly loaded pack-horses. The Dease trail is a broad, clear path cut through the forests from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake, a distance of seventy-two miles. It is used by the miners and prospectors of the Cassiar gold-mining region, and by the pack-trains of the Hudson Bay Company and a rival trading concern. At Dease Lake the merchandise of the Hudson Bay Company is loaded on scows manned by Indians, and rowed down the Dease and Liard Rivers to the two posts in the country operated by the Hudson Bay Company for fur-trading purposes.

Several miles out from Telegraph Creek we secured a fresh supply of meat from a young bull moose which had been shot beside the trail by a hunter the day before. The squaws from the Indian village a few miles beyond were there loading their numerous pack-dogs with moose meat, and we witnessed some spirited dog-fights in the vicinity of the carcass. The trail followed the cañon of the Stikine River, which was deep and was shut in by precipitous, brilliantly colored cliffs, the formation and scenery resembling that along parts of the Fraser River in

A LINE OF CASSIAR TROPHIES

southern British Columbia. We had no sooner unpacked for the night at the Indian village, twelve miles on the trail, than my saddle-horse, which was the only new animal in the outfit, started back to Telegraph Creek with Mac following hotly on foot. Hungerford and I spent an uncomfortable night in the rain, as we were obliged to guard the provisions from the numerous prowling, half-starved dogs from the Indian village on the bluff above camp.

These Taltan Indians breed a race of small dogs peculiar to the tribe, using them in bear-hunting to harass and delay the retreat of the game until the hunters can overtake it. The dogs are of the size and have the appearance and disposition of a fox, but are glossy black in color, with a white patch on the chest. They are very bright and interesting little beasts, but being mostly fox have a great deal of the sneaking mischievousness and cunning of that animal in their disposition.

Mac rode the tired horse into camp about ten o'clock the next morning, having caught it in the corral at Telegraph Creek. We made fifteen miles on the trail that day, crossing the Taltan and Tuya Rivers by bridges, and camping with the Hudson Bay pack-train on a branch of the Tanzilla. For the next two days we followed the Tanzilla northward thirty-two miles to the Arctic watershed, which is quite low at this point. From morning to night, as we followed the trail, we saw nothing but a monotonous succession of poplar-covered benches, terminating in rolling, moss-covered mountains at timber-line. The wind blew continuously, filling the air with yellow leaves from the poplars, which were beginning to have quite a bare, wintry appearance. Late in the afternoon of September 25th we camped in a grove of pines within a mile of Dease Lake.

While the men were pitching camp I walked down the trail to watch a cold-looking sun set over this beautiful piece of water, which is several miles in length. The waters of the small stream by which we were camped, as well as of all the

streams we encountered during the caribou-hunting, reached the Arctic Ocean *via* the Dease or Eagle, Liard, and then the Mackenzie River. That night was cold and still, with a brilliant display of the northern lights. During the next day and a half we travelled steadily eastward along an indistinct Indian trail winding through barrens and willow swamps, and at noon of September 27th made camp about thirty miles east of Dease Lake, within the borders of the caribou country.

HUNGERFORD AND PTARMIGAN

TALTAN INDIAN DOGS

VII

CARIBOU-HUNTING

AT noon on September 27th we unpacked the weary horses beside a small pond in the midst of a patch of stunted firs. For miles in all directions stretched a bleak, open, gray country over which the bands of Osborn's caribou roamed. The character of this section was very mountainous, and the rocks were of limestone formation. Ragged gray peaks flanked with glaciers extended upward from ranges of open, rolling mountains, covered with bushes and a grayish moss. A few scanty patches of stunted trees existed in the more favorable spots, and the valleys were full of willow swamps dotted with innumerable barrens and marshy ponds. It was a bright and invigorating day when we reached the caribou country, and, leaving Hungerford to make camp comfortable, Mac and I started out over the nearest mountain.

A mile farther along the slope we crouched down in the bushes, while a large, cross-patch fox, unconscious of our presence and continually uttering its shrill whistle, passed within fifty yards on its search for small game. Shortly afterward we saw what we thought was a bull caribou lying down, but after a careful stalk were surprised and disgusted to discover that it had been killed several weeks before and the head and one hind-quarter removed by the hunters. Ptarmigan, now in a mottled gray and white plumage, were plentiful over all the open country, and we had little trouble in keeping camp supplied with birds by the aid of the .22-caliber Winchester which the cook carried.

From the crest of the first mountain, with the aid of the glasses, we could look over an extensive broken country consisting of the heads of several rugged cañons. Mac's experienced eyes soon detected two small bands of caribou feeding among the rocks in two separate basins. We made a long and tedious descent to a ledge of rocks one hundred and fifty yards above one band, to discover that it was composed of six cows and a couple of yearling bulls. Then we had a tiresome climb over a mountain to within fifty yards of the spot where two young bulls were sparring with their antlers for the benefit of a cow, which with its calf was placidly lying on the moss to one side of the combat. We also discovered two hunters travelling along a distant sky-line, and started for camp. En route to the tent, which we reached after dark, we jumped a cow and calf caribou, which had been lying down in the willows several yards ahead of us.

The next morning I was so stiff and sore from the unusual exercise of violent climbing, after several days of inactivity and a week of horseback-riding, that I was hardly able to stand. However, it was necessary to move farther into the country to find the large bands of caribou. We packed the horses, travelled steadily during the morning under threatening skies, and at noon camped on the shores of a beautiful little lake nestling in an enormous amphitheatre of moss-covered mountains. After lunching on a mess of ptarmigan, secured during the morning's march, Mac and I started out in quest of caribou. Two hours later we were travelling along a slippery mountain-slope when Mac spotted a band of these animals about three miles distant feeding in the pass at the head of the valley which we were ascending.

While we were picking our way among the rocks in their direction a flock of ptarmigan fluttered up from the moss a little distance ahead. They were much agitated, and, cackling violently, lighted on the bowlders in the vicinity. Mac pointed

A TRAVELLING BULL CARIBOU

to the cause of the disturbance—a large cross-patch fox sitting on its haunches about one hundred yards ahead and sorrowfully gazing at a flushed evening meal. As we walked toward the fox we were surprised to notice that beyond casually looking over its shoulder at us several times, it kept its attention riveted on a clump of stunted, bush-like spruces a few yards beyond. When we had approached to within twenty feet of this indifferent fox we discovered that its attention was directed to a large Canada lynx, which at the moment reluctantly retired into the midst of the trees, showing its teeth in a snarl as it disappeared. I walked up to within six feet, and stretched the lynx out with a shot through the shoulders as it crouched in the midst of the thick branches, hissing and snarling at every motion we made. At the report of the carbine the fox loped over the next rise and the ptarmigan soared across the valley. Mac opined that this particular fox was insane or it would not have allowed us to approach so close. My idea was that both animals were stalking the ptarmigan from different directions, and when the birds were alarmed by one of the two stalkers fox and lynx had been so peeved with each other at seeing a prospective meal flutter away that their animosity got the best of them, and they could do nothing but glare at each other. The presence of human beings, whom probably neither animal had seen before, was a mere trifle compared with a lost meal on this barren mountain-side.

Half an hour later we crawled out of the bed of a small stream, cautiously parted the bushes which lined its banks, and gazed at a scattered band of caribou nosing about in the moss near by. The band was composed entirely of small bulls, ranging from spike-horns to twenty-pointers, with the exception of an old bull with a set of antlers fairly bristling with points. This caribou faced us with its nose buried in the white moss fifty yards away. At the first shot it lurched forward, whirled sideways, and, staggering at each report of the carbine,

dropped dead at the fourth shot. After circling about us for about ten minutes the younger bulls trotted away through the gap in a mass. This bull carried antlers forty-five and forty-six inches in length, twenty-four and one-half inch spread, and with forty-one points. We cut out the tenderloin, and started back to camp in a depressing drizzle.

Modesty was not one of the few virtues which Mac possessed, and from the beginning of the hunt it had been rather galling to both Howe and me to hear from him never-ending accounts of his wonderful and never-failing marksmanship. He also showed perfect candor in discussing any misses which we might make from time to time at various distances. Knowing well that practically all these Indians are miserable shots, I had been patiently waiting my chance to show MacClusky in his true colors. En route to camp this chance suddenly came in the form of a young bull caribou which appeared through the drizzle one hundred and fifty yards up the slope, and which we needed for meat in camp. I passed the carbine to Mac, and told him to make good. The Indian looked suspiciously at me, at the firearm, and at the caribou. Then, instead of shooting from the spot, he cautiously started to crawl toward the game, while I sat down behind some bushes and took out the field-glasses.

The caribou, which had been lying down, spotted the stalker before he had progressed very far, and being young and unsophisticated, arose to its feet, stretched leisurely, and, consumed with the curiosity of the inexperienced, walked down to within twenty-five yards of where Mac was attempting to appear very small behind a diminutive bush. Head on, it gazed intently at the bush for fully five minutes, and then turned broadside to the aiming Indian. At this moment the report of the carbine rang out through the drizzle, and the bull galloped along the mountain-side with one hind leg broken not far above the hoof. After struggling along for several hun-

dred yards the caribou lay down in the open, and this time the Indian crawled up so close to it that he almost singed the hair with the flash of the carbine. This shot through the shoulders, at three yards' distance, instantly killed the wounded caribou. Mac tried to explain his poor marksmanship by the lateness of the day, indistinct sights, poor shooting-rifle, and a few other time-worn excuses; but the laugh with which I greeted these suggestions put him in a sulky mood for nearly two days. On reaching camp I did not hesitate to state the particulars of the chase to the cook, and Hungerford, who loathed Indians in general, and MacClusky in particular, did not by any means allow the incident to die a natural death.

In the morning, while Mac was hunting for our horses, he almost stumbled over a fair-sized bull which, with six cows, was lying down among the stunted trees in a gully sheltered from the wind. Accompanied by a cold, biting breeze, we led the horses up the valley, which was now covered with a light fall of snow, packed a load of meat from the young bull caribou, skinned the lynx, and at noon camped in some stunted firs near the scene of the death of the old bull. While Hungerford was cooking luncheon we decapitated this caribou and brought the trophy into camp. About three o'clock Mac and I started on foot through the pass, on the lookout for game.

Three-quarters of a mile from camp we suddenly caught sight of a band of about eighty caribou coming through a barren which filled the narrowest part of the pass. This mass of brown and gray animals, over which towered the antlers of several large bulls, was about six hundred yards away. The caribou of which it was composed were travelling at a fast walk. By a spirited sprint of two hundred yards we reached a small grassy knoll in the middle of the barren as the whole band, now at a swinging trot, swept by. The nearest caribou came within fifty yards. The branching antlers of four large bulls loomed up over the gray backs of the mass of caribou, and as

one of these stopped for an instant to gaze at me, seventy yards distant, I brought it to its knees with a shot through the shoulders. As it lurched to its feet a second bullet cut through part of one of its antlers, causing the bull to swing around, exposing its side again. At the third report of the carbine the wounded caribou plunged ahead several times and pitched forward on its nose. I followed the band down the barren at a run, but although they stopped a number of times to stare at me, there was always a number of cow caribou between the rifle-sights and the coveted heads of the three remaining bulls. The caribou were thoroughly alarmed and already at long range when they were sufficiently strung out to enable me to open an ineffectual fusillade at these bulls.

At this moment two new factors in the hunt attracted our attention. A bull and six cows from the band were attempting to circle back through the pass high up on the mountain-side, but above we could see the small, dark-colored forms of two hunters climbing along the cliffs above them to cut off their retreat. Then a succession of faint reports was borne down to us, and after stumbling along for several hundred yards to the accompaniment of more reports, the bull pitched forward among the rocks. The bull which I had shot had the finest head of any in this band, and was the best specimen of Osborn's caribou secured on the trip. The antlers measured fifty-one and fifty-two and one-half inches, had a spread of thirty and one-half inches, and carried thirty-seven points. While Mac and I were trying to pry the body from the bog-hole into which it had fallen, Mr. Alexander Brown, of Philadelphia, came down the mountain-side, and we exchanged congratulations and such meagre news as the country furnished.

In company with Mr. Hare, who had also come to the country on the same steamer with us, Mr. Brown was camped only a few miles beyond in the next valley. At the sight of Mac and me in the distance several days before, their Indians had ad-

BULL CARIBOU ON GLACIER

vised them to move farther into the country. We had done likewise, with the result that the two parties had again unintentionally camped only a few miles apart. Brown and his Indian had been following this band of caribou for a number of hours, and were about to overtake them when we accidentally intercepted the animals in the narrow pass. However, as we had each secured a fine head out of the band, we were both satisfied. Not so with MacClusky. The Indian guiding these neighboring sportsmen, while a warm friend of Mac's, was a keen rival in anything pertaining to the chase.

So afraid was Mac that this party would outdo us in the size and number of trophies, that he got me out of my warm sleeping-bag long before dawn the next morning. At daylight, in a temperature that made the skin tingle under our light travelling-clothing, we were climbing up the frost-covered rocks of the slope opposite camp. An hour later, while on the bowlder-strewn summit of the mountain, we discovered a bull caribou picking its way among the rocks in our direction. We were unable to decide that it had a small set of antlers and was not worth shooting until it suddenly appeared over a ledge close to us. When we rose from where we had been crouching among the rocks this young bull snorted once, circled us only twenty feet away, and continued nosing along the cow caribou-tracks it was following. A little later, when we were above the animal, a faint whiff of our scent was carried to its sensitive nostrils, whereupon it threw up its head and trotted rapidly down the slope.

Carefully examining all the country below us with the glasses, we were picking our way along the crest of the mountain when Mac, who was ahead, suddenly stopped like a well-broken pointer discovering a covey of birds. About one hundred yards ahead of us, and watching us from various attitudes of attention, was a band of eight Stone's sheep, including two large rams. One of the lambs, accompanying a very dark-colored

ewe, was perfectly white, and although at this distance, even with the glasses, I could not discover any pinkness in its eyes, I am reasonably certain that it was an albino. These sheep had probably never been disturbed by man, and were quite tame. When we rounded the next bluff, on looking backward we could see them still gazing after us, bunched together two hundred yards distant.

Half a mile beyond Mac discovered two caribou in a small rocky basin far below us, and we commenced a cautious descent into the head of a glacier-streaked valley. Three-quarters of an hour later we carefully crawled over a gravel-ridge, to discover ourselves within forty yards of a cow caribou accompanied by a bull with a large, branching set of antlers. The cow was already watching us and the bull was stiffly raising itself from its stony bed when the soft-nosed bullet from my rifle pierced its heart. At the report the wounded bull dashed madly down the slope for one hundred yards, staggered in a circle for several moments, and then rolled over and remained motionless. The startled cow stared at us for a few moments, and then galloped over the next rise. This bull possessed a set of antlers forty-four and forty-six inches around the curve of the two horns, with a spread of thirty-two inches, and carrying thirty-one points.

We now climbed the nearest moss-covered knoll, and comfortably established ourselves in the warm sunlight to examine with the glasses the magnificent panorama of rolling mountains spread before us. At length Mac discovered above timber-line, on a distant blue range of mountains, what he claimed were numerous bands of caribou. Although we hardly expected to reach this country much before dark, and were not prepared to sleep out, Mac, urged on by fears that his rival in the next valley might be more successful, persuaded me to commence a long and hard tramp. After four hours of steady travelling through swamp and brush, during which time we crossed many

swift creeks and a waist-deep glacial river, we found ourselves forcing our way through tenacious scrub spruces in the vicinity of where Mac had seen from a distance the nearest band of caribou.

We were stealing along with every nerve on the alert when Mac suddenly stopped and pointed to the sky-line of the bare mountain-side which we were following. Three-quarters of a mile above us, silhouetted against a clear, blue sky, a band of about forty caribou, including two large bulls, were feeding along the crest of the mountain. Mac became so interested in watching the band that we walked into the midst of the caribou which we were seeking before we knew it. A succession of violent snorts and glimpses of gray bodies and uplifted white tails were followed by a loud crashing of trees and bushes as the band stampeded along the mountain-side. After an exhausting run of five minutes through the brush we again overtook the band, which had stopped to listen, but started off again through the brush at the sight of us.

By scrambling to the top of an enormous moss-covered bowlder I could see the backs of the string of caribou as they passed through a small open space sixty yards distant in the stunted timber. I counted fifteen cows and calves and a small bull as they passed this spot before the old bull trotted out into the open and stopped for a moment to gaze over its shoulder in the direction of the alarm. The carbine cracked, and with a broken neck the bull sank down in the moss without a tremor. A solitary bull, attracted to the scene by the report of the carbine, came over the tundra in our direction at a swinging trot, but, meeting the now thoroughly alarmed cows, promptly disappeared with them over a near-by ridge. On examining the fallen bull we found its antlers measured thirty-nine and three-quarter inches and forty-four and one-quarter inches around the curve, with twenty-nine and one-quarter inches spread, and carried thirty-three points.

We immediately started up the mountain in the direction

of the feeding caribou, with the wind blowing directly over our backs toward the game. At this point Mac adopted what were to me new and startling tactics. Every few yards he rapidly lighted a small grass fire. Then enveloped in, and preceded by, a drifting haze of thin blue smoke, we steadily climbed up toward the caribou. The Indian claimed that his people always used this method of approaching caribou down wind, and that the odor of grass smoke killed the human scent. To my surprise, there was no sign of alarm among these animals, which, however, fed out of sight over the mountain-top before we were in range. As we followed them across the summit, our descent over a precipitous slide on the opposite slope dislodged a shower of rocks and alarmed the caribou, which were in a ravine below. I secured a three-hundred-yard running-shot at one of the bulls bringing up the rear of the band as it disappeared over a ridge lower down the mountain-side.

I was about to scramble down the slope in pursuit when Mac grasped my arm as in a vise with one hand, and with the other pointed to a glacier behind us. On the white slope of ice, about one hundred yards away, stood a motionless string of staring cow caribou terminating in an old bull. This animal stood facing us with fore-legs outspread and antlered head lowered, and, as the report of the carbine reverberated along the glacier front, collapsed and rolled down the icy slope. We feared that the antlers would be smashed on the rocks below, and ran forward to the edge of the ice, stampeding the cows in every direction. As it slid down the glazed slope the struggling bull spun around and around, but fortunately struck the mass of rocks below rump first. We hurried down to where it lay to find that while the antlers measured thirty-six and thirty-eight inches around the curve, and thirty-five inches in spread, they only carried twenty-three points, but were a remarkably thick and massive set of horns. We found the

ONE OF THE BEST SPECIMENS OF OSBORN'S CARIBOU

GLACIER ON THE STIKINE

antlers intact, although the rear-quarters of the caribou were badly mangled by coming in contact with the rocks of the moraine below the glacier. The bull had been shot through the lungs, and as we looked up the slope we could trace its erratic course as it slid down by a broad red streak which zigzagged along the bluish-white glacier front.

By continuous travelling we reached camp about eleven o'clock that night, crossing the glaciers and the intervening range of rugged mountains in inky darkness. We had been travelling steadily for over sixteen hours, and after a hearty meal of caribou steaks were lost in sleep the moment we touched the blankets. Mac spent the entire next morning in tracking down and bringing into camp our horses, which had wandered over a range of mountains into an adjoining valley. By noon the two of us, leading the four horses loaded with a light camping outfit, set forth to collect the heads of the caribou shot during the previous day. In crossing the first pass we saw the sheep of the day before, and lower down on the mountain-slope drove the horses to within a couple of hundred yards of a band of six inquisitive caribou. At dark we pitched the tent in a clump of stunted trees within a hundred yards of the carcass of the second caribou killed the day previous. The next morning we awoke early, to discover that the ground was covered with two inches of fresh snow. As we cooked breakfast over the camp-fire we could see several bands of caribou feeding on the hillsides within a mile of the tent.

In a cold, cutting wind we spent the day in collecting and skinning out the heads of the caribou. While we were bringing in the last one an old bull with a fine head, who was attracted by the unusual sight of pack-horses, approached to within forty yards. It stood out conspicuously against the white background, and I succeeded in securing several photographs before it finally became alarmed at the restlessness of the horses. Then it trotted slowly away, stopping occasionally

to gaze back at the strange sight of men and horses. Late in the afternoon we moved several miles toward the main camp during a combination rain and snow storm.

We spent a wretched night in a swamp during a continual heavy rain-storm. To add to other discomforts, while we had been away from camp our pet horse had entered the tent and eaten or spoiled practically the entire small store of provisions which we had brought with us. Wet and hungry, we packed the horses at daylight and travelled through a dense fog all the morning, reaching our main camp in the afternoon. We spent the remainder of the day in cleaning and salting skins, and, with all four horses loaded with trophies, started for civilization early the next morning. The measurements of the antlers of the five bull caribou secured by me on this short trip were as follows:

Date shot	Length on outer curve		Greatest outside spread	Points		Total Points
	Right	Left		Right	Left	
1. September 28	45	46	24½	17	24	41
2. " 29	51	52½	30½	18	19	37
3. " 30	46	44	32	16	15	31
4. " 30	39¾	44½	29¼	17	16	33
5. " 30	36	38	35	12	11	23

In coloration these northern caribou (*Rangifer tarandus osborni*) resemble the mountain-caribou of southern British Columbia. They are almost chocolate color, with white necks and black faces and legs, and are not as large in the body as the light-colored Newfoundland caribou. The antlers seem much better developed than any of the more southern woodland caribou. They inhabit almost entirely the open country on the tops of the northern mountains, and, according to the Indians, are only driven temporarily to the shelter of the timber by the most severe blizzards during the winter.

VIII

HOMEWARD BOUND

DURING the two following days, October 4th and 5th, we travelled steadily westward, making about twelve miles each day. Within a few hundred feet of where we camped the second night was a peculiar phenomenon in the limestone formation of this part of the country. Two fairly large and swift creeks emptied from different directions into a slight depression in the valley, and disappeared into the depths of the earth in a gurgling pool several yards in diameter. The next day, by hard travelling, we managed to reach our former camping-place at Dease Lake before dark. On the trail to Telegraph Creek we met quite a large party travelling our way. This consisted of Judge Porter, the local commissioner, and about a dozen miners and prospectors coming out of the country for the winter. The party also included the combined pack-trains of Callbreath and the Hudson Bay Company, consisting of about forty horses accompanied by a number of Indians and dogs.

During the day this cavalcade plodded steadily along the muddy trails, while at night the glare of many small camp-fires lighted up the surrounding tree-trunks. Around these the strains of the accordion and well-sung popular songs re-echoed until late at night, after which the tinkling of horse-bells of many different tones resounded from the gloomy forests. Along the trail the brilliant yellow leaves had fallen from the poplars, making a bleak and forbidding landscape.

Mud underfoot and the continual rain and mist overhead made the return trip to Telegraph Creek anything but pleasant. Fortunately I was able to borrow a strong saddle-horse from the head packer, which at least made travelling easier. The only bright day was October 10th, and after a hard ride of twenty-five miles we reached Telegraph Creek late that afternoon.

I spent the next day in making preparations for the trip down the Stikine to Wrangel. In the late summer I had purchased at Telegraph Creek a coffin-shaped pine scow, about twenty feet in length and four feet in width, for the trip. The crew consisted of Hungerford, a miner, and myself rowing at three long, single oars, and Al Radford, who was a more experienced riverman, steering from the stern with an enormous sweep. Before leaving Telegraph Creek behind I wish to say that during my shooting-trips I have never before received as much consideration from people of a small place as I did from Frank Callbreath, the representative of the Hudson Bay Company, and the local authorities of this frontier post. On the morning of October 12th, after farewells from the inhabitants of the settlements, with the scow loaded down to almost the edge of the water with heads, skins, and dunnage, we started down the Stikine.

We had engaged an Indian pilot to guide the scow through the dangerous rapids of the first twelve miles, where a number of human lives were lost during the Klondyke gold rush. En route to Glenora we saw a coyote on the river-bank. It was the only sign of the small wolf we had seen in the northwest. At the abandoned village of Glenora we left the Indian pilot on a sand-bar, and rowed down-stream with the current until we camped on the beach above Kloochman Cañon at dark. The next morning we shot through the cañon, and immediately ran into the steady rain of the western slope of these mountains. In the afternoon the rain changed into sleet, and then

HOMEWARD BOUND

Coast canoe for shooting rapids on the Stikine

into such a thick, driving snow-storm that we were obliged to land and go into camp about four o'clock. After much trouble we managed to build a fire by means of the dry rags and petroleum always carried by the camper in the coast country. We passed a miserable night, as the snow had again changed into a driving rain, which beat through the worn canvas of the tent in the form of continuous spray. Clothing and bedding were thoroughly soaked, and so steady was the rain that we not only found it impossible to dry anything, but also very difficult to do any cooking. After a soggy breakfast we again started down the Stikine in a drizzle. During the whole day the only cheerful sight we encountered was a crew of six coast Indians towing one of their large canoes up-stream. It usually takes these Indians two weeks to ascend the river from Wrangel to Telegraph Creek and three days to come down.

We spent that night at the international boundary, and tried to secure some sleep in one of the deserted and leaking cabins used by the Canadian police during the Klondyke excitement. At daylight we again started down the river in the rain. The Stikine was quite wide here and the current very sluggish, compelling hard work at the oars to make any progress with the clumsy scow. We noticed large quantities of ducks and geese, and a lone black wolf loping along a sand-spit opposite Mud Glacier. When we reached the sand-bars at the mouth of the river we found quite a storm blowing at sea, and were obliged to fight our way inch by inch to Wrangel Island. The scow was too heavily laden to toss about much, but icy waves continually broke over the sides and chilled the weary rowers. A swarm of screaming gulls overhead and several seals following in the water seemed to mock at our determined efforts. Eventually we passed the cannery, deserted now by everything except the odors and the gulls, and worked our way up to the dock at Wrangel about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Two days later I was able to secure passage on the Canadian

Pacific steamer *Princess Royal* for Vancouver. The steamer was so crowded with returning miners and prospectors that there were three "tables," or turns, for each meal. There were four men to each small state-room, with many sleeping in the saloons, and a great scarcity of food and beverages developed toward the end of the voyage. After the last sitting at dinner, which ended about ten o'clock, the Dawson City Orchestra got down to its shirt-sleeves and dispelled the gloom of the continuous rain. We steamed away from Wrangel at six o'clock on the evening of October 17th, and arrived at Vancouver about noon October 20th. Then four days' travel across the continent *via* the Northern Pacific Railroad terminated this most enjoyable and successful trip to the Cassiar Mountains.

THE END

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A hunter's camp-fires

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